

Maps and Notes on Maps

87
C. Hart Merriam
Papers
BANC MSS
80/18 c

ARROWSMITH'S MAPS OF 1832 and 1834

Both editions of Arrowsmith's Maps of British North America were corrected by officers of the Hudson Bay Co. and were intended to present the latest knowledge of the geography of the region treated.

Among the features of interest in southwestern Oregon are the following: Rogue River was labeled Shasty River; and Mt. Pit, west of the main Klamath Lake, was labeled Mt. Shasty.

Shasty River was represented as receiving in its lower course the "Clamet R. or Too-to-nez or McLeods R." This was in accord with the limited knowledge of the time for Klamath R. was then supposed to empty into Rogue R.^{ex} from the south.

Smiths River in northwestern California is shown in about the right place, though a little too far south. for the mouth of Klamath River.

Hayden, F. V. (+ Lt. T. E. Warren)

Map of Indian Tribes of
Missouri Valley

(Taken in Minn. to Western Montana
- Blackfoot, Crow, Gros Ventre - + &
into Kansas + Colorado)

1862

[Copy in my library - common]

In Contributions to Ethnography + Philology of Indian
Tribes of the Missouri Valley by Dr. F. V. Hayden. Page 40 Philo. 1862

1852
Eastman's Map of Tribes of NW (Rocky Mts
to Pacific Ocean, north of Calif.). entitled
"Map of Oregon showing location of Indian Tribes, 1852."
accompanies G. F. Emmons' paper on Indians
of ~~West~~ Oregon and California, in Schoolcraft,
Indian Tribes. Part III, facing p. 200, 1853.

M A P S

INDIAN TRIBES OF UPPER COLUMBIA REGION

IN WASHINGTON, OREGON & IDAHO--

J. Mooney: 14th Ann. Rept. Bur. Eth. for 1892-93, Part 2:

Pl. LXXXVIII, facing p. 716, 1896.

Has Walfape Snake and
Banah or Banade
in Oregon + SW Idaho.

M A P S

ESKIMO, BERING STRAIT (Map showing distribution of
Eskimo about the Strait)

E.W.Nelson: 18th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for 1896-97,

Part 1: Pl.II, facing p.23, 1899 ~~publ~~

[publ. 1901].

M A P S

CHEROKEE:

James Mooney: 19th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for 1897-98:

1900 publ.1903 .

Pl.II--The Cherokee and their neighbors, showing the territory held by them at various times west of the Mississippi River..... facing p.14

Pl.III-The Cherokee country: Limit of original Cherokee claims; Cherokee boundary at close of Revolution; Cherokee boundary at final cession...facing p.23

M A P S

HOPI (Sketch map of the Mesa country occupied by the
Hopi Indians)---

J.W.Fewkes: 17th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for 1895-96:

Pl.CV,cfacing p.583, 1898.

M A P S

PUEBLO RUINS, Canyon De Chelly, Arizona.---

C.Mindeleff: 16th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for 1894-95:

1897.

Pl.XLI-Map of Ancient Pueblo region, showing location
of Canyon De Chelly.....facing p.79

Pl.XLII- Map of Canyon De Chelly and its branches.....
facing p.85

Pl.XLIII- Detailed Map of part of Canyon De Chelly,
showing areas of cultivable land.....
facing p.93

Hardly in my line
can

M A P S

James Mooney: 17th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for 1895-96:

1898.

Pl.LVII-Map of Kiowa Range, showing location of Plains tribes in 1832, with their Kiowa names and the principal Military and Trading Posts...
facing p.141

Pl.LXXIII-Map of Kiowa Migration Route: Home country from 1832 to 1868 and present Reservation...
facing p.249.

List of Trading Posts, Missions, etc, within the limits of the accompanying map; arranged by states and giving dates of founding and discontinuance or whether still existing.....pp.381-388.

M A P S

PUEBLO RUINS, Verde Valley, Arizona.--

Cosmos Mindeleff: 13th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for

1891-92: Pls,x-xi, facing pp.185,187, 1896.

Pl.x--Map showing distribution of ruins and location of area treated with reference to ancient pueblo region.

Pl.xi--Map showing distribution of ruins in the basin of the Rio Verde.

M A P S

MOUNDBUILDERS (Distribution of Mounds in the Eastern U.S.)²

Cyrus Thomas: 12th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for 1890-91:

Map in pocket, 1894.

M A P S

ESKIMOS, of Cumberland Sound & Davis Straits

F. Boas. The Central Eskimo.-- 6th Ann. Rept. Bur.

Eth. for 1884-84: 1888.

Pl. II--Map showing in detail the geographical divisions of territory occupied by Eskimo tribes of Northeastern America.....
(In pocket at end of vol.)

Pl. III--Map of the territory occupied by the Eskimo tribes of North ^{east} America, showing the boundaries. (In pocket at end of vol.)

M A P S

OJIBWA -- Present distribution (Minnesota & Wisconsin)

W.J.Hoffman: 7th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth. for 1885-86:

facing p.150, 1891.

M A P S

CHEROKEES:

C.C.Royce: [5th Ann.] Rept.Bur.Eth. for 1883-84,

Pls.vii-ix, 1887.

Pl.VII--Earliest map showing location of Chero-
kees, 1597, p.128.

Pl.VIII--Map of former territorial limits of
Cherokee Nation, exhibiting boundaries
of the various cession of land made
by them to the colonies and to the
U.S. 1884, (Pocket at end of vol.)

Pl.IX--Map showing the territory originally
assigned to Cherokees west of Mis-
sissippi River; also, the boundaries
of territory now occupied or owned
by them. 1884, (Pocket at end of vol.)

M A P S

HURON--I- IROQUOIS DISTRICT (Showing range of Indian mound distribution).

W.M. Beauchamp: 12th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for 1890-91:

p.541. 1894.

3631. INDIAN-Western Territory, Map
of, by Lt. Steen, 24x36. N. p. (1836-40).

1.50

Shows the country west of Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe and Rio de Norte. Gives the Indian Sections laid off in colors. Shows the route of Col. Dodge in 1835, also the wagon road from Santa Fe to St. Louis.

Gives the location of all the Indian tribes.

Map of linguistic families of Oaxaca, Mexico

Wm. H. Mechling. Am. Anthropol. 14:643-682.

Large folding map in article entitled The Indian linguistic stocks of Oaxaca, Mexico.

more the fashion. Italians often precipitate themselves from high places and Anglo-Saxons often stab themselves. More painful and uncertain modes of death are rapidly declining. In Italy men choose fire-arms, women drowning. In Austria men prefer hanging. Unmarried women and servants resort to poison, and in each land each age has its preferred mode of death.

Suicide is largely an index of social misery, and corrective influences are to be sought in the reform of moral ideas and a better equilibrium between human needs and the means of development.

LINGUISTIC MAP.—At the 130th meeting of the Anthropological Society, January 3, 1888, Mr. Henshaw exhibited a linguistic map of that portion of North America to the north of Mexico, including the peninsula of Lower California, and read a paper in explanation of it. He stated that the total number of distinct linguistic families represented on the map is sixty.

He summarized the more important deductions derivable from the data upon which the map was based, or that are suggested by it, as follows:

(1.) That the North American Indian tribes, instead of speaking related dialects which have originated in a single, parent language, in reality speak many languages belonging to very distinct families which have no apparent unity of origin.

(2.) That the Indian population of North America was greatly exaggerated by early writers and instead of being large was in reality comparatively small, and furthermore that the population had nowhere augmented sufficiently, except possibly in California, to press upon the food supply.

(3.) That although representing a small population the numerous tribes had overspread North America and had possessed themselves of all the territory, which almost everywhere was owned in common by the tribe.

(4.) That prior to the advent of the European the tribes were probably nearly in a state of equilibrium and were in the main sedentary, and not nomadic, and that those tribes which can be said with propriety to have been nomadic became so only after the advent of the European and largely as the direct result of the acquisition of the horse and the introduction of fire-arms.

(5.) That, while agriculture was general among the tribes of the

eastern United States and while it was spreading among western tribes, it nowhere was practiced sufficiently to emancipate the Indian wholly from the hunter state.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE FIRE-SYRINGE.—Some years ago it was discovered that air and other gases give up a large amount of heat when forced into smaller compass. It was found that tinder could be ignited by means of a device made on this principle, and the invention was called a "Pyrophorus," or by the less classical name of fire-syringe. It is made as follows: A tube of glass closed at one end is fitted tightly with a plunger. The plunger, to the end of which is fastened a piece of tinder or a pledget of cotton dipped in bisulphide of carbon, is inserted into the tube and driven down by a sharp blow, then quickly withdrawn, when it will be found that the tinder is glowing.

This invention was put on the market as a method of getting fire prior to 1832, when friction-matches were invented, and it entered into competition with flint and steel, the phosphorus bottle, and the various pyrogens of that period. I am told that a pyrophorus made of pewter was in use in parts of New England many years ago, but no doubt it was regarded more as a curious toy than as a useful means of generating fire.

Seemingly anomalous is the fact that the head-hunting Saribus Dyaks of Borneo use this mechanical toy for the purpose of procuring fire (*Jour. Anthropol. Inst. Gt. Brit. and Ireland*, XV, p. 426). The Dyak appliance is a small brass tube lined with lead; they say no other metal will produce the effect. A wooden plunger fits the tube tightly, the end of which is hollowed out for the reception of a piece of tinder.

The Kakhyens of Burmah also use the fire-syringe, made of a solid cylinder of buffalo horn, with a central bore three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter and three inches deep burned into it. The piston is made of iron-wood (*Scientific American Supp.* 508, p. 8107).

It would, probably, be unsafe to class this very unusual mode of getting fire as a barbarous invention without further investigation and its discovery in other regions. It should be stated that the most common method of obtaining fire, both in Burmah and Borneo, which may be characterized as the Malay method, is by rubbing a stick in a groove in another stick.



West Coast, Dec. 1902.

From Venega's "Noticia de la California," 1767.

THE FIRST DETAIL MAP OF "CALIFORNIA," (Lower California; with cuts of pelicans, mountain sheep, coyote, beaver, California Indians, and martyrdom of the missionaries).



West Coast, Dec. 1902-

From Venega's "Noticia de la California," 1763.

THE FIRST DETAIL MAP OF "CALIFORNIA," (Lower California; with cuts of pelicans, mountain sheep, coyote, beaver, California Indians, and martyrdom of the missionaries).

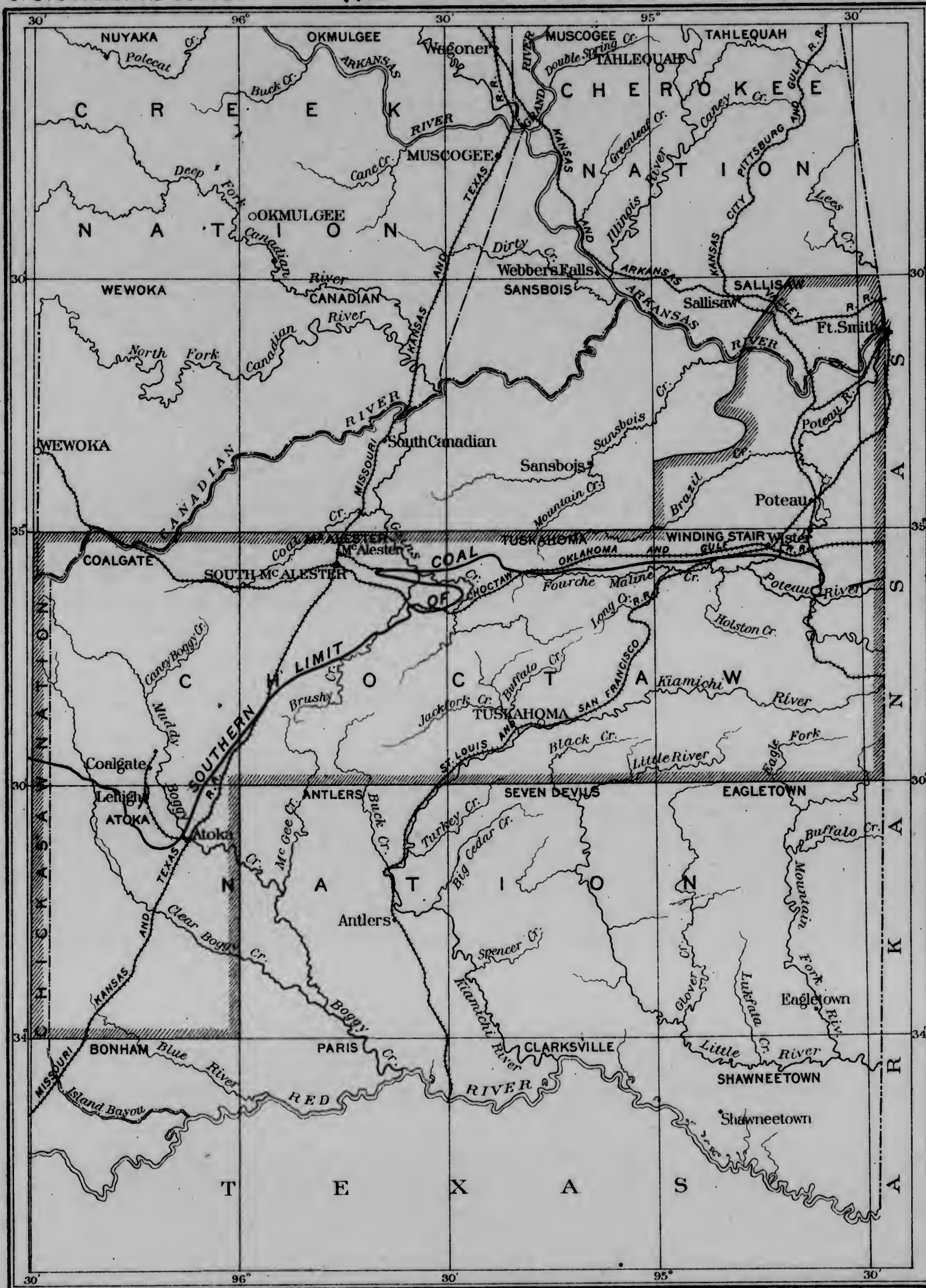
Retake of Preceding Frame

Ethnographic Map of Oregon incl.

Northem Calif - in Hall, Ethn. Notes
Esq. 1846 (map dated 1841).

Names on Calif. ^{Nev.} Coast: Totutune, Saste, Palaike.
(Palaike, Western Shoshonee)

Idaho & E Oregon: Panasht or Bonnake.



JULIUS BIEN & CO. LITH. N. Y.

MAP OF THE CHOCTAW NATION
SHOWING THE SOUTHERN LIMIT OF THE COAL FIELD AND AREA SURVEYED

BY
J. A. TAFF

Scale
6 0 6 12 18 24 MILES

Pinkerton's map of

'Spanish Dominions in North America'
(Northern part)

carded

Published by Cadell & Davis, London, Nov. 1, 1811.

[Copy in Biological Survey library.]

Extends far enough south to include Peninsula of Lower California, but gives no details of California proper except along the coast, where the Missions are shown.

A river, apparently the Mohave, is called R. de los Martires. Another, which possibly may be the Virgin, is called R. de las Pyramides sufures.

No Indian tribes are given in California except the Chemeguaba [= Chemehueve] ^{the name of} which is printed on both sides of the Colorado River.

North of these, in what appears to be Southern Nevada, are the Jumbicrariri.

North-northwest of these are the Timpachis.

On the east bank of the Colorado River are enumerated, from the south northward, the Cucapa (south of the Gila River), Jumas (immediately north of the Gila), Tejua (a little farther north), Talchedum (on south side of mouth of R. de S. Maria [= Bill Williams River]), and Yamaya (north of R. de S. Maria and just below the Chemeguaba).

East of the Yameya are the Yabipias, and north of them (on both sides of the Colorado River) the Cosninas. Still farther east are the Nabajoa.

The name Yutas occurs on the map - doubtless in what is now Utah. - exam.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE CALIFORNIA OF 1757.

From an old Jesuit map. (See p. 227.) Land of Sunshine, Oct. 1899.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE CALIFORNIA OF 1757.

From an old Jesuit map. (See p. 227.) Land of Sunshine, Oct. 1899.

Retake of Preceding Frame

Previously
Carded by e.H.M.

Hartman, Carl Friedrich Alex.--

(1) Generalkarte von Calif; (2) Specialkarte von Calif.

Both maps in Hartmann's Geographische-statistische beschreibung
von Calif., 1849.

General Map. 16 x 11. Tlamaths, Shastis, Kinklas, Jukiusme,
Guilucos, Tatches or Telames, Joyubit, Sibapot, Mohahves,
Yumas, Chuchunis & others.

Special Map 14 x 10 of 9 sections:

San Pedro-Trinidad

Sacramento River: Tlamaces, Shastes, Kinklas, Jukiusmes,
Guilucos, Mokelemnes, Cosemnes
"Mt Saste (Shasty)"

San Francisco

Pichilingue

Santa Barbara

Monterey, San Diego, Mouth Colo. River.

Map

Carded

Bowen, Emmanuel -- New and accurate maps of Mexico or New
Spain together with Calif., New Mexico, &c.
In Complete System of Geography, 1747

Hoabonoma, Bagiopas, Quiquimas, Guimies

Much like the Kino map, but location of Indians
somewhat different.

COLTON'S MAP OF 1849

J. H. Colton's map of the U. S. and Mexico, 1849, published in Emma Willard's Last Leaves of American History, New York, 1849, has a number of Indian tribal names. Among these the name Chenagnadas (doubtless typographic error for Chemeguabas = Chemeweve) is printed across the Colorado River a little above Latitude 35°.

Carved
Lopez, Tomas Californie-Nueva Navarra, Pimeria,

Sonora, Hiaqui y Mayo. 4 x 3

Lower Calif: Heduos

In his Atlas Geographico de la America Septentrional y
Meridional, Madrid, 1758.

Society for the Difusion of Useful Knowledge -- Central
America, including Texas, Calif. and the northern
States. 12 x 14. London, 1842.

Mt. Diable = "Sra. Bolbones"

R. Calamet or Tool----z (Cannot read without lens)

Jumas

Called

Candid

Fer, Nicolas de -- La Californie ou Nouvelle Caroline, Paris 1720

18 * 25

Lower Calif: Guaicures, Edues, Gimies

Table giving many place names (including rancherias) by numbers on map between Colorado and Gila rivers, near mouth Colorado.

604

Robert de Vaugondy, [Collection of Maps] Livourne 1779

Map no. 5 11 x 14 reproduces 5 early Calif. maps:

1. MS map of Mathieu
2. Sanson, 1656
3. De L'Isle, 1700
4. Kino, 1705 (Lower portion -- with Biaundo, Yodivinegge,
and Edues -- cropped off)
5. La Societe des Jésuites, 1767.

Wyld, James -- Map of Gold Region of Calif. Compiled from
original survey. London, 1849.

No Indians but Noto River [Noche] River south of Merced.

Chintache Lake [Tulare Lake]

Shaste River [north branch of Klamath]

Slavianska River [Russian River]

Slanacio River emptying into Bodega Bay

Locations on Mohave Desert

Destruction River [northern Sacramento]

Notes accompanying map of value only for locations of
"farms" on Sacramento River

Jackson, William A. --Map of the Mining District of Calif. 1851

20 x 16. No Indians, but good for mining locations

Deer Creek to source of San Joaquin

Jones, Thomas Ap Catesby -- Map of the Gold Region from
actual survey by direction of Commodore Jones, 1849

In Johnson, T. T., Sights in the Gold Region etc. 2d edition
revised and enlarged 12mo., N. Y. 1850. [We have Dublin, 1850 ed.
but it has no map].

Map 7 x 6. No Indians, but fine map of mining regions from
Yuba to Mariposa rivers.

Morse, Chas. W. -- California

In his General Atlas of the World., N. Y. 1856

14 x 12. No Indians, but many localities in mining region

MAP OF KIOWA RANGE, SHOWING LOCATION OF
THE PLAINS TRIBES IN 1832

James Mooney, Calendar History of the
Kiowa Indians, 17th Ann. Rept. Bureau
Ethn. (for 1895-1896), Plate LVII, "1898"
1901.

Map showing Kiowa migration from 1832
to 1868, Ibid, Plate LXXIII.

MAPS SHOWING INDIAN DISTRIBUTION, in Schoolcraft, Indian Tribes
I-VI, 1851-1857. (Not any in Vol. I)

VOL. II.

- Ethnographical map of the Indian tribes of the U.S., A.D. 1600
by S. Eastman: facing p. 28
- Map showing present boundaries of the Ojibwa, Menomonee,
Winnebago, and Dacotah tribes of Indians, 1851. Eastman.
facing 136

VOL. III.

- Map showing location of Ind. tribes within the U.S. 1852.
Eastman. facing 96
- Map of Oregon showing location of Ind. tribes. 1852.
Eastman (after "the later MS authorities") facing 200
- Map of country formerly occupied by the Ioway tribe of Inds.,
from map made by Waw-non-que-scoon-a, an Ioway brave.
Eastman. facing 256

VOL. IV.

- Map of SW part of N. Mex. Eastman, 1853 (compiled from latest
explorations). facing 24
- Map of Ind. Colonies W of Mo. and Ark. [94° to 101° only.]
Eastman, 1853. [Also in Vol. VI.] facing 180

VOL. V.

- Map of Creek country in 1790. ("A new map of Georgia, with
part of Fla., La., and Carolina, drawn from original
draughts, assisted by the most approved maps and charts.
Collected by Eman Bowen, Geographer to His Majesty, 1764.")
facing 252

VOL. VI.

- Map of Ind. Colonies W of Mo. and Ark. [94° to 101° only.]
Eastman 1853. [Also in Vol. IV.] facing 518

EARLY MAPS (in part or whole) REPRODUCED (small size) by
SCHOOLCRAFT, INDIAN TRIBES, I-VI, 1851-1857.

VOLUME I.

- Map of the ancient works within an area of 6 miles of Grave
Creek, Va. S.Eastman. facing 123
Sources of the Mississippi River. S.Eastman. " 148
Map of Kansas River. S.Eastman. " 159

VOLUME II.

- Ethnographical map of the Indian tribes of the U.S., A.D.1600.
S.Eastman. facing 28
Map showing present boundaries of the Ojibwa, Menomonee,
Winnebago, and Dacotah tribes of Indians, 1851. S.Eastman.
facing 136
Map of Cunningham's Id., Lake Erie. S.Eastman, 1850. " 84

VOLUME III.

- Map of the route of De Sota, in 1639, 40, and 41. S.Eastman.
facing 50.
Map showing the location of the Indian tribes within the U.S.
S.Eastman, 1852. facing 96
Map of Oregon showing the location of Indian tribes, 1852.
S.Eastman (after "the later MS authorities"). facing 200
Map of the country formerly occupied by the Ioway tribe of
Indians, from a map made by Waw-non-que-scoon-a, an Ioway
brave. S.Eastman. facing 256

Schoolcraft maps 2

VOLUME IV.

- Map of the SW part of New Mexico. S.Eastman, 1853 (compiled from latest explorations). facing 24
- Map of the route pursued by the expedition under Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola, 1540. Richd.H.Kern, 1853. facing 38
- Map of the Indian Colonies W of Mo. and Ark. S.Eastman, 1853. [94° to 101° only.] [Also in Vol.VI.] facing 180

VOLUME V.

- Map of the Creek country in 1790. ("A new map of Georgia, with part of Fla., La., and Carolina, drawn from original draughts, assisted by the most approved maps and charts. Collected by Eman Bowen, Geographer to His Majesty, 1764.") facing 252

VOLUME VI.

- Sources of the Mississippi River (Schoolcraft's route). facing 450
- Map of the Indian Colonies W of Mo. and Ark. S.Eastman, 1853. [94° to 101° only.] [Also in Vol.IV.] facing 518

M A P S

SERI INDIANS, Isla Tiburon, Gulf of Lower California

W J McGee: 17th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for 1895-96; 1898.

Pl.I- Map of "Seriland"..... facing p.9

Fig.1- Nomenclatural map of Seriland..... p.16

MAP OF KIOWA RANGE, SHOWING LOCATION OF
THE PLAINS TRIBES IN 1832

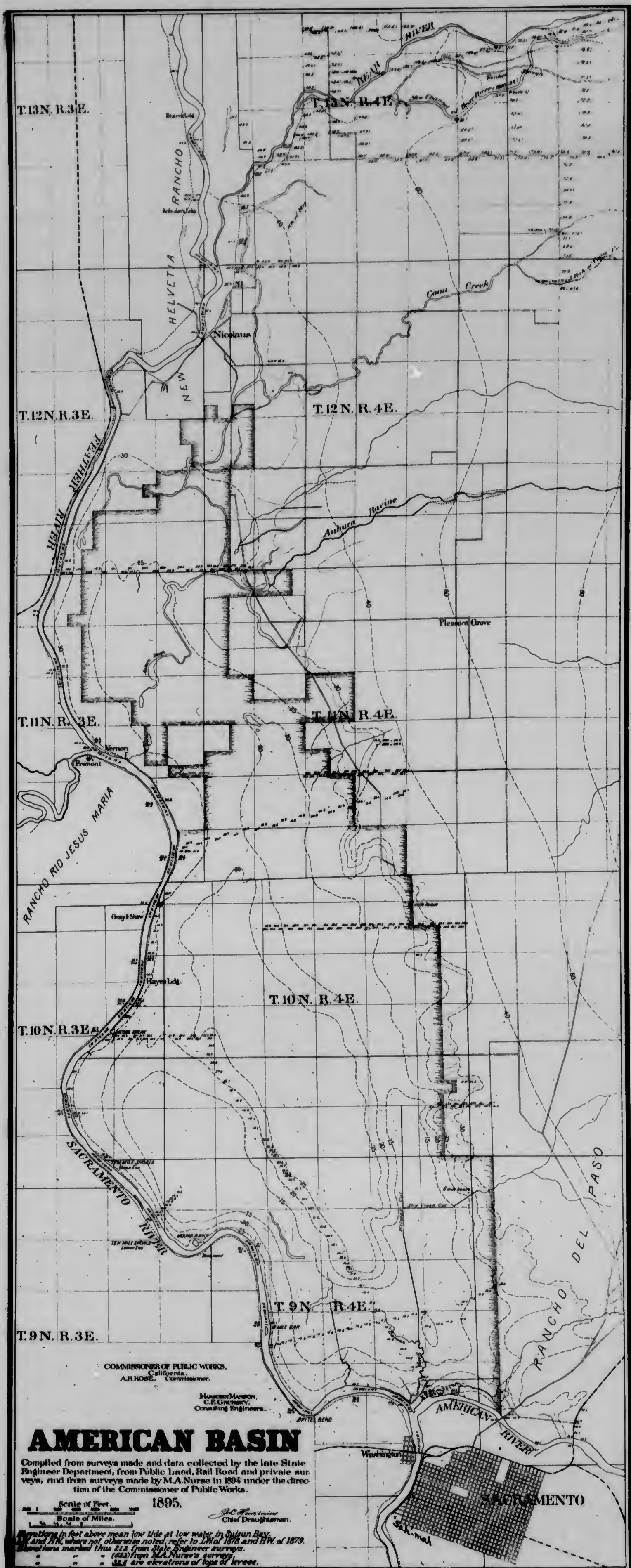
James Mooney, Calendar History of the
Kiowa Indians, 17th Ann. Rept. Bureau
Ethn. (for 1895-1896), Plate LVII, "1898"
1901.

Map showing Kiowa migration from 1832
to 1868, Ibid, Plate LXXIII.

*Shows also many other tribes
including Ute, Shoshone, Bannock,
& "Pute" of SE Nevada & SW Arizona.*

Important Map of Calif.

Geol. Map accompanying report of
William P. Blake (Williamson Esq.)
Vol. V, 1856.



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I-VI, 1851-1857. (Not any in Vol.I.)

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facing 252

VOL. VI.

Map of Ind.Colonies W of Mo.and Ark. [94° to 101° only.]
Eastman 1853. [Also in Vol.IV.] facing 518

Maps of distribution of Indian stocks & tribes in N. Am.

Hale, Ethnography U.S. Expl. Expd. p. 197 (folding colored map) 1846.

Covers country from northern California northward.

Gallatin, Trans. Am. Eth. Soc. vol. II, frontispiece, 1848. (folding colored map).

Covers continent of N. Am. from northern Mexico northward, but is not filled out for California and Nevada.

Gallatin (2nd ed, facing p. cxxxviii) reprints Hale's Ethnographical map of Oregon (which reaches north to lat. 54°).

Bancroft, Native Races Pacific States, 1874:

Hyperborean Group	facing p. 35
Columbian	" 150
Californian	" 322
New Mexican	" 471
Mexican	" 615
Central American	" 684

Thornton, J. Quinn

Oregon & California in 1848; 1849.
map (folding) for frontispiece to vol. I. of
Calif. Oregon, Texas &c. Shows Indian
tribes & casts in Calif.

M A P S

PUEBLOS OF ARIZONA & NEW MEXICO.---

James Stevenson : 2d Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for

1880-81: map facing p.319, 1883.

M A P S

PUEBLO REGION, Arizona & New Mexico, showing relative
position of the provinces of
TUSAYAN & CIBOLA:

V. Mindeleff: 8th Ann. Rept. Bur. Eth. for 1886-87:

Pl. ^{214,} i, n, facing p. 13, 1891.

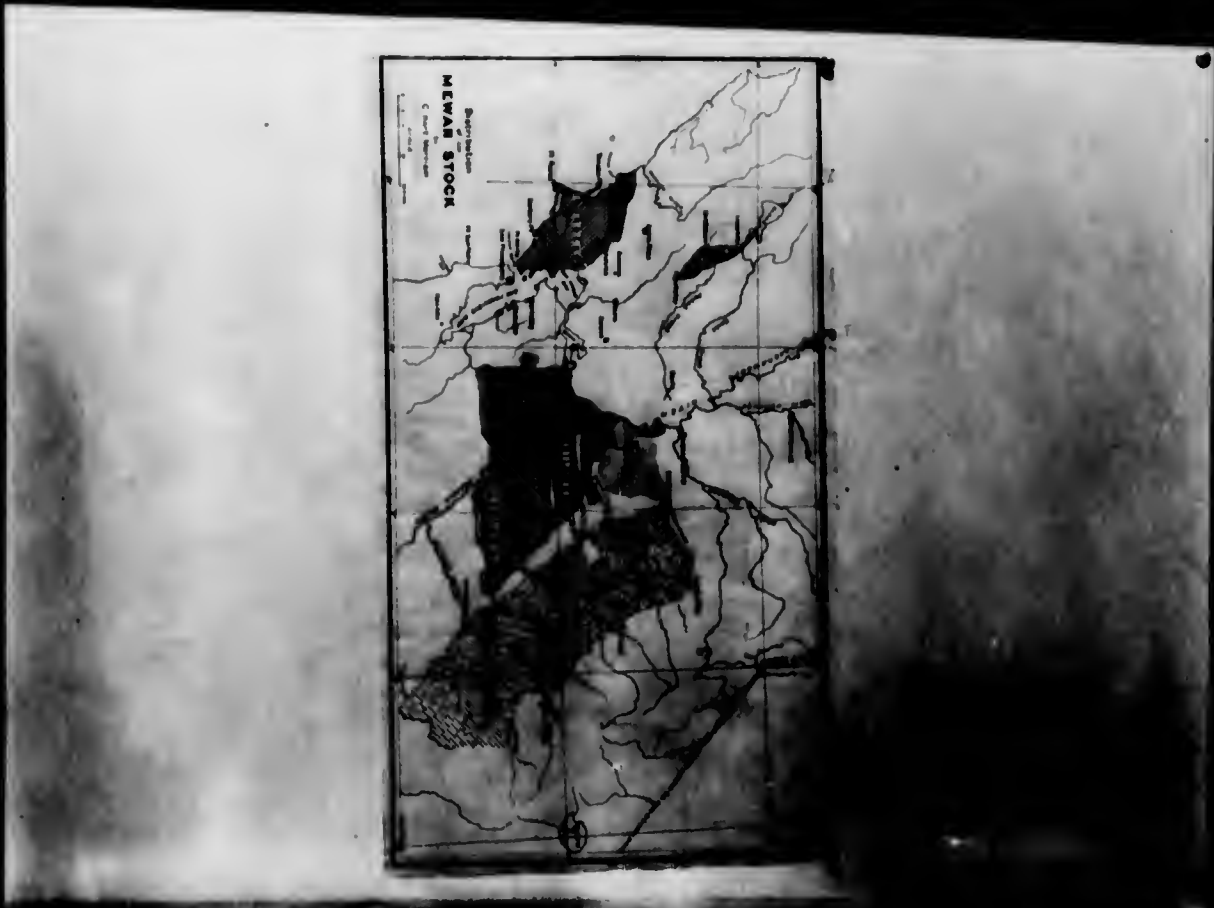
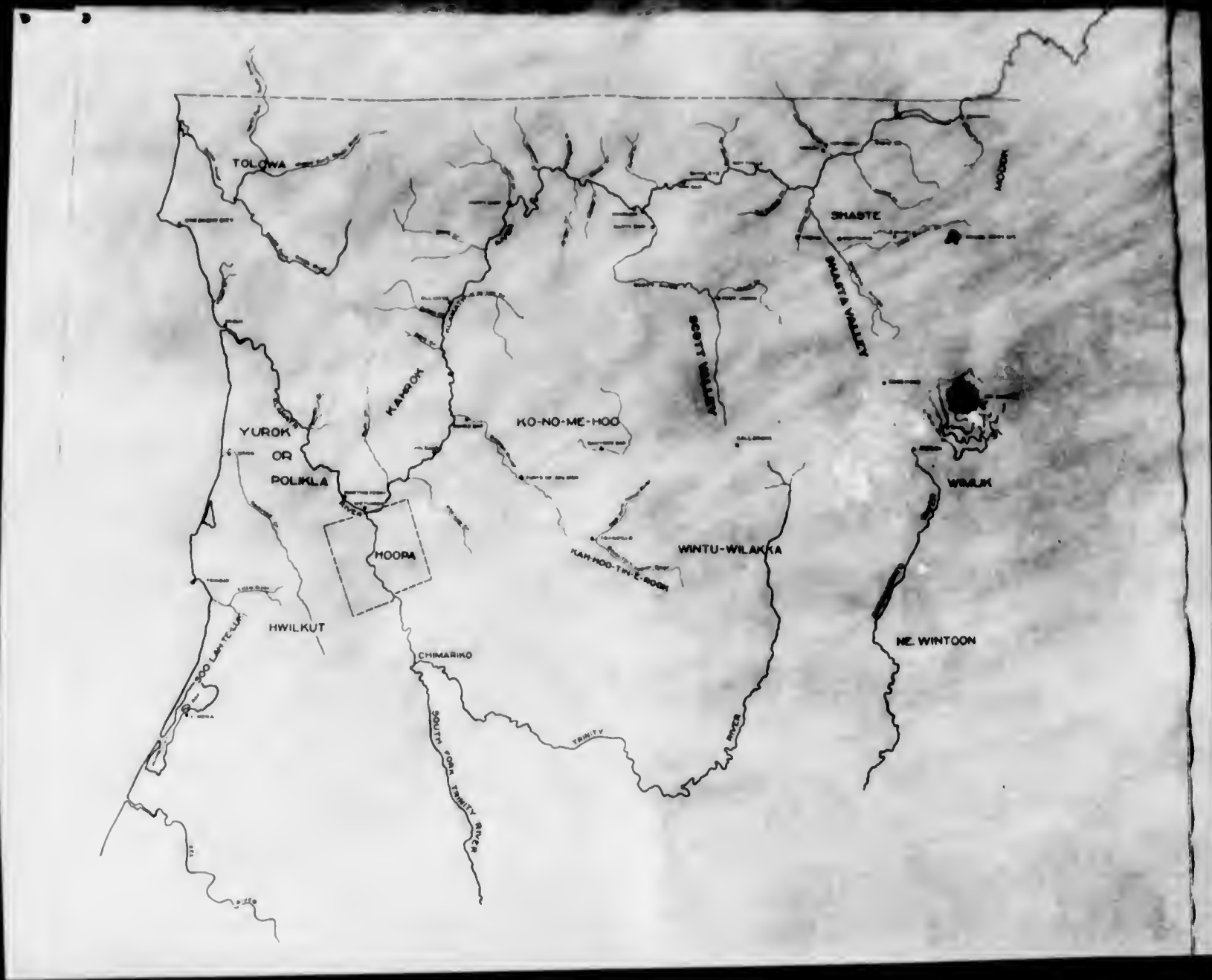
M A P S

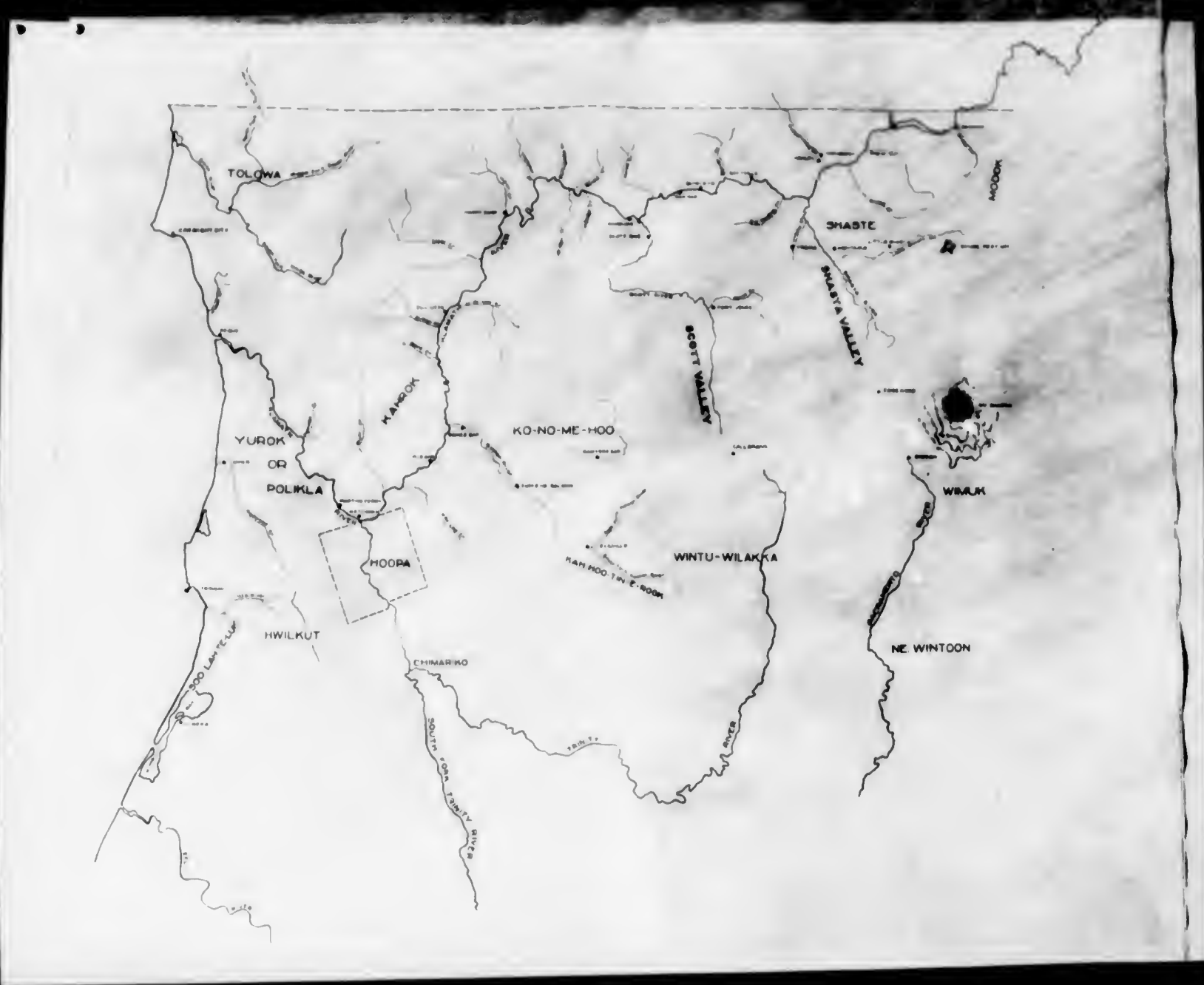
ESKIMO of POINT BARROW, ALASKA

John Murdoch: 9th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth. for 1887-88,
1892.

Pl.I-Northwestern Alaska, showing region
known to Point Barrow Eskimo,
facing p.2.

Pl.II-Hunting grounds of Point Barrow Eskimo
facing p.18.





Retake of Preceding Frame

BONNEVILLE'S MAP

The first edition of Irving's Bonneville is entitled The Rocky Mountains: Or Scenes Incidents and Adventures in the Far West;
Digested from the Journal of Captain B. L. E. Bonneville, Philadelphia, 2 volumes, 1837.

Volume 2 contains a folding map entitled Map of the Territory West of the Rocky Mountains. This map shows the course of Mary or Ogdens River [now known as Humboldt River] emptying into Battle Lake [=Sink of the Humboldt]. Carson Lake also is shown but not named.

Engraved on the map are the names of the following tribes:

Shoshoco Indians occupying the broad expanse between Great Salt Lake and the Sierra Nevada [here called California Mountains]; the name thus covering all of what is now northern Nevada, including the entire course of Ogdens River; also both sides of the Snake River from Boise River down stream (northerly) to Gun

River which is shown entering Snake River from the west about midway between the Payette and the Salmon [this must be Powder River].

Shoshonie Indians shown due north of Great Salt Lake (here called Lake Bonneville) occupying Bear River Valley from Beer Spring south.

Eutaw Indians shown on the east side of Salt Lake.

Bannack Indians shown on the north side of Snake River east of Malade River and south and southwest of Three Buttes.

Map Ind. Tribes

Colored Map, Oregon - Washington 1853

Schoolcraft, Indian Tribes, Pt. 3. (200-201) 1853

The only Calif. tribe shown is Shastas - along
Oregon-Calif. boundary

Note - This map shows the course of Klamath
River with approximate correctness, emptying into
Ocean on California side of Oregon-Calif. boundary.

Most maps for years later showed it as
continuing into Rogue River, Oregon. - com

EARLY ROCKY MOUNTAIN MAP

Niles Register, April 3 1841

(quoting St. Louis Republican) states:

"We are told by a trader, who spent 20 years of his life in the mountains, that the most accurate and best delineated map of the Rocky Mountains, and all the country embraced under that name, is the handiwork of a lady--the first white woman who ever encountered the perils of a journey from St. Louis to the shores of the Pacific.--She is the wife of the Rev. Mr. Spalding, a missionary to the Indians, now resident in that region."

Ind. tribal names on
Chittenden's "Map of the
Trans-Mississippi Territory... during
the period of the Am. Fur Trade as
conducted from St Louis, between
years 1807 and 1843. - The American
Fur Trade, by Hiram Martin Chittenden,
Vol. 3, 1902.

Colton's Map of 1849

In 1849, D. Appleton & Company of New York, published a volume in which were re-printed the reports of Fremont^{and} & Emory. At the end of this volume was an important map entitled "Colton's Map of the United States and Mexico, showing routes to California, 1849". The map contains several geographic names of interest, as Mount Shaste (instead of Shasta); Mountain Lake for what is now Lake Tahoe, and others. The Sacramento River is shown in the joint course of the Sacramento and Pit rivers, coming down from Oregon east of Mount Shaste. The same map contains a few names of Indian

tribes. This ^{name} ~~word~~ Pah Utah Indians appears
in what is approximately the Moo^{oo}pa region of
southeastern Nevada, and the word Jumas (for
Yumas) is placed on the east side of Colorado
River between the Gila and the Colorado.

MAPS

List of publications relating to above [subject] for sale by
Superintendent of Documents : : Washington, D. C.



OCTOBER, 1920

Price Lists of Government Publications

The only publications sent free by the Superintendent of Documents are his Price Lists. These briefly describe each available book or pamphlet, and all have been revised to embrace current topics as follows:

10. **Laws.** Federal and State laws, legal decisions, Court of Claims reports.
11. **Foods and Cooking.** Dietary studies, nutrition, household recipes, canning, cold storage.
15. **Geological Survey.** Covers geology, mineral resources, and water supply.
16. **Farmers' Bulletins, Agriculture Department Bulletins, Yearbooks, Journal of Agricultural Research.** Numerical lists. All are found in other price lists by subjects.
18. **Engineering and Surveying.** Engines, tides, and terrestrial magnetism, leveling, river and harbor surveys.
19. **Army and Militia.** Aviation, Army drill books and regulations, ordnance pamphlets, conscription, soldiers' pensions.
20. **Public Domain.** Land laws and decisions, homesteading, railroad land grants.
21. **Fishes.** Includes fish industries and arbitrations, lobsters, oysters, sponges, and other sea products.
24. **Indians.** Anthropology, mounds, antiquities, and other Ethnology Bureau publications, Indian Office reports, etc.
25. **Transportation.** Railroads, cars, postal service, waterways, navigation, seamen, shipping problems, Government control, telegraphs, pneumatic tubes, lighthouses, railroad labor.
28. **Finance.** Foreign and domestic banks and banking, postal savings, accounting, coinage, panics, Liberty loans, and War Finance Corporation.
31. **Education.** American and foreign school systems, libraries, playgrounds, agricultural and vocational schools.
32. **Insular Possessions.** Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico, Guam, Samoa, Virgin Islands, Cuba. All available material.
33. **Labor.** Prices, cost of living, child-labor, employers' liability, food control, eight-hour law, insurance, strikes.
35. **Geography and Explorations.** Includes natural wonders, scenery, and national parks.
36. **Government Periodicals for which subscriptions are taken.**
37. **Tariff.** Compilation of acts, decisions, and speeches on tariff, reciprocity, internal revenue, war revenue, taxation, income tax, etc.
38. **Animal Industry.** Domestic and farm animals, cattle ticks, poultry, meat, milk, cheese, eggs, and butter.
39. **Birds and Wild Animals.** Includes migratory bird law, game, deer, squirrels, rats, and mice.
40. **Chemistry.** Technical investigations on foods, alcohol, drugs, and preservatives, etc.
41. **Insects.** Household insect pests and insects injurious to plants and animals; includes also bees and honey.
42. **Irrigation, Drainage, Water Power.** Water resources, pumps, wells, erosion.
43. **Forestry.** Tree planting, wood tests, lumber, national forests, forest products, and descriptions of trees.
44. **Plants.** Cultivation of fruits, vegetables, cereals, grasses, herbs, and ornamental plants; also seed selection and importation.
45. **Roads.** Making and maintaining roads; dust preventives, and road-building rocks.
46. **Soils and Fertilizers.** Soil surveys of various counties, soil analysis, fertilizers, nitrates and nitrogen, potash, phosphates, etc.
48. **Weather.** Climate, local records, floods, earthquakes, use of kites and other meteorological instruments.
49. **Proceedings of Congress.** Numerical list of the bound volumes of the Congressional Record, Congressional Globe, and Annals of Congress.
50. **American History and Biography.** Includes Civil War, American Revolution, memorial addresses of Congressmen.
51. **Health.** Diseases, sanitation, drugs, disinfectants, water pollution; also birth registration, care of infants, etc.
53. **Maps.** List of Government maps by various bureaus, with directions for obtaining them.
54. **Political Science.** Initiative, referendum, recall, party issues, elections, prohibition, woman suffrage, civil service, and all works relating to the District of Columbia.
55. **National Museum, Contributions from U. S. National Herbarium, and National Academy of Sciences.** Numerical list.
57. **Astronomy.** Naval Observatory and Nautical Almanac Office works on stars, planets, etc.
58. **Mines.** Mining, mineral resources, fuel testing, explosives, gasoline, petroleum, iron mines, and coal.
59. **Interstate Commerce Commission.** Reports, decisions, and regulations relative to transportation, accidents and accounts, freight rates, and valuation of railroads.
60. **Alaska.** Mineral and agricultural resources, coal lands, geology, water supply, seal fisheries, Eskimos, and all other available material.
61. **Panama Canal.** Canal Zone, Nicaragua, and Suez Canal. Descriptions of the canal, the country, debates on the tolls issue, canal treaties, etc.
62. **Commerce and Manufactures.** Cotton goods, dyestuffs, paper, hardware, machinery, warehouses, foreign trade suggestions and statistics, patents, trusts, corporations, census reports.
63. **Navy.** Marine Corps, Coast Guard, Revenue-Cutter Service, battleships, naval drill books and regulations.
64. **Standards of Weight and Measure.** Light, cement and concrete, iron and steel, electricity, radiotelegraphy, thermometers.
65. **Foreign Relations.** European war, Mexican affairs, diplomacy, armed merchant ships, submarine warfare, embargo, espionage, peace, international law, etc.
67. **Immigration.** Naturalization, citizenship, Chinese, Japanese, Negroes, enlistment and conscription of aliens.
68. **Farm Management.** Farm accounts, credits, marketing, conveniences for farm homes, equipment for farming, agricultural clubs, grain grades, cotton standards, agricultural trade.
69. **Pacific States: California, Oregon, Washington.** All available geographical, geological, agricultural, and other material relating to these States.
70. **Census.** Statistics, population, manufactures, agriculture, mines and mining, and mortality statistics.

Copies of the above Price Lists may be obtained free of charge upon application to

Josiah H. Brinker
Superintendent of Documents.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 1, 1920.

MAPS.

In ordering publications please quote the title, together with the classification number following the price at the end of the paragraph. All publications are in paper covers unless otherwise specified.

AGRICULTURE.

Atlas of American agriculture: Precipitation, average annual precipitation in inches based on records of about 1,600 stations for 20-year period, 1895 to 1914, and 2,000 additional records from 5 to 19 years in length, uniformly adjusted to same period. Scale 1:8,000,000. 16.1×24 in. (Agriculture Dept., advance sheet 1.) 15¢. A 1.30/a:1

Atlas of American agriculture: pt. 2, Climate, section 1, Frost and the growing season, 1918. 12 pages, illus. (Agriculture Dept., advance sheet 2.) 75¢. A 1.30/a:2

Atlas of American agriculture: pt. 5, The crops, section A, Cotton. 28 pages, illus. (Agriculture Dept., advance sheet 4.) 50¢. A 1.30/a:4

Atlas of American agriculture: pt. 9, Rural population and organizations, section 1, Rural population, 1919. 19 pages, illus. (Agriculture Dept., advance sheet 3.) 50¢. A 1.30/a:3

ALABAMA. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1915. 32.1×21 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: A1 1b/2

ALASKA. Scale 40 m.=1 in. 1917. 33.7×47.3 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: A1 1s/4

Alaska, from maps of Geological Survey, coast line from Coast and Geodetic Survey charts, index map showing areas covered by topographic maps; with inset Aleutian Islands. Scale 1:5,000,000. 1909. 16.8×23.8 in. (Geological Survey.) 10¢. I 19.25: A1 1/2

On the back of the map is a bibliography of Geological Survey publications relating to Alaska.

Maps showing astronomic, gravity, and tide stations, and progress of triangulation, topography, and hydrography, and magnetic stations in Alaska. In Coast and Geodetic Survey Reports: C 4.1:

1913. Cloth, 75¢.	1917. Cloth, \$1.00.
1914. Cloth, 40¢.	1918. Cloth, \$1.00.
1915. Cloth, 55¢.	1919. Cloth, 95¢.
1916. Cloth, \$1.00.	

Maps showing mineral resources in Alaska. (In Geological Bulletin 379. 1908.) 50¢. I 19.3: 379

Topographic map of Nome region, Alaska. Scale 1:250,000. (In Reconnaissance in Cape Nome and Norton Bay regions, 1900.) 50¢. I 19.2: A1 1/3

The following offices other than that of the Superintendent of Documents sell maps of Alaska:

The Coast and Geodetic Survey has about 100 different maps of the coast of Alaska which it sells at prices ranging from 15 cents to 50 cents. Application should be made to the Coast and Geodetic Survey for a list of these maps.

The Geological Survey has published about a dozen topographic maps of Alaska which are sold at 10 cents each. The Geological Survey will send a list of them on application.

The Topographic Division of the Post Office Department publishes a post route map of Alaska which is sold by the Disbursing Clerk of the Post Office Department for 80¢.

AMERICA. Old maps relating to America. (In Wheeler Survey, Final report, vol. 1, pp. 497-512, 10 maps, large 8°.) Cloth, \$1.50. W 8.5: 1

ARIZONA. Map, with plans of cities and railroads. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1912. 37.5×30.7 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: Ar 4i/3

See also Nevada.

ARKANSAS. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1914. 23.2×28 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: Ar 4k/2

CALIFORNIA.

State of California, with plans of cities, from official records of Land Office and other sources. Scale 10 m.=0.8 in. 1913. 2 sheets, each 29.5×47.7 in. Per set, 50¢. I 21.13: C 12/3

Part of Eastern California, lat. 35° 40'–36° 30', long. 116° 30'–117° 52' 30". Scale 4 m.=1 in. 1877. 15×19.8 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 65d.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/65d-1

Same, Land classification. 14¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/65d-2

Death Valley is shown on this sheet.

Parts of eastern California, southeastern Nevada, northwestern Arizona, and southwestern Utah, lat. 35° 40'–37° 20', long. 113° 45'–116° 30'. Scale 8 m.=1 in. Surveyed 1873. 15×19.9 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 66.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/66

CANADIAN BOUNDARY. Joint maps of northern boundary of United States from Lake of the Woods to summit of Rocky Mountains. 1878. \$3.50. S 3.10/3: R 29/2

Maps showing that portion of international boundary line between United States and Canada which passes through St. Lawrence River and Great Lakes, from surveys made under 6th and 7th articles of treaty of Ghent, 1817–22 and later; photolithographed in 1891 from original charts by Light-House Board. 32 sheets. \$1.00 per set. T 25.25: B 66

12 sheets show St. Lawrence River, other sheets show Lake Ontario, Niagara River, Lake Erie, Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, River St. Clair, Lake Huron, River Sainte Marie, Lake Superior, and Isle Royale.

CARTOGRAPHY. See Maps.

CHICAGO HARBOR and adjacent waterways, 32 maps. 1913. (In 63d Cong., 1st sess., H. Doc. 237.) Paper, \$1; buckram, \$1.20.

CIVIL WAR. Atlas to accompany Official Records of Union and Confederate Armies is fully listed in Price List 50, American History.

COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY. The Survey issues a quarto catalogue of about 230 pages, giving the titles and prices of its sailing charts, general charts of the coast, coast charts, and harbor charts. The charts are sold but the catalogue is distributed free to those asking for it. Communications should be addressed to *Superintendent of Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington, D. C.*

Comparison of relative values of polyconic projection used on Coast and Geodetic Survey with some other projections. (In Coast and Geodetic Report, 1880, pp. 287–296.) Cloth, \$1.20. T 11.1: 880

Maps showing condition of hydrography, Atlantic coast, Gulf coast, Pacific coast, Alaska, sheet showing corrections on chart of New York Harbor, maps showing reconnaissance and triangulation, topography, hydrography, distribution of astronomic stations, June 30, 1915, positions of telegraphic longitude, 1846 to 1915, routes of geodetic leveling, gravity stations, tide stations, and magnetic stations of United States, 5 maps showing similar information for Alaska, progress maps of Porto Rico, Philippines, Hawaiian Islands, and Canal Zone to June 30, 1915. 21 maps. (In Coast and Geodetic Report, 1915.) Cloth, 55¢. C 4.1: 915

Maps showing hydrographic and topographic surveys of Atlantic, Gulf, and Alaska coasts, and progress sketch maps of Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Philippines, to June 30, 1916. 17 maps. (In Coast and Geodetic Report, 1916.) Cloth, \$1.00. C 4.1: 916

Outline maps of United States, showing astronomic stations; telegraphic longitude stations; routes of geodetic spirit leveling and positions of gravity and tide stations; positions of magnetic stations; and sketch of general progress of survey, eastern and western sheets, Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, Canal Zone, and Philippine Islands. 9 maps. (Coast and Geodetic Report, 1912, portfolio.) 35¢. C 4.1: 912/2

COLORADO. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1910. 28.7×38.8 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: C 719/3

Central Colorado, lat. 38° 10'–39°, long. 104° 7' 30"–105° 30'. Scale 4 m.=1 in. 1878. 15×19.2 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 62a.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/62a

This area includes Pueblo and Colorado Springs.

Central Colorado, lat. 38° 10'–39°, long. 105° 30'–106° 52' 30". Scale 4 m.=1 in. Surveyed 1873–1879. 15×19.2 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 61d.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/61d-1

Part of central Colorado, lat. 39°–39° 50', long. 105° 30'–106° 52' 30". Scale 4 m.=1 in. Surveyed during 1873, 1876, 1879. 15×19 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 52d.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/52d-1

Leadville is shown on this sheet.

Same, Land classification map. 14¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/52d-2

Part of southeastern Colorado, lat. 37° 20'–38° 10', long. 102° 45'–104° 7' 30". Scale 4 m.=1 in. 1882. 15×19.4 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 62d.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/62d

The Arkansas River crosses the northern portion of the area which as a whole forms a part of the western rim of the Great Plains.

Part of southern Colorado, lat. 37° 20'–38° 10', long. 104° 7' 30"–105° 30'. Scale 4 m.=1 in. 1878. 15×19.5 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 62c.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/62c

The Spanish Peaks are shown in the southern part of this area.

Parts of southern Colorado and northern New Mexico, lat. 36° 30'–37° 20', long. 104° 7' 30"–105° 30'. Scale 4 m.=1 in. 1877. 15×19.6 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 70a.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/70a

This map joins sheet 69b bearing the same title on the east. The Culebra and Cimarron ranges are in the western part of the area.

Parts of southwestern Colorado, lat. 37° 20'–38° 10', long. 105° 30'–106° 52' 30". Scale 4 m.=1 in. 1878. 15.2×19.5 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 61d.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/61d

Area included is part of the valley of the Rio Grande.

Parts of southwestern Colorado, lat. 38° 10'–39°, long. 106° 52' 30"–108° 15'. Scale 4 m.=1 in. Surveyed in 1877. 15×19.1 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 61a.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/61a-1

Part of western Colorado, including the Uncompahgre and Gunnison rivers, land classification map. 14¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/61a-2

Southwest Colorado, San Juan mining region, lat. 37° 42'–38° 7', long. 107° 15'–107° 57'. Scale 2 m.=1 in. 1876. 15×19.7 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 61c.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/61c-1

Same, Economical features, land classification. 14¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/61c-2

COLUMBIA, DEPARTMENT OF. Scale 17 m.=1 in. Revised 1887. 28.5×38 in. (Engineer Dept., map no. 7.) 27¢. W 7.13: C 72/2

CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS, maps of. (In Congressional Directory, 66th Cong., 2d sess., pp. 461–512.) Cloth, 60¢. Y 4.P 93/1: 1/66-2-3

CONVENTIONAL SIGNS, United States Army maps, with supplements containing changes nos. 1 and 2. 1918. 22 pages, illus. (Office of Chief of Staff.) 15¢. W 2.2: C 76/3

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK, OREG., Panoramic view of. Scale 1 mile to the inch. 1913. 18×16.5 in. 25¢. I 1.53: C 85/4

Same, issued as a folder in covers. 40¢. I 1.53: C 85/5

DAKOTA, MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF. Map including Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana. Scale 23 m.=1 in. 1886. 26.3×48.8 in. (Engineer Dept., map no. 13.) 50¢. W 7.13: D 14/3

DAKOTA TERRITORY. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 5th edition. 1881. 2 sheets. 19.3×36.8, and 20.7×36.8 in. (Engineer Dept., map no. 12.) The set, 17¢. W 7.13: D 14/1, 2

DESCHUTES RIVER, OREG., and its utilization. 28 maps and plans. (In Water-Supply Paper 344.) 50¢. I 19.13: 344

DES MOINES. See Iowa.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

List of maps and views of Washington and District of Columbia in Library of Congress. 1900. 77 pages. 5¢. LC 5.2: W 27

Map of permanent system of highways in District of Columbia, showing street railways of District with proposed extensions. Scale 1,000 ft.=1 in. 1912. 43×53 in. (In 62d Cong., 2d sess., S. Doc. 441.) 45¢.

DOLPHIN, brig. Map to accompany Report and charts of cruise of brig. *Dolphin*. 1854. (Navy Dept.) Cloth, 25¢. N 1.8: L 51/2

ENGINEER DEPARTMENT, U. S. ARMY. This office has issued a number of maps, charts, and plans which are entered in this list by States and localities. The Engineer reports are listed in Price List 18, Engineering and Surveying. The explorations of this department which are available are listed in Price List 35, Geography and Explorations.

EUROPE. Maps showing army maneuvers in France, Germany, Japan, Switzerland, Norway, and Russia, 1901. (In Notes of Military Interest, 1901. Military Information 36.) \$1.00. W 26.3/1: 36

EUROPEAN WAR. List of atlases and maps applicable to the World War. 1918. 202 pages. (Library of Congress.) Cloth, 50¢. LC 5.2: W 89

FLORIDA. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1911. 40.4×31.8 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: F 66/2

Military map of Florida south of Tampa Bay, 1856, and map of portion of Florida showing drainage district, 1908. (In Everglades of Florida, 62d Cong., 1st sess., S. Doc. 89.) 20¢.

FORESTS.

Instructions for making forest surveys and maps. Revised Dec. 15, 1911. 85 pages, illus. Cloth, 20¢. A 13.2: M 32/5

Many Forestry Bulletins contain maps showing geographical distribution of trees. These are listed in Price List 43, Forestry, the word "map" or "maps" being given after the pagination of bulletins containing them.

Maps showing distribution of spruce and balsam fir trees, 3 of North America, 7 of western half of North America. (In Agriculture Bulletin 327. 1916.) 20¢. A 1.3: 327

National forests, with related projects and data, map, with insets, base map compiled in Land Office, reissued, with national forests, etc., by Forest Service. Scale 37 miles=1 in. Edition of May 1, 1910. 4 sheets, each about 29.8×41 in. 50¢. A 13.13: N 21/6-910

This edition shows the present and proposed forest reservations, notably the Appalachian Reserve, also Reclamation Service irrigation projects, private irrigated areas, canals and proposed waterways, overflowed lands of lower Mississippi River, principal watersheds, lines of equal precipitation, and Indian reservations.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY. *The folios and all other maps of the Geological Survey can be obtained by applying direct to the Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.*

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, Panoramic view of. 1914. Scale 3 miles to the inch. 18.5×21 in. 25¢. I 1.53: G 45/7

GREAT LAKES. See Canadian boundary; Northern and Northwestern Lakes Survey.

HAWAII, Map of Territory of, scale 12 m.=1 in.; with inset, Hawaiian Archipelago, scale 152 m.=1 in. 1901. 22×33.5 and 7.7×12.7 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: H 31/1

HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE, Navy Department, issues charts of all parts of the world except the coast of the United States, the charting of which is left to the Coast Survey. The Hydrographic charts are sold by the office in Washington and also by agents at the principal American and foreign seaports and American lake ports. The price of the "General Catalogue of Charts and Books" is 50¢. Communications should be addressed to the Hydrographic Office, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

IDAHO.

Idaho, with plans of cities. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1913. 45×29.8 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: Id 1/6

IDAHO—Continued.

Land classification map of part of southeastern Idaho, lat. 40° 20'–43° 10' long. 112° 22' 30"–113° 45'. Scale 4 m.=1 in. 1881. 15×18.1 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map, 32¢.) 14¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/32c-2

The Snake River crosses the area diagonally, and the northwest section is the Snake River Desert.

Part of Southeastern Idaho, lat. 42° 20'–43° 10', long. 111°–112° 22' 30". Scale 4 m.=1 in. 1879. 15×18.1 in. (Wheeler Survey, Topographic map 32d.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/32d

The western part of the area includes the Port-Neuf range and river.

See also Utah.

ILLINOIS. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1911. 32.8×19.3 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: Il 6/2

INDIAN LANDS. Map of 36 States showing Indian land cessions to United States. 67 colored maps. (In 18th Ethnology Bureau Report, 1897, pt. 2.) Cloth, \$2.60. SI 2.1: 897/2

This volume includes the 995 pages of descriptive text and schedule accompanying the maps.

INDIAN TERRITORY. See Oklahoma.

INDIANA. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1916. 24.7×17.3 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: In 2a/3

INTERCONTINENTAL RAILWAY COMMISSION REPORTS:

Vol. 1, pt. 1. Condensed report of transactions and of surveys and explorations in Central and South America, 1891–1898. 197 pages, 25 illus., 7 maps and 5 profiles in pocket, 4°. Cloth, \$3.50. S 5.8: R 29/1

Vol. 1, pt. 2. Report of surveys and explorations made by corps 1 in Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, 1891–1893. 651 pages, 36 illus., 1 map, 4° [English and Spanish.] Cloth, \$3.00. S 5.8: R 29/2

Atlas accompanying vol. 1, pt. 2. 1 plate and 31 maps, unbound, in cloth case, 4° Cloth, \$3.50. S 5.8: R 29/3

Vol. 2. Report of surveys and explorations made by corps 2 in Costa Rica, Colombia, and Ecuador, 1891–1893. 326 pages, 36 illus., 6 maps, 4° [English and Spanish.] Cloth, \$3.00. S 5.8: R 29/4

Atlas accompanying vol. 2. 69 maps and 37 profiles, unbound, in cloth case, 4° Cloth, \$3.50. S 5.8: R 29/5

Vol. 3. Reports of surveys and explorations made by corps 3 in Ecuador and Peru, 1891–1892. 188 pages, 24 illus., map, 32 tables, 4° [English and Spanish.] Cloth, \$3.00. S 5.8: R 29/6

Atlas accompanying vol. 3. 50 maps, 41 profiles, unbound, in cloth case. Cloth, \$3.50. S 5.8: R 29/7

INTERIOR DEPARTMENT MAPS. Detailed information regarding maps published by the Interior Department and other offices is given in a pamphlet distributed free by that department.

IOWA, State of, with plan of Des Moines and vicinity. 1917. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 21.3×33.2 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: Io 9/2

KANSAS. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1912. 24×36 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: K 13/2

KOHL COLLECTION. Substance of lecture on collection of charts and maps of America; by J. G. Kohl. (In Smithsonian Report, 1856, pp. 93–146.) Cloth, 60¢. SI 1.1: 856

LAMBERT PROJECTION TABLES for United States. 1918. 243 pages. (Coast and Geodetic Special Publication 52.) 25¢. C 4.19: 52

Lambert conformal conic projection with two standard parallels, including comparison of Lambert projection with Bonne and polyconic projection. 1918. 61 pages, 7 plates. (Coast and Geodetic Special Publication 47.) Cloth, 75¢. C 4.19: 47

General theory of the Lambert conformal conic projection. 1918. 38 pages, illus. (Coast and Geodetic Special Publication 53.) 10¢. C 4.19: 53

This is supplementary to the material found in Special Publications nos. 47, 49, and 52.

LAND OFFICE MAPS. The General Land Office publishes a large map of the United States and also maps for each of the States in which there is now public land. They are on a scale of 12 miles to the inch. They are each complete in one sheet, except California, which comprises 2 sheets.

The State maps show the State capital, county seats, railroads, canals, county boundaries, swamp and prairie lands, bird reservations, Indian reservations, and life-saving stations, but they *do not show the vacant public land*. These are entered in this list under United States and the names of the States.

LOUISIANA. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1916. 27.6×28.4 in. (Land Office.) 25¢.
I 21.13: L 93/2

LOWERY COLLECTION, a descriptive list of maps of the Spanish possessions within the present limits of the United States, 1502-1820. 1912. 567 pages. (Library of Congress.) Cloth, \$1.00. LC 5.2: L 95

The monograph describes 750 maps, of which there are 306 in the Lowery collection (bequeathed to the Library), 206 not in the collection but in the map division of the Library, and 184 in neither, but identified as existing elsewhere. Included in the list are most of the early important maps of the world and America, rare manuscript maps of fortifications, journeys of exploration, maps in atlases, historical works, etc.

MAPS.

Check list of large scale maps published by foreign governments, Great Britain excepted, in Library of Congress. 1904. 58 pages. Cloth, 30¢.
LC 5.2: F 76

Elements of chart making. 1916. 15 pages. 32 plates. (Coast and Geodetic Special Publication 38.) 40¢.
C 4.19: 38

Geographic tables and formulas; by Samuel S. Gannett. 4th edition, reprint with additions, 1918. 424 pages, illus. (Geological Bulletin 650.) 25¢.
I 19.3: 650/2

Grid system for progressive maps in the United States. 1919. 227 pages, illus. (Coast and Geodetic Special Publication 59.) 25¢.
C 4.19: 59

List of geographical atlases in Library of Congress, with bibliographical notes. 1909. 2 vols., 1659 pages, large 8° Cloth, the set, \$2.35. LC 5.2: G 29/1, 2

List of maps of America in Library of Congress, preceded by list of works relating to cartography. 1901. 1137 pages, large 8° Cloth, \$1.00.
LC 5.2: Am 3

List of works relating to cartography, issued separately. 90 pages, large 8° 10¢.
LC 5.2/a: C 24

Military surveys and reconnaissance and map duplication in the field, articles by Lieut. Henry Jervy and Maj. W. R. Livermore; and Military sketching and maps, by Col. Von Usedom. (In International Congress of Engineers. 1893, pp. 169-194, 753-762.) Cloth, \$1.50.
W 1.15: 893

Study of map projections in general. 1919. 24 pages, illus. (Coast and Geodetic Survey Special Publication 60.) 5¢.
C 4.19: 60

MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK, COLO., Panoramic view. Scale 1:45,000. 1915. 18×22 in. 25¢.
I 1.53: M 56/4

MEXICAN BOUNDARY. Proceedings of International Water Boundary Commission, United States and Mexico, treaties of 1884 and 1889, equitable distribution of waters of Rio Grande. 1903. 2 vols., 488 pages, illus., 96 maps, large 4° [English and Spanish.] Half-leather, vol. 1, \$9.00; vol. 2, \$7.00.
S 3.19/2: P 94/1, 2

MEXICO. Railroad map of Mexico; with enlarged map, State of Mexico and surrounding country. Scale 50 m.=1.1 in. 31.3×43.9 in. (War College Division.) 25¢.
W 26.6: M 57/2

MICHIGAN. Scale 16 m.=1 in. 1904. 30.3×25.5 in. (Land Office.) 25¢.
I 21.13: M 58

MINNESOTA. Scale 12 m.=1 in.; with inset Minneapolis and vicinity and St. Paul and vicinity. 1905. 37.1×31.6 and 8.3×10.8 in. (Land Office.) 25¢.
I 21.13: M 66/2

See also Dakota, Military Department of.

MISSISSIPPI. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1915. 33×20.7 in. (Land Office.) 25¢.
I 21.13: M 69I/2

MISSISSIPPI RIVER COMMISSION. This body of Army engineers and civilians has published a large number of maps and charts which it sells at various prices—5 cents a sheet for the 1-inch to 1-mile map, and up. Requests and remittances should be sent *only to the Secretary of the Commission, Room 1311, International Life Building, cor. 8th and Chestnut Sts., St. Louis, Mo.*

MISSOURI. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1911. 28.5×32.8 in. (Land Office.) 25¢.
I 21.13: M 69o

MISSOURI RIVER. Many maps of the Missouri River were published by the Missouri River Commission which was organized in 1884 and discontinued in 1902. The maps can be obtained from the *United States Engineer Office, Custom House, Sioux City, Iowa.*

See also Yellowstone and Missouri rivers.

MONTANA. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1917. 31.6×49.4 in. (Land Office.) 25¢.
I 21.13: M 76/4

See also Dakota, Military Department of.

MOUNT RAINIER NATIONAL PARK. Scale 2 m.=1 in. 1907. 15×15 in. (In Report of Acting Superintendent, 1907.) 15¢.
I 1.43: 907

Mount Ranier National Park, Wash., Panoramic view. Scale 1 m.=1 in. 1915. 18×19 in. 25¢.
I 1.53: M 86/5

NATIONAL PARKS, reservations, and monuments, reports, 1915, and maps. (In Interior Dept. Report, 1915, vol. 1, pp. 841-1158, 14 maps, diagrams.) Cloth, \$1.00.
I 1.1: 915/1

See also names of the national parks. For publications descriptive of the national parks, see Price List 35, Geography and Explorations.

NEBRASKA. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1909. 26.7×39.3 and 6.8×6.1 in. (Land Office.) 25¢.
I 21.13: N 27/2

See also Platte, Department of.

NEVADA, with plans of cities; City of Reno, Goldfield, and North Goldfield. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1914. 42.9×30.5 in. (Land Office.) 25¢.
I 21.13: N 41/3

Part of central Nevada, lat. 39°-39° 50', long. 116° 30'-117° 52' 30". Scale 4 m.=1 in. 1882. 15×19 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 48d.) 9¢.
W 8.2/a: T 62/48d

Parts of eastern and southern Nevada and southern Utah, lat. 37° 20'-39°, long. 113° 45'-116° 30'. Scale 8 m.=1 in. Surveyed 1869, 1872. 15×19.4 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 58.) 9¢.
W 8.2/a: T 62/58

Parts of eastern Nevada and western Utah, lat. 39°-40° 40', long. 113° 45'-116° 30'. Scale 8 m.=1 in. Surveyed in 1869, 1872. 15×19 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 49.) 9¢.
W 8.2/a: T 62/49

Parts of southeastern Nevada, northwestern Arizona, and southwestern Utah, lat. 35° 40'-39°, long. 113° 45'-114° 50'. Scale 8 m.=1 in. Surveyed in 1872-73. 2 maps, each 15×8 in., on one sheet. (Wheeler Survey. Geologic maps 58 and 66.) 14¢.
W 8.2/a: G 29/58, 66

Part of western Nevada, lat. 39°-39° 50', long. 117° 52' 30'-119° 15'. Scale 4 m.=1 in. 1882. 15×19 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 48c.) 9¢.
W 8.2/a: T 62/48c

NEW MEXICO. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1912. 37×31.6 in. (Land Office.) 25¢.
I 21.13: N 42m/4

Economic features of part of north central New Mexico, land classification, lat. 35° 40'-36° 30', long. 104° 7' 30"-105° 30'. Scale 4 m.=1 in. 1877. 15×19.8 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 70c.) 14¢.
W 8.2a: T 62/70c-2

NORTH DAKOTA. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1910. 25.9×33.8 in. (Land Office.) 25¢.
I 21.13: N 81d/3

See also Dakota, Military Department of.

NORTHERN AND NORTHWESTERN LAKES SURVEY. This bureau, under the Engineer Department, U. S. Army, has issued a number of charts of the coasts, harbors, and other features of the Great Lakes and tributary waterways. A circular giving a catalogue of the maps and the regulations for their sale will be sent on application to "U. S. Lake Survey Office, Detroit, Mich.," or "U. S. Engineer Office, 540 Federal Building, Buffalo, N. Y." These charts may also be obtained for cash only, at the U. S. Canal Office at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

OHIO. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1910. 21.5×23.9 in. (Land Office.) 25¢.
I 21.13: Oh 3/2

OKLAHOMA.

Maps of segregated coal lands in Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, with descriptions of unleased segregated coal lands, 1904. Interior Department Circulars:

1. McAlester district. 59 pages, 2 maps. 10¢. I 1.4: 1
2. Wilburton-Stigler district. 47 pages, 2 maps. 10¢. I 1.4: 2
3. Howe-Poteau district. 48 pages, 2 maps. 10¢. I 1.4: 3
4. McCurtain-Massey district. 54 pages, 2 maps. 10¢. I 1.4: 4
5. Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, Lehigh-Ardmore districts. 39 pages, 2 maps. 10¢. I 1.4: 5

Oklahoma, with plans of cities. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1914. 21.8×42.7 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: Ok 4/4

OREGON, with plan of city of Portland. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1910. 28.5×36.5 and 4.8×3.4 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: Or 3

PALESTINE. Medeba mosaic map of Palestine in United States National Museum; by I. M. Casanowicz. (In National Museum Proceedings, vol. 49, pp. 359-376, map. 1916.) Cloth, \$1.00. SI 3.6: 49

The map described dates from the 6th century. A colored drawing of the map is in the National Museum, while the reproduction in this volume is uncolored.

PARCEL POST guide and map. These are sold *only by the Post Office Department.* The map is 20¢ and the guide 55¢.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. List of maps, charts, and views of Philippine Islands in Library of Congress. (In List of Books on Philippine Islands, pp. 267-397, large 8°. 1903.) Cloth, 60¢. LC 2.2: P 53/1

PLANE TABLE MANUAL; by D. B. Wainwright. Pages 289 to 342, illus. [From Coast and Geodetic Report, 1905.] 50¢. C 4.1/a: 905/7-3
Of the 37 illustrations, plates 17 to 28 show conventional signs for maps adopted by the U. S. Geographic Board, and 29 gives specimens of lettering.

PLATTE, DEPARTMENT OF. Map of military Department of the Platte, Nebr.; sheet 2. Scale 18.94 m.=1 in. 1872. 19.4×25.6 in. (Engineer Dept., map no. 19.) 17¢. W 7.13: P 69/2

Same, Wyo.; sheet 3. Scale 18.94 m.=1 in. 1874. 16.8×27.3 in. (Engineer Dept., map no. 20.) 17¢. W 7.13: P 69/3

POLYCONIC PROJECTIONS.

General theory of polyconic projections. 1919. 174 pages, illus., map. (Coast and Geodetic Special Publication 57.) 25¢. C 4.19: 57

Tables for a polyconic projection of maps, based upon Clarke's reference spheroid of 1866. 4th edition. 1917. 189 pages. (Coast and Geodetic Special Publication 5.) 25¢. C 4.19: 5/2

PORTS. Planning of Alaskan ports, including outline maps of ports of New York, Buffalo, Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. 1916. 24 pages. 12 plates. 20¢. I 1.2: Al 1/5

POST ROUTES.

These maps, which show the post routes and the location of the principal post offices, do not show much detail in addition. The larger States are on two or four sheets, while two or three of the smaller States are grouped on a single sheet. They are sold *by the Third Assistant Postmaster General, Finance Division, Post Office Department,* at the uniform price of 50 cents a sheet.

POST ROUTES—Continued.

Rural route maps. Maps of those counties in which the rural delivery postal system is completely established are being issued by the Post Office Department. The maps are published in two forms, one giving simply the rural free delivery routes starting from a single given post office, sold at 10 cents; the other, the rural free delivery routes in an entire county, sold at 35 cents. In both forms, not only the rural route is given, but also roads, rivers, creeks, schools, churches, and even the residences of people living along the lines of the routes; in fact, everything in the nature of a landmark. They are on the uniform scale of an inch to a mile. *These maps are sold by the Third Assistant Postmaster General, Finance Division, Post Office Department.* These maps are not the same as the post route maps described above.

See also Parcel post map.

RAILROAD LAND-GRANTS. Statement showing land grants made by Congress to aid in construction of railroads, wagon roads, canals, and internal improvements, with data relative thereto. 1915. 28 pages. (Land Office.) 20¢. I 21.2: L 22/4

The tables show date of grant, references to Statutes at Large, exact location and aggregate amount of each grant, number of acres patented to June 30, 1914, and legal condition of each grant.

RECLAMATION MAPS. For reclamation maps not listed in this list apply to Reclamation Service, Department of Interior.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK, COLO., Panoramic view. Scale 2 m.=1 in. 1915. 17.5×14 in. 25¢. I 1.53: R 59

SACRAMENTO RIVER.

Maps and report on examination from Sacramento to Red Bluff, and survey from Feather River to Chico landing. 1911. 19 pages, 31 maps. (62d Cong., 1st sess., H. Doc. 76.) Paper, \$1.40; buckram, \$1.60.

Reports of examination and survey of Sacramento River from its mouth to Feather River. 1908. 19 pages, 26 maps. (60th Cong., 2d sess., H. Doc. 1123.) Paper, \$1.35; buckram, \$1.50.

SAINT LAWRENCE RIVER. See Canadian Boundary.

SOILS OF UNITED STATES. The Bureau of Soils, Agriculture Department, issues a descriptive report and large colored map showing the kinds of soil in each area or county surveyed. These are listed in Price List 46, Soils and Fertilizers.

SOUTH AMERICA. See Intercontinental Railway Commission Reports.

SOUTH DAKOTA. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1918. 23.8×34.4 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: So 8d/3

SPANISH POSSESSIONS. See Lowery collection.

STATE MAPS. See World; and names of States.

TEXAS BOUNDARY. Map of United States and Texas boundary line and adjacent territory, surveyed 1857 to 1860, by J. H. Clark and H. Campbell. (In Geological Bulletin 194.) 15¢. I 19.3: 194

This large map shows the country between 31½° and 37½° lat. and 96½° to 107° long., and is 26.5×40 inches. It was reported missing from the Land Office in 1882, but located in 1902, and published.

TOPOGRAPHIC SHEETS. The Geological Survey is making a topographic map of the United States. The sheets of which it is composed are projected without reference to political divisions, and are designated by some prominent town or natural feature found on them. Three scales are ordinarily used, 1:62,500, 1:125,000, and 1:250,000. These correspond, approximately, to 1 mile, 2 miles, and 4 miles to 1 linear inch, covering, respectively, average areas of 230, 920, and 3,700 square miles. For some areas of particular importance special large-scale maps are published. The usual size, exclusive of the margin is about 17.5 inches in height by 11.5 to 16 inches in width, the latter varying with the latitude. A description of the topographic map is printed on the reverse of each sheet.

Nearly two-fifths of the area of the country, excluding outlying possessions, has been mapped, every State being represented. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and the District of Columbia are completely mapped. Sheets of the regular size are sold by the Survey at

TOPOGRAPHIC SHEETS—Continued.

10¢ each; but in lots of 50 or more copies, whether of the same sheet or of different sheets, the price is 6¢ each. The discount is allowed on all orders the net cost of which amounts to \$3.00 or more, and applies on an order for either maps or folios alone or for maps and folios together, but does not apply to the folios sold at 5¢ each on account of damage by fire.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Topographic instructions of Geological Survey. Edition of 1918. 231 pages, illus. 35¢. I 19.2: T 62/8

Training manual in topography, map reading, and reconnaissance. 1918. 151 pages, illus. (Engineer Dept.) 20¢. W 7.11/2: T 62/2

TURKESTAN and the countries between British and Russian dominions in Asia mapped on basis of surveys made by British and Russian officers up to 1875. Scale 32 m.=1 in. 4 sheets, whole map 30.2×56.3 in. (Engineer Dept., map no. 32.) 49¢ per set. W 7.13: T 84/3-6

UNITED STATES.

Century of population growth from 1st census to 12th, 1790 to 1900. 303 pages, illus., maps, 4° (Census Bureau.) Cloth, \$1.10. C 3.2: P 81

Among the early maps is a map of North America, showing all new discoveries, 1797, city maps of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, maps of northern and southern parts of United States, maps showing changes of county lines, 1790 to 1900, etc.

Outline map of United States, indicating counties. 1920. 21.1×33.2 in. 10¢. A 37.5: Un 3

Part of United States west of Mississippi River [showing Indian reservations, national parks, national monuments, reclamation projects, offices of surveyors general, and land offices.] 1914. 17×26.3 in. 5¢. I 21.13: Un 32/2

Part of United States west of Mississippi River. 1916. 18×26 in. 15¢. I 21.13: Un 32/3

In addition to the information on the 1914 edition the new map shows stations and cars of Bureau of Mines, Geological Survey field offices, Indian superintendencies and schools, and offices of the Reclamation Service.

Statistical atlas of United States, based upon results of:

9th census, 1870. 13 pages, 54 maps, 4° Half-leather, \$5.00. I 10.2: At 6
11th census, 1890. 69 pages, 63 maps, 4° Cloth, \$4.00. I 12.2: At 6
12th census, 1900. 91 pages, illus., 64 maps, 4° Cloth, \$4.00. I 13.2: At 6
13th census, 1910. 99 pages, 503 plates and maps, 4° Cloth, \$2.50. C 3.2: At 6

United States, including Territories and Insular possessions, showing extent of public surveys, Indian, military, bird, game, and forest reservations, railroads, canals, national parks, and other details [with insets]. Corrected to June 30, 1918. Scale, 37 m.=1 in. Cloth, \$2.00. I 21.13: Un 3/19

INSETS:

Alaska, with inset, Aleutian Islands.
American Samoa: Manua [Islands]; Rose I., Tutuila I.
Canal Zone, with inset, Isthmus of Panama, showing location of canal.
Hawaiian Islands, with insets, Guam, Palmyra Islands.
Philippine Islands.
Porto Rico and Virgin Islands of United States.
This map is about 5 by 7 feet, mounted on muslin and attached to rollers.

See also Coast and Geodetic Survey; Lowery collection.

UTAH. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1915. 33.4×26.2 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: Ut 1/3

Central and western Utah, lat. 39°-40° 40', long. 111°-113° 45'. Scale 8 m.=1 in. Surveyed during 1872, 1873. 15×19 in. (Wheeler Survey, Topographic map 50.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/50

This area includes part of the Great Salt Lake and Sevier Lake deserts.

Same, geologic map. (Wheeler Survey. Geologic map 50.) 14¢. W 8.2/a: G 29/50

Maps accompanying exploration and survey of valley of Great Salt Lake, Utah, including reconnaissance of new route through Rocky Mountains, by Howard Stansbury. 1853. Cloth, 25¢. W 7.5: St 2/2

Northeastern Utah and southeastern Idaho, lat. 41° 30'-42° 20', long. 111°-112° 22' 30''. Scale 4 m.=1 in. 1878. 15×18.4 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 41b.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/41b

UTAH—Continued.

Southern Utah, lat. 37° 20'-39°, long. 111°-113° 45'. Scale 8 m.=1 in. Surveyed 1872, 1873. 15×19.4 in. (Wheeler Survey. Topographic map 59.) 9¢. W 8.2/a: T 62/59

The northern boundary of the area crosses Sevier Lake.

Same, showing geologic formations, with title southern and southwestern Utah. (Wheeler Survey. Geologic map 59.) 14¢. W 8.2/a: G 29/59

See also Nevada.

VIRGINIA, Maps of:

Augusta County, Va. Scale 1 m.=1 in. 1875. 33.4×34.2 in. (Engineer Dept., map no. 1.) 20¢. W 7.13: Au 4

Greene County, Va. Scale 1 m.=1 in. 1875. 24×24 in. (Engineer Dept., map no. 15.) 16¢. W 7.13: G 83

Madison County, Va. Scale 1 m.=1 in. 1875. 30.2×23.6 in. (Engineer Dept., map no. 17.) 16¢. W 7.13: M 26

Rappahannock County, Va. Scale 1 m.=1 in. 1875. 32.4×25.1 in. (Engineer Dept., map no. 21.) 20¢. W 7.13: R 18

Rockingham County, Va. Scale 1 m.=1 in. 1875. 32.6×32.7 in. (Engineer Dept., map no. 22.) 20¢. W 7.13: R 59

WAR OF REBELLION RECORDS, ATLAS. See Price List 50, American History, under heading Civil War.

WASHINGTON, D. C. See District of Columbia.

WEATHER MAPS.

Comprehensive maps and models of globe for special meteorological studies. (In Monthly Weather Review, Dec., 1907. pp. 559-564, and pls. I-IV.) 20¢. A 29.6: 35/12

Daily weather map, edition containing forecasts for all States east of Mississippi River except Illinois and Wisconsin. 16.4×22.7 in. [Daily except Sundays and holidays.] Edition issued at Washington, D. C., 25¢ a month; \$2.50 a year. A 29.18:

Daily weather map, edition containing forecasts for United States. 16.4×22.7 in. 30¢ a month; \$3.00 a year.

Daily weather map, editions issued at about 65 stations throughout the United States. 16.4×22.7 in. 20¢ a month; \$2.00 a year.

National weather and crop bulletin. [Weekly Apr.-Oct., monthly remainder of year.] 25¢ a year. A 29.7:

WISCONSIN. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1912. 29.5×26.1 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: W 75/2

WORLD. International map of the world, United States section. The first sheet of this map, designated as sheet North K 19, or the Boston sheet, including Rhode Island and portions of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, and Nova Scotia, has been published by the Geological Survey, which is mapping the United States portion. This world map, undertaken by agreement among the leading nations, is being prepared on a scale of 1 to 1,000,000; that is, 1 linear inch on the map represents 1,000,000 inches on the earth's surface, or nearly 16 miles. The map is to consist of about 1,500 sheets, covering all the land areas of the world, each sheet representing 4 degrees of latitude and 6 degrees of longitude.

At the present rate of progress the United States portion will be finished within eight or ten years and when completed will be about 16 feet in width. The American sheets are sold by the Geological Survey at 40 cents a sheet, and the foreign sheets by Edward Stanford, 12-14 Long Acre, W. C., London, England, at 2 shillings plus the postage.

As a preliminary to the issuance of the completed color sections of the map, the Geological Survey is printing, in black and white, State maps on the scale of 1 to 500,000, being thus four times as large as the world map of the same area. These are sold by the Geological Survey at various prices according to the size of the map.

WYOMING, with plans of cities. Scale 12 m.=1 in. 1912. 28.8×33.8 in. (Land Office.) 25¢. I 21.13: W 99/5

YAKIMA RIVER BASIN. 20 maps and profiles. (In Water-Supply Paper 369. 1916.) 45¢. I 19.13: 369

YELLOWSTONE AND MISSOURI RIVERS and their tributaries, Map of, explored 1859-1860, revised and enlarged, 1876; 2 sheets. Scale 1:1,200,000. 31.4×20 and 31.6×20.4 in. (Engineer Dept., map no. 30.) The set, 23¢.
W 7.13: Ye 3/3, 4

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Atlas to accompany Geology of Yellowstone National Park, pt. 2. 1899. 27 sheets, 1° (Geological Monograph 32, pt. 2.) Cloth, \$3.75. I 19.9: 32/3
Pt. 1 has never been published.

Panoramic view of Yellowstone National Park, Wyo.-Mont.-Idaho. Scale 3 m.=1 in. 1915. 20×18 in. 25¢. I 1.53: Y 3/8

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK. Panoramic view of. 1914. Scale 3 m.=1 in. 18.5×18 inches. 25¢. I 1.53: Y 8/3

INDEXES AND CATALOGUES

VALUABLE FOR REFERENCE

Issued by Superintendent of Documents

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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- Vol. 3. 54th Cong., 2d sess., July 1, 1896, to June 30, 1897. Cloth, 75c.
- Vol. 4. 55th Cong., July 1, 1897, to June 30, 1899. Cloth, \$1.35.
- Vol. 5. 56th Cong., July 1, 1899, to June 30, 1901. Cloth, \$1.35.
- Vol. 6. 57th Cong., July 1, 1901, to June 30, 1903. Cloth, \$1.85.
- Vol. 7. 58th Cong., July 1, 1903, to June 30, 1905. Cloth, \$2.00.
- Vol. 8. 59th Cong., July 1, 1905, to June 30, 1907. Cloth, \$2.75.
- Vol. 9. 60th Cong., July 1, 1907, to June 30, 1909. Cloth, \$2.75.
- Vol. 10. 61st Cong., July 1, 1909, to June 30, 1911. Cloth, \$2.50.
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- Vol. 12. 63d Cong., July 1, 1913, to June 30, 1915. Cloth, \$3.00.

This is called in the law a "comprehensive index." It is a catalogue of all the publications authorized during one Congress, or for a period of two years beginning with July 1. The arrangement is "dictionary;" that is, in one alphabet a book, pamphlet, or article may be located by author, by Government bureau responsible for it, or by subject. All the more important publications are analyzed.

DOCUMENT INDEX:

- 1. 54th Cong., 1st sess., Dec. 2, 1895, to June 11, 1896. Cloth, 30c.
- 2. 54th Cong., 2d sess., Dec. 7, 1896, to Mar. 3, 1897. Cloth, 20c.
- 3. 55th Cong., 1st sess., Mar. 15 to July 24, 1897. Cloth, 15c.
- 4. 55th Cong., 2d sess., Dec. 6, 1897, to July 8, 1898. Cloth, 30c.
- 5. 55th Cong., 3d sess., Dec. 5, 1898, to Mar. 4, 1899. Cloth, 20c.
- 6. 56th Cong., 1st sess., Dec. 4, 1899, to June 7, 1900. Cloth, 35c.
- 7. 56th Cong., 2d sess., Dec. 3, 1900, to Mar. 4, 1901. Cloth, 30c.
- 8. 57th Cong., 1st sess., Dec. 2, 1901, to July 1, 1902. Cloth, 35c.
- 9. 57th Cong., 2d sess., Dec. 1, 1902, to Mar. 4, 1903. Cloth, 25c.
- 10. 58th Cong., 1st and 2d sess., Nov. 9, 1903, to Apr. 28, 1904. Cloth, 35c.
- 11. 58th Cong., 3d sess., Dec. 5, 1904, to Mar. 4, 1905. Cloth, 35c.
- 12. 59th Cong., 1st sess., Dec. 4, 1905, to June 30, 1906. Cloth, 75c.
- 13. 59th Cong., 2d sess., Dec. 3, 1906, to Mar. 4, 1907. Cloth, 75c.
- 14. 60th Cong., 1st sess., Dec. 2, 1907, to May 30, 1908. Cloth, 50c.
- 15. 60th Cong., 2d sess., Dec. 7, 1908, to Mar. 4, 1909. Cloth, 35c.
- 16. 61st Cong., 1st and 2d sess., 1909-1910. Cloth, 50c.
- 17. 61st Cong., 3d sess., Dec. 5, 1910, to Mar. 4, 1911. Cloth, 30c.
- 18. 62d Cong., 1st and 2d sess., 1911-1912. Cloth, 50c.
- 19. 62d Cong., 3d sess., Dec. 2, 1912, to Mar. 4, 1913. Cloth, 25c.
- 20. 63d Cong., 1st sess., Apr. 7 to Dec. 1, 1913. Cloth, 30c.
- 21. 63d Cong., 2d sess., Dec. 1, 1913, to Oct. 24, 1914. Cloth, 35c.
- 22. 63d Cong., 3d sess., Dec. 7, 1914, to Mar. 4, 1915. Cloth, 30c.
- 23. 64th Cong., 1st sess., Dec. 6, 1915, to Sept. 8, 1916. Cloth, 50c.
- 24. 64th Cong., 2d sess., Dec. 4, 1916, to Mar. 4, 1917. Cloth, 35c.
- 25. 65th Cong., 1st sess., Apr. 2 to Oct. 6, 1917, including special session of Senate, Mar. 5 to 16, 1917. Cloth, 30c.

This is the "consolidated index" provided for by the printing law of 1895. It is issued following each session of Congress. It lists only the numbered documents and reports issued by direct order of Congress, but these it treats very thoroughly. The titles may be found in the general alphabet, also under the titles of the Committees from which they were reported, and again under the names of the Senators or Representatives by whom they were presented. They appear also in numerical lists. At the back of the book is a schedule of the volumes of numbered Congressional documents and reports.

CHECKLIST of United States public documents, 1789-1909; Congressional, to close of 60th Congress, and departmental, to end of calendar year 1909. Cloth, \$1.50.

A list of all the documents published by the Government during 121 years, classified by Department, bureau, and series.

WHAT PUBLIC DOCUMENTS ARE AND HOW TO GET THEM

THE Government of the United States is the greatest of all modern publishers. It employs thousands of scientists, who are engaged the year round in making researches and investigations in all branches of agriculture and household economy, in geology, in mining, in electricity, in chemistry, in astronomy, in engineering, in aviation, in preventive medicine, in forestry, in irrigation, in shipping and railroad problems, in trade and manufactures. The arts of war as well as those of peace are also actively cultivated. The greatest art of all, that of maintaining and spreading free government, is strenuously carried on by President, Cabinet, Senators, Representatives, Army, and Navy.

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The main condition of purchase is that payment be made in advance of shipment. The Superintendent of Documents is not authorized to supply free copies of anything except Price Lists, which are described in detail on another page.



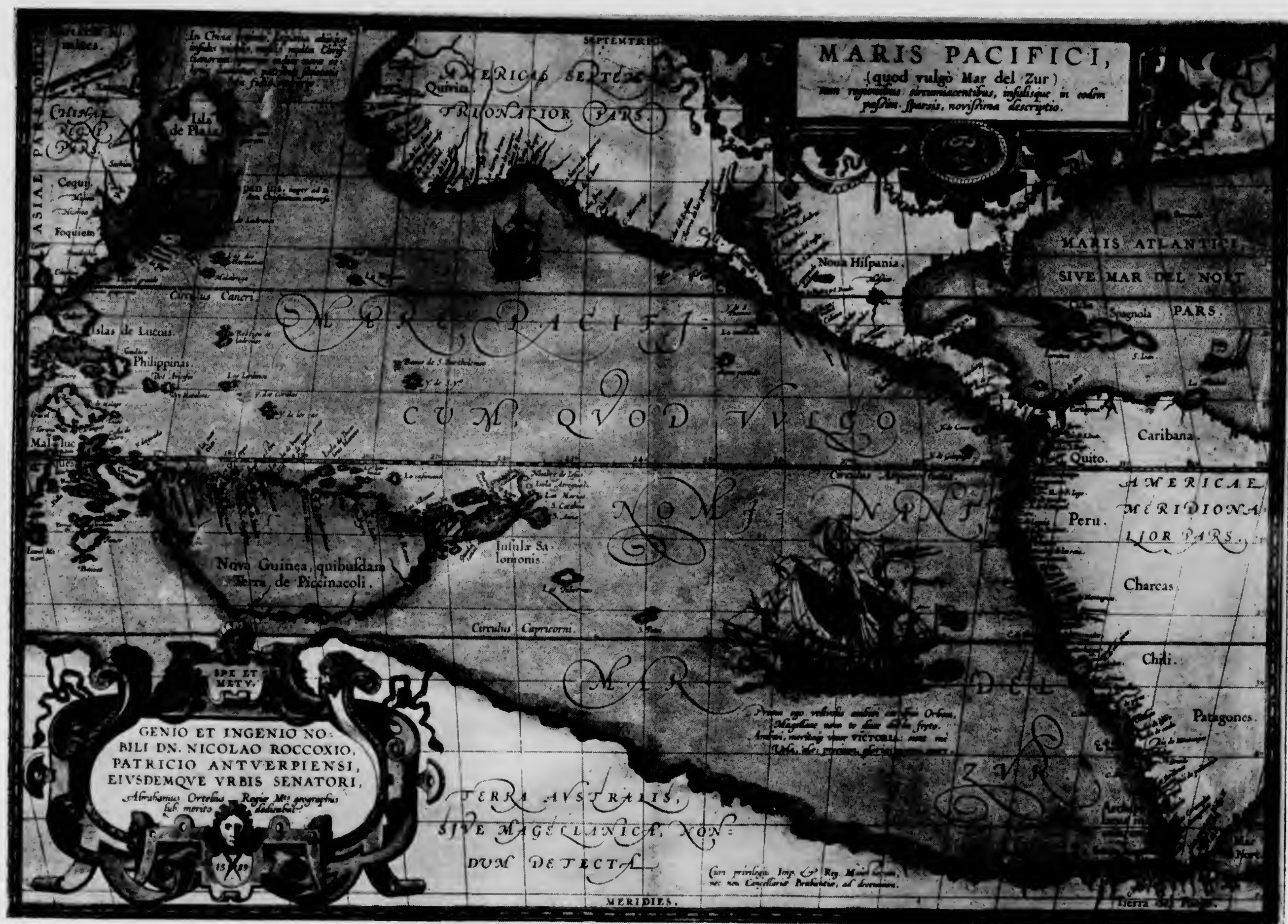
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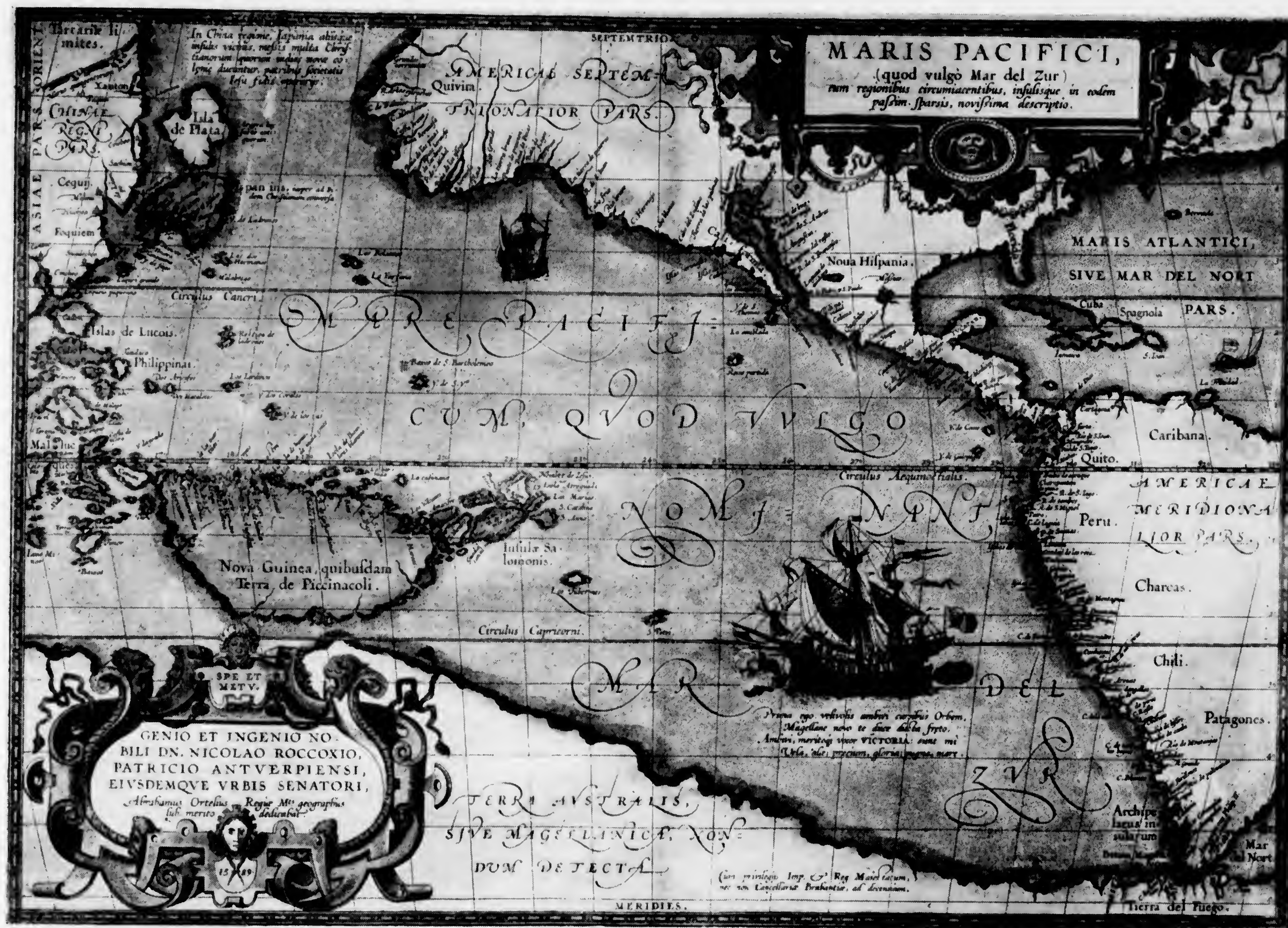
Coupons that are good until used in exchange for Government publications sold by the Superintendent of Documents, may be purchased from this office in sets of twenty for \$1.00.

No charge is made for postage on documents forwarded to points in the United States, Alaska, Guam, Hawaii, Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, Samoa, or to Canada, Cuba, Mexico, or Shanghai. To other countries the regular rate of postage is charged.



ORTELIUS. Theatrum. (1580-1595)

(See No. 366).



ORTELIUS. Theatrum. (1580-1595)

(See No. 366).

Retake of Preceding Frame



GASCOYNE'S MS. Map of North America.

(See No. 210).



GASCOYNE'S MS. Map of North America.

(See No. 210).

Retake of Preceding Frame

ARROWSMITH'S MAPS OF 1832 and 1834

Both editions of Arrowsmith's Maps of British North America were corrected by officers of the Hudson Bay Co. and were intended to present the latest knowledge of the geography of the region treated.

Among the features of interest in southwestern Oregon are the following: Rogue River was labeled Shasty River; and Mt. Pit, west of the main Klamath Lake, was labeled Mt. Shasty.

Shasty River was represented as receiving in its lower course the "Clamet R. or Too-to-nez or McLeods R." This was in accord with the limited knowledge of the time for Klamath R. was then supposed to empty into Rogue River^s from the south.

'Map of the Territory of the United States
Territory of Oregon west of the Rocky Mts'
1858

Compiled by Bureau Topographic Engineers under direction
of Col. J. J. Abert by Wm. H. Wood. M. H. Stansbury del.

Takes in Northwestern corner US as far south as San
Francisco Bay. Shows Hudson Bay & its Mts. Has a
few Indian tribal names. Has "Shasty River" and "Pit River"
- latter coming from "Pit Lake" on Oregon side of Calif-Oregon
boundary (= Goose Lake of modern maps).

Several copies in Library Congress Map room - can

Samuel Perkins 'Map of Oregon Territory', 1838, shows Colorado River coming down from the north to the east of Great Salt Lake, with Green River (shown & named) in approximately its proper relation coming in from the northwest.

The name 'Yontas' SE of Salt Lake, and also a "Yonta village" on west side of Colorado River SE of Salt Lake.

"Mt. Shasty" shown at headwaters of Umpqua River - Oregon.

Capt. Eastman's Map of Indian Tribes, 1852.

IV. PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF
THE INDIAN COUNTRY. C.

(91)

Schoolcraft - Indian Tribes

Part III

1853

2017 mai 1 - 17/05/2017

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223

SYNOPSIS.

1. Inquiries respecting the Character and Value of the Indian Country.
2. Indian Territories of the United States. (1 MAP, 1 PLATE.)
3. Series of Saline Strata in the Onondaga Country.
4. Journal of the Expedition of Colonel Redick M'Kee, United States Indian Agent, through North-western California. Performed in the Summer and Fall of 1851. By George Gibbs.

1. INQUIRIES RESPECTING THE CHARACTER AND
VALUE OF THE INDIAN COUNTRY. (CIRCULAR, 1837.)

16.—WHAT are the chief rivers in the district or territory occupied? State their length, general depth and breadth; where they originate; how far they are navigable; what are their principal rapids, falls and portages; at what points goods are landed, and into what principal or larger waters they finally flow.

17.—Are there any large springs, or lakes, in the district, and what are their character, size, and average depth; and into what streams have they outlets? If lakes exist, can they be navigated by steamers? if gigantic springs, do they afford water-power, and to what extent?

18.—What is the general character of the surface of the country? Is it hilly or level—fertile or sterile; abundant or scanty in wood and water—abounding or restricted in the extent of its natural meadows, or prairies? What grains or other products do the Indians raise in the district, and what are its general agricultural advantages, or disadvantages? What are its natural vegetable productions?

19.—Do the prairies and woods afford an abundant supply of herbage spontaneously—are wells of water to be had at moderate depths, where the surface denies springs or streams?

20.—Has the old practice of the Indians of burning the prairies, to facilitate hunting, had the effect to circumscribe the native forests?

21.—Are there any extensive barrens, or deserts, marshes or swamps, reclaimable or irreclaimable, and what effects do they produce on the health of the country; and do they offer any serious obstacles to the construction of roads?

22.—Is the quantity of arable land diminished by large areas of arid mountain, or of volcanic tracts of country, with plains of sand and cactus?

23.—Is the climate generally dry or humid? Does the heat of the weather vary greatly, or is it distributed, through the different seasons, with regularity and equability? What winds prevail? Is it much subject to storms of rain with heavy thunder, or tornadoes, and do these tempests of rain swell the streams so as to overflow their banks?

24.—Does the district produce any salt springs of value; any caves, yielding saltpetre earth; or any beds of gypsum, plaster of paris, or marl?

25.—Has the country any known beds of stone coal, or of iron ores, or veins of lead, or copper ores, or any other valuable deposits of useful metals, or minerals?

26.—What is the general character and value of the animal productions of the district? What species of quadrupeds most abound?

27.—Do the Indian traditions make any mention of larger, or gigantic animals in former periods? Is there any allusion to the mastodon, megalonyx, or any of the extinct races, whose tusks, or bones, naturalists find imbedded in clay, or submerged in morasses?

2. INDIAN TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES. (PLATE XXI.)

THE quantity of land ceded by the Indians from the commencement of purchases in 1795, to the close of 1839, was 442,866,370 acres.¹ The statements for the succeeding thirteen years have not been made up to the present year. The rate at

¹ Vide Vol. II. p. 598.

which the Indian population declines, is not certainly deducible from any body of published attainable facts; although the details are in the process of being collected and generalized. Nor has such decline been regular, for definite and equal periods, in our history; the fluctuations in the vital scale of Indian life having been, as we perceive them to be at this day, very great. That the early estimates were exaggerations, in many cases, is undeniable; and where the best and most probable results have been incidentally exhibited by writers, they are to be regarded as mere approximations to the truth. The means of human subsistence, and of reproduction, generally keep an equal pace in every well-regulated condition of society; but the Indian tribes were exempted, in some measure, from the operation of general laws of increase and decrease; while they were at all times subject to an additional element of decline, from their perpetual hostilities. The hunter state is adverse to fecundity. An Indian female does not produce, on the average, more than two children; and we cannot look back to a period, since the era of the discovery of North America by Cabot, when the Indian population of the area of the United States probably exceeded, if it ever reached, one million souls. Estimates, combined with census returns furnished in 1850, (Vol. I., p. 523,) render it probable that the Indian population of the United States of that year, did not much exceed 400,000 souls; and the most liberal estimates cannot place it, at this time, with every accession from explorations, that have been since made in New Mexico, Utah, California, and Oregon, much over 500,000.

But whatever be the date, or the rate of increase or decline at fixed periods, it is undeniable that the quantity of land possessed by even the largest tribes has been out of all proportion redundant and excessive to the population; granting that the Indian population, in the gross, has been industrial at any given period.

The sale of these redundant lands, the original Indian possession and title to which has ever been acknowledged by the American government, has been the great and common resource of the Indian tribes. They are, and ever have been, the great landholders of America; and while the cessions have furnished ample areas for our rapidly-expanding population, this system of cession and payments has had the effect to keep the body of the tribes from feeling the necessity of industry. Although they are not civilians and proprietors of the soil *en franc allieu*, the acknowledgment of their usufruct title has placed them in the position of original grantors. For this purpose they are regarded as foreign powers, holding the sovereignty, and treated with as such; while, for every other purpose, they are acknowledged as the public wards of the government, and as wards they are interdicted from parting with their title to any but the national power. This relation of wards, who are tribal annuitants, has placed them in the condition of privileged debtors on the frontiers. Every object of use or luxury is at the command of the tribes who have heavy annuities, and the effect of this system has been to uphold their natural repugnance to labor, and to weaken and lower the tone of the Indian mind. Its capacities are paralysed by the

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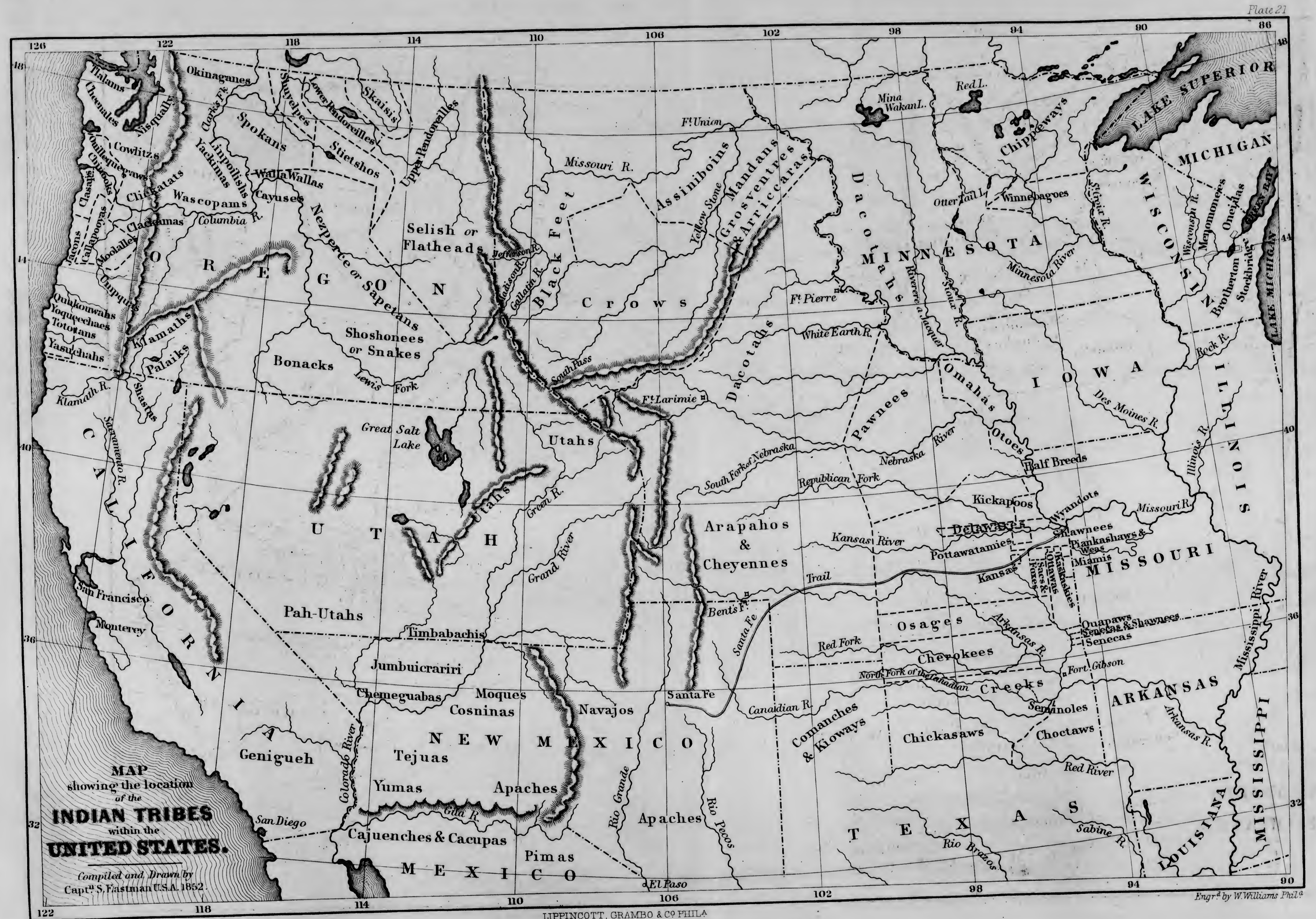
, which are generally squandered
objects that do not invigorate or
fulness.

structed with great pains and care,
ed by the Indians. It shows the
anies, and the great lakes, towards

ng stock-tribes or primary generic
nerous small coast-tribes, extending
ugh every latitude from the St.
the triple touch of intemperance,
westward. But the parent languages
d from the early points of European
l line of the stocks. In this manner
ern part of New York, New Jersey,
North Carolina, were speedily swept
f the great Algonquin tongue, or
nno Lenape, and the Powhatan.
has been perfectly preserved. The
nd Munsees of the West; the Lenno
n the Chippewa, Ottawa, Shawnee,
great lake basins. Of the Powha-
rom the old travellers and writers,
y of Virginia. The Cherokees have
. The languages of the great
ve come down to modern times in
wever, exists in the ancient history
Atlantic coasts of Florida, Georgia,
have been forcibly carried by the
n from the coast direct, or from the
roups. In other cases, they were
es.

es herewith delineated, must, under
ates, absorb these Indian territories
in perpetuity with the sovereignty
of the tribes, reference is made to

neca, Wyandot, and Tuscarora.



3. SERIES OF SALINE STRATA IN THE ONONDAGA COUNTRY.

COMMUNICATED BY JAMES R. REES, ESQ.

The importance of recognizing the saliferous column in American geology, will give interest to the following memorandum of boring made at Lockpit, on the line of the Erie canal, by Mr. John Mead.

FEET.	SALINE COLUMN.	AGGREGATE.
3	Alluvial soil - - - - -	3
46	Alternate layers of quicksand and clay. Here the rock was struck -	49
30	Gypsum rock interspersed with strata of clay slate. Here the first vein of salt water appeared. It rose and ran over the top in a tube of seventy-nine feet depth - - - - -	79
44	Similar gypseous rock, with marl-clay slate. Salt water continued to rise in veins of strength - - - - -	123
2	Blue limestone - - - - -	125
4	Gypsum and clay strata. Here the second vein of salt water was struck at the depth of 129 feet. It appeared to be double the quantity of water, which ran over the top of the tube, and increased in strength from one to two per cent. - - - - -	129
11	Gypseous and clay slate rock, 11 feet. Here the augers were loaded with a black substance adhering to them, depth 140 feet - - - -	140
11	Clay slate of a milk-white color - - - - -	151
12	Indurated clay; it continued to grow harder to the bottom of the twelve feet - - - - -	163
5	Softer cutting of the same kind - - - - -	168
4	Harder cutting of the same kind - - - - -	172
40	Same kind of rock, with an occasional hard streak. Here, at the depth of 212 feet, a hard streak of rock was passed through, and opened a vein of water and gas. Water discharged fifty gallons per minute, during the first hour; it then abated, and continued to run by turns, three times in twenty-four hours; it then continued to run regular or uniform - - - - -	212
9	Gypsum and clay - - - - -	221
3	Green rock - - - - -	224
3	Blue rock - - - - -	227
7	Of the above blue rock - - - - -	234
2	Saliferous rock - - - - -	236

2	Grey band	- - - - -	238
2	Grey band and red saliferous mixed a little	- - - - -	240
136	Red saliferous sandstone rock	- - - - -	376

At the depth of 242 feet the drill appeared to strike into a thin seam of rock-salt. At the depth of 250, a layer of fossil salt was reached, which raised the strength of the water from 38° to 58° , by the instrument graduated at 100° . At the depth of 270 feet the water stood at a strength varying from 13° to 17° , by an instrument graduated at 25° . At 280 feet the sediment was mixed with fossil salt, and the rock continued to grow salter as the auger descended. Samples of the rock, penetrated during the last twenty-three feet, were transmitted to you. By inspection with the microscope, they will be perceived to contain minute and regular crystals of sulphate of lime.

The boring was again renewed, and the well sunk 25 feet deeper in a continuation of the rock last mentioned, making it 401 feet deep; and the boring was then discontinued.

A tin tube 400 feet long was then run down the well, and water pumped up through it from the bottom of it, which stood at 25° , then 19° ; as tested by an instrument graduated at 25° . Continued pumping until it ran down to 6° ; discontinued the work for 24 hours, and again drew up water that stood at 25° ; but on continuing to pump, the water diminished in strength as before.

The water continues to flow from the top of the tube, but in a more moderate degree than at first, at the strength of 6° ; which, on evaporating, forms thin layers of salt.

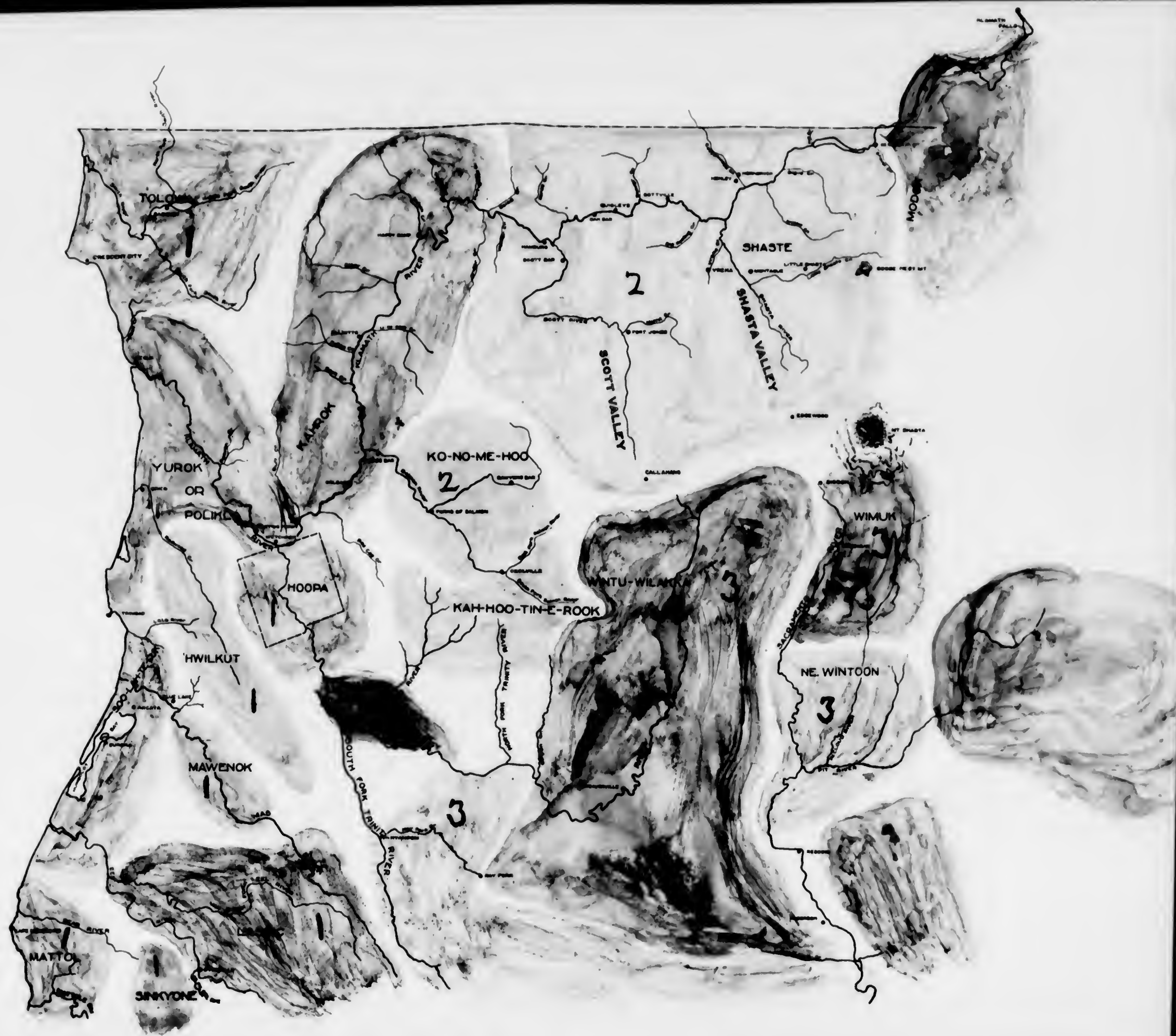
The search for salt in the Onondaga country, appears to have been made at an early period. Accounts of its existence were carried to the sea-shore, by Indians, almost as soon as Europeans landed on the coast. There is little doubt, both from Indian and Spanish traditions, that the followers or successors of De Leon and De Soto were led into these northern regions under the delusive hope of finding glittering masses of silver; being misled by Indian reports of the incrustations of salt which were found on the low margin of Onondaga lake, when the saline springs were first discovered by the Indians. The natural production of a white and shining substance, was sufficient to fire the imaginations of adventurers who had left Europe pregnant with the idea of finding the hills, lakes, and forests of America, to conceal unbounded stores of silver and gold. There is hardly another interpretation to be given to a rude Spanish monument found in Manlius, a few years ago, with the date of 1520.

The earliest notices of the phenomena of the issue of salt water on the borders of Onondaga lake, were given by the French, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Le Moyne distinctly states the fact, in his journey into the Onondaga country, in 1652. The Indians were in the habit of manufacturing salt, by evapo-

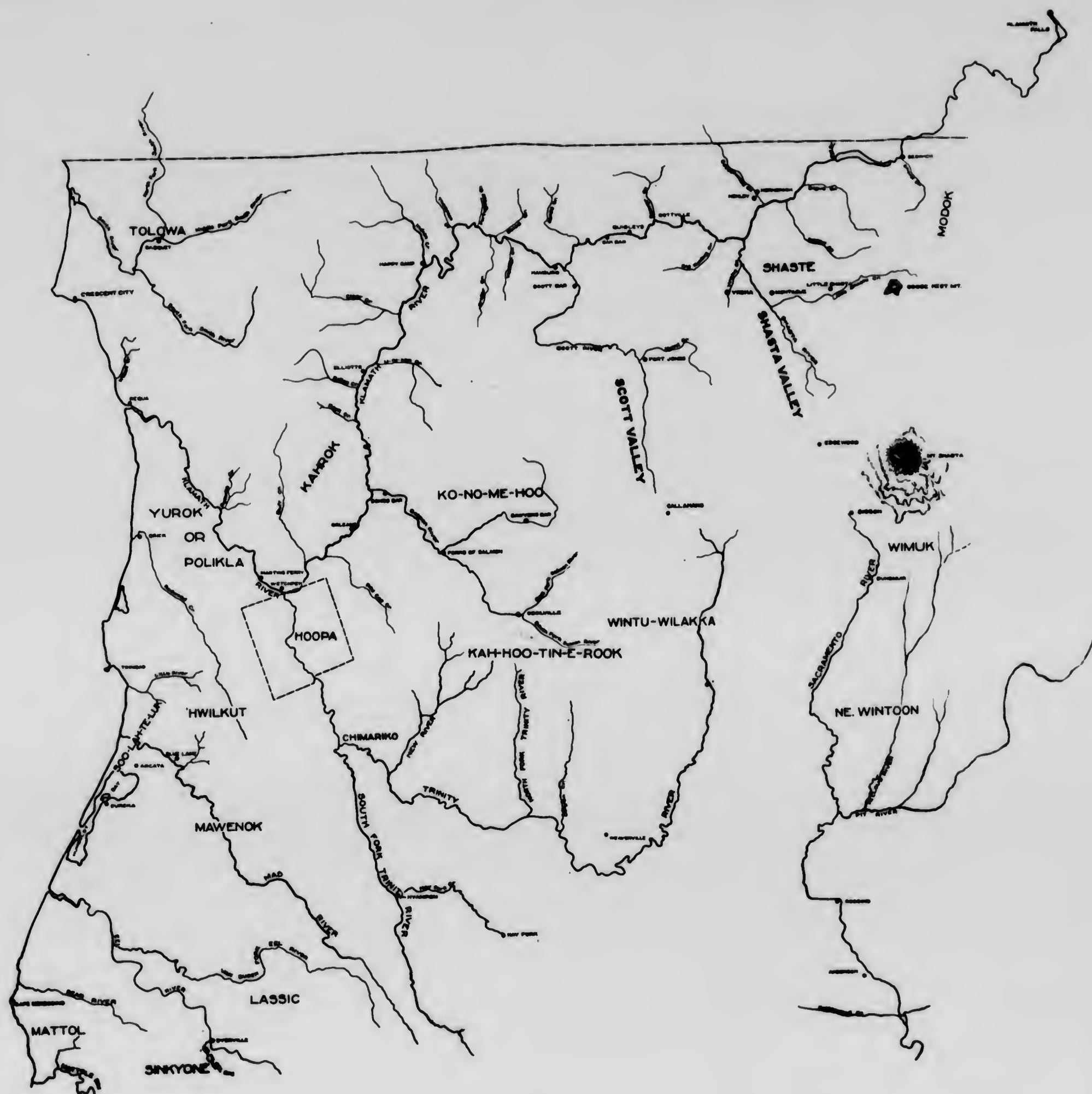
NATIVE TRIBES, GROUPS, DIALECTS, AND FAMILIES OF CALIFORNIA IN 1770

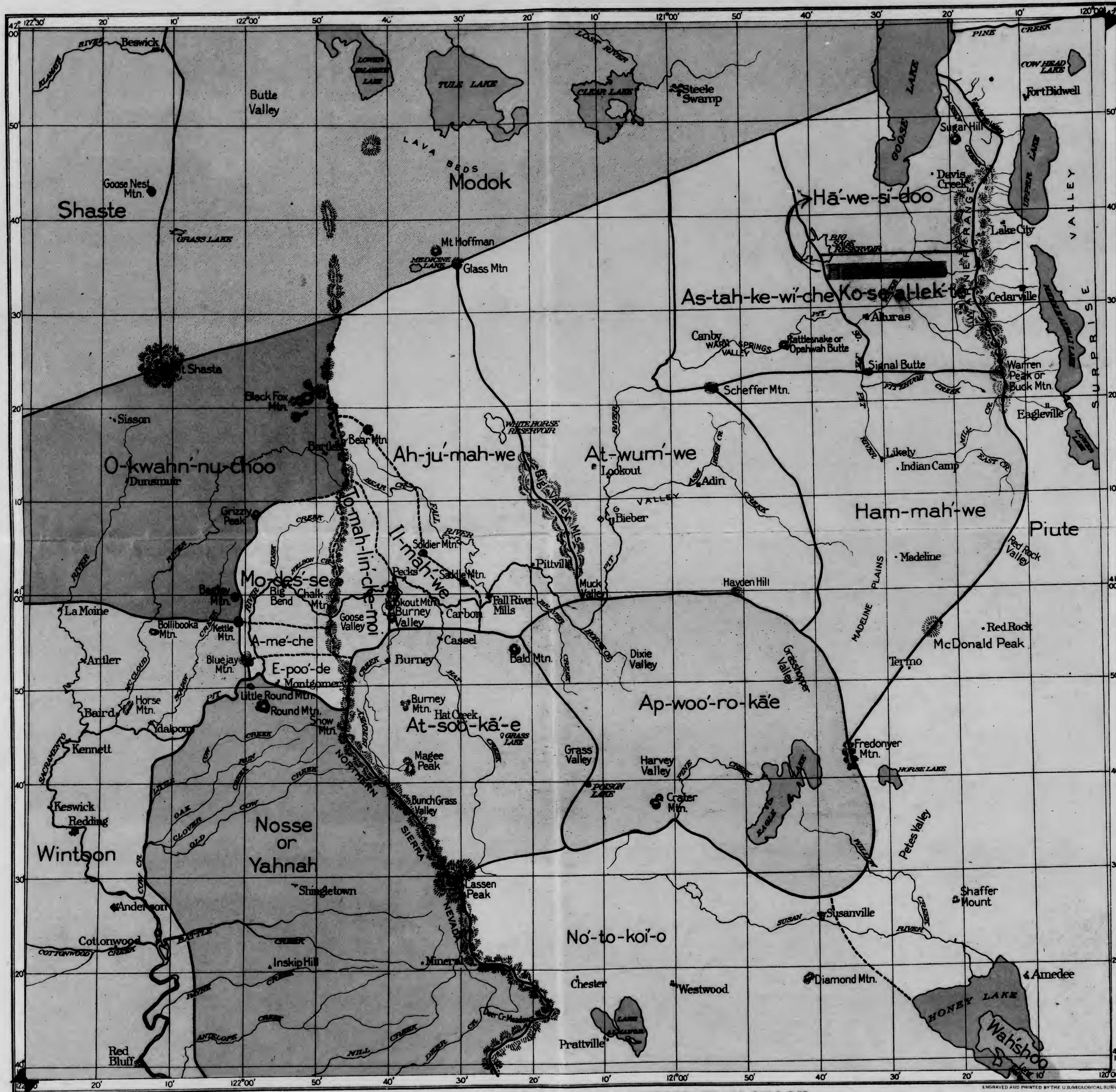
Map compiled by Indian Board of Co-operation based upon tribal names and boundaries furnished by University of California Department of Anthropology.





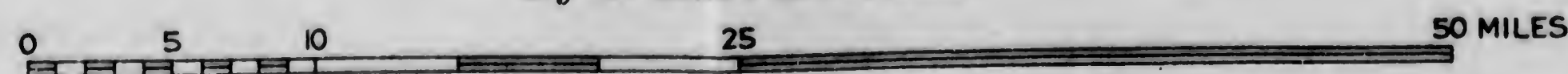
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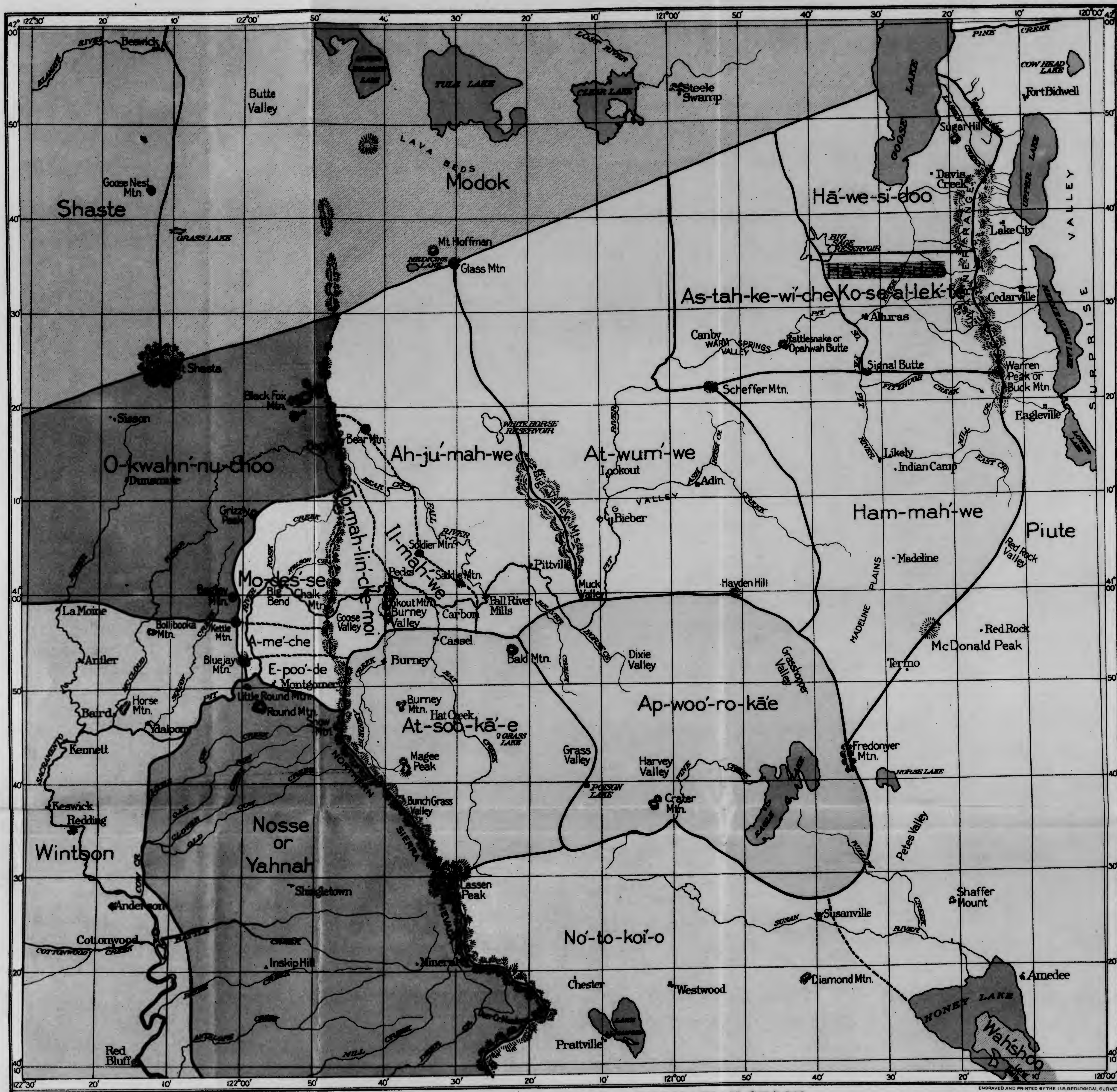




MAP OF THE PIT RIVER TRIBES—ACHOMAWAN STOCK

By C. Hart Merriam





MAP OF THE PIT RIVER TRIBES-ACHOMAWAN STOCK
By C. Hart Merriam

0 5 10 25 50 MILES

INDIANS' CLAIM TO BE PRESSED IN COURT

\$5,000,000 Involved in Suit of Klamath Tribe Over Timber and Land Signed Away in Old Treaty

Klamath Falls (Ore.), April 19.—The claim of the Klamath Indians against the government for \$5,000,000, the estimated value of timber and land on a tract of nearly 800,000 acres, including part of Crater National Park, will be filed soon in the United States Court of Claims in Washington, D. C., according to Daniel B. Henderson, special representative of the Indians, who returned this week from the national capital.

Henderson, with C. M. O'Neill and John Irwin, local attorneys, has recently completed gathering of the huge amount of data necessary in pressing the claim.

Treaty of 1864

On August 14, 1864, a two-day parley was held at Council Grove on Wood River, three miles south of what is now Fort Klamath, with government representatives on one hand and representatives of the Klamath tribes on the other. The following day a treaty was signed. Out of this treaty rises the present suit.

"For," say the Indians, "the whites told us one thing and wrote something altogether different into the treaty which was signed by our representatives."

Had Large Territory

Prior to 1864 the tribes of this section claimed territory which occupied a large part of Southern Oregon. In the treaty the Indians agreed to a curtailment of territory, but not to such a curtailment as they received, according to their claims. The lines set forth in the treaty vary from what the Indians were told they were getting, according to the claim, and from the boundaries of what is now designated by the government as the Klamath Indian Reservation.

Special legislation was necessary before the Indians would begin their suit. In 1920 congress passed the jurisdictional bill allowing prosecution of their claim. Immediately after this bill was passed work began on the case which presented unusual difficulties because of the time that had elapsed since signing of the treaty.

Settlers Driven Off

Protests have been made previously, however, and many years ago United States soldiers forcibly removed settlers from Wood River Valley and from a valley east of Rattlesnake Point.

Much of the land under dispute and covered by the present suit has been taken up by individuals as timber claims and sold to the big lumbering interests. At the present time, pending settlement of the suit, there is being taken from the disputed area from 150 to 200 cars of logs daily, each car carrying from 8,000 to 10,000 feet of lumber.

Success of Indians in Oklahoma and other states in pressing treaty claims led to the decision of the Klamath tribesmen to institute action.

Chance for Victory

According to those conversant with recent decisions of the United States Court of Claims in similar cases, there is more than a probability that the Indians will win their case. Decisions recently handed down have set aside the written word of a treaty when it was shown that the Indians did not know what they were signing, or were clearly misled in signing as they did.

This will be the question at issue when the case is called for trial—whether a treaty signed sixty years ago by two white men and twenty-seven Indians shall be set aside because these same Indians or their descendants, present proof that the verbal treaty was far different from the written one.

There are now about 1,200 tribesmen on the Klamath reservation, Klamaths, Modocs, and Piutes. The Piutes are descendants of a band which waged a losing battle with United States troops and were brought to this section in chains. When freed, they had formed a liking for the country and asked to be allowed to stay. Their decision meant money for them, for with the advance of civilization the timber in the hunting grounds assumed a value far greater than their possessions in the lands they left to the eastward.

GENERAL PRATT

By Dorcas J. Spencer

In the death of Brigadier General Richard H. Pratt, the Indian race has lost a friend, tried and true.

General Pratt was always a soldier. Graduated at West Point, in time to enter the Service as the Civil War began, and take to the full, its wide range of experience and service, and later continuous field duty, including Indian troubles in various localities. After the forces of Howard and Miles had captured the redoubtable Chief Joseph and his warriors, they were banished to wilds and swamps of Florida, and General Pratt was made the Commander of the Post in charge of them. Under the consideration given them there, these fierce and desperate savages became a tractable and responsive people, demonstrating to General Pratt an experiment in racial development.

He presented his plans to the federal authorities so practically, that they were accepted, large appropriations made, buildings erected and all equipment provided for the school at Carlisle, that became famous for its educational success.

General Pratt was given full charge of the entire work, and his fifteen years of devotion to its objects fully justified his efforts. As pupils advanced to a final course, employment and homes were found for them in good families where they could acquire the household arts of civilization, and boys were placed on farms where they could learn to earn a living for themselves, before returning to their tribes to help, and teach them.

For some inscrutable reason the work was abandoned at the end of General Pratt's term, but its memory should be a monument to his useful life.

NATIVE TRIBES, GROUPS, DIALECTS, AND FAMILIES OF CALIFORNIA IN 1770

Map compiled by Indian Board of Co-operation based upon tribal names and boundaries furnished by University of California Department of Anthropology.

ATHABASCAN FAMILY

Oregon group
1a. Rogue River (uninhabited)

Tolowa group
1b. Tolowa

Hupa group
1c. Hupa
1d. Chilula
1e. Whilkut

Mattole group
1f. Mattole

Wailaki group
1g. Nongatl
1h. Lassik
1i. Sinkyone
1j. Wailaki
1k. Kato

ALGONKIN FAMILY

Yurok
2a. Yurok
2b. Coast Yurok
3. Wiyot

YUKIAN FAMILY

4b. Huchnom
4a. Yuki
4c. Coast Yuki
4d. Wappo

LUTUAMIAN FAMILY

5. Modoc

HOKAN FAMILY

Shastan

6a. Shasta
6b. New River Shasta
6c. Konomihu
6d. Okwanuchu
6e. Achomawi (Pit River)
6f. Atsugewi (Hat Creek)

YANA

7a. Northern Yana (Noze)
7b. Central Yana (Noze)
7c. Southern Yana
7d. Yahi

8. Karok
9. Chimariko

Pomo

10a. Northern
10b. Central
10c. Eastern
10d. Southeastern
10e. Northeastern
10f. Southern
10g. Southwestern

11. Washo
11. Washo
12. Esselen

Salinan

13a. Antoniano
13b. Migueleno
13c. Playano (doubtful)

Chumash

14a. Obispeno
14b. Purismeno
14c. Ynezno
14d. Barbareno
14e. Venturenno
14f. Emigdiano
14g. Interior (doubtful)
14h. Island

Yuman
15a. Northern Diegueno
15b. Southern Diegueno
15c. Kamia (doubtful)
15d. Yuma
15e. Halchidhoma (now Chemhuevi)
15f. Mohave

PENUTIAN FAMILY

Wintun

Dialect groups:
16a. Northern
16b. Central (Nomlaki)
16c. Southeastern (Patwin)
16d. Southwestern (Patwin)

Maidu

Dialect groups:
17a. Northeastern
17b. Northwestern
17c. Southern (Nishinam)

Miwok

18a. Coast
18b. Lake
18c. Plains
18d. Northern
18e. Central
18f. Southern

Costanoan

19a. Saklan (doubtful)
19b. San Francisco
19c. Santa Clara
19e. San Juan Bautista (Mutsun)
19f. Monterey (Rumsen)
19d. Santa Cruz
19g. Soledad

Yokuts

Dialect Groups:
20a. Northern Valley (Chulamni, Chauchila, etc.)
20b. Southern Valley (Tachi, Yauelmani, etc.)
20c. Northern Hill (Chukchansi, etc.)
20d. Kings River (Choinimni, etc.)

SHOSHONEAN FAMILY

21a. Northern Paiute (Paviotso)
21b. Eastern Mono (Paiute)
21c. Western Mono
21d. Koso (Panamint, Shoshone)
21e. Chemehuevi (Southern Paiute)
21f. Kawaiisu (Tehachapi)

21g. Tubatulabal (and Bankalachi)
21h. Kitanemuk (Tejon)
21i. Alliklik
21j. Vanyume (Mohineyam)
21k. Serrano
21l. Fernandeno
21m. Gabrielino
21n. Nicoleno
21o. Juaneno
21p. Luiseno
21q. Cupeno
21r. Pass Cahuilla
21s. Mountain Cahuilla
21t. Desert Cahuilla

TRIBAL BOUNDARIES

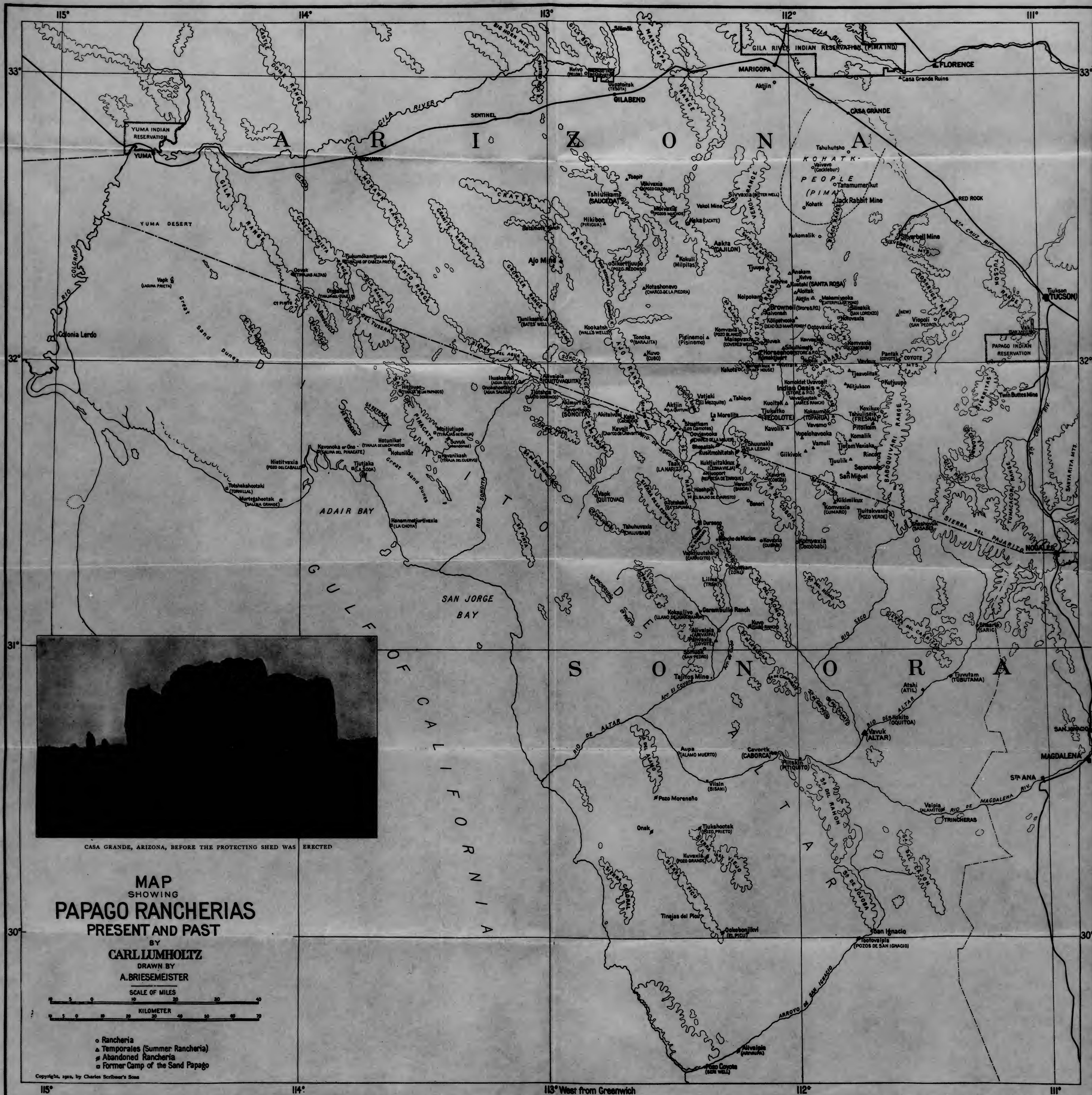
TRIBAL SUBDIVISIONS

COUNTY BOUNDARIES



MAPPING INDIAN TRIBES

that were inhabited by
In mapping the areas ~~belonging to~~ the various
before the arrival of the white man
California tribes, the absence of reliable base maps has
proved most serious. The topographic quadrangles of the
Government Geological Survey have been of inestimable
value in Northern California
value and those of the Engineers Corps have also proved
helpful. ~~While~~ For larger areas the maps of the Forest
and in some cases those of the National Parks have been used.
Service. Nevertheless there remain large areas for
which no maps of reasonable accuracy exist. In many
cases therefore, it has been necessary to construct maps--
a difficult and time consuming operation. Most of this
work has been done by my daughter Zenaida (now Mrs.
^{M.}
Zenaida Talbot) who for years was my helpful companion
in field and office.



WHERE LIVED THE NATIVE INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA.

By David Starr Jordan, in article entitled, "Helping the Indians."

There were at one time a greater number of entirely different races of Indians in California than have ever been known to inhabit any other district of the same size. There were, in fact, twenty-two distinct stocks, as different from each other as the Spaniards are from the Swedes, occupying different sections of the State. It is presumed that the varied topography of the region formed natural barriers which prevented general migration among the tribes, thus bringing about a tribal isolation which would serve to intensify and perpetuate the various differences in the original stocks. There was doubtless, however, on the northeast a strong temptation to the different races to establish themselves in the more favorable climate and the better hunting grounds of California. The linguistic difficulties and the natural dislike which men, as well as lower animals, have for a group related but not exactly the same, also tended to keep the tribes from extending themselves, even where no real barriers existed. We present here a map, published by the University of California, showing the linguistic stocks of the State and their distribution. This is based on Powell's Map of Linguistic Stocks of America North of Mexico, but modified by the recent investigations of the three professors from the University of California who were present at this meeting (1908).

It will be noticed from the map that the Athabascan Indians occupied detached portions in the northwest corner of California. Little groups of the nations Yurok, Karok, and Wishosk were in the regions about Humboldt bay and to the northward. The Shasta Indians occupied most of the Siskiyou country, and the Indians of the Lutuami stock the region about the Klamath lakes. South of these and down to Mt. Shasta were the Achomawi. Farther south, as far as the Sacramento, were the Maidu Indians. On the west side of the same river, extending as far as the mountains, were the Wintun tribes. A little belt near Mt. Shasta was occupied by the Yanas, and the region around Lake Tahoe by the Washos. The Yuki Indians were situated in detached regions at the head of Russian river, while the rest of the valley was occupied by the Pomo as far south as Clear Lake. The peninsula north of San Francisco, as also the northern part of the San Joaquin valley, including the flanks of the Sierra, was held by the Moquelumnan Indians. A tract which bordered on the coast and included the bays of San Francisco and Monterey was inhabited by a tribe known as the Costanoan Indians, the little corner about Point Sur being occupied by a small tribe called the Esselen Indians.

The San Luis Obispo country and the upper Salinas valley supported the Salinan tribes, while to the east of these the Yokuts held possession of a large tract centering in the Tulare district. Santa Barbara county was the center of the Chumash tribes; San Diego of the Yuman Indians, while the deserts and mountains as far north as the Nevada line were occupied by sparsely distributed bands of Shoshone Indians. These also entered into Modoc county in the north and occupied more than one-fourth of the entire area of the State.

The origin of any of these groups of California Indians is unknown. It is generally thought that they are lower in intelligence than the aborigines of most other parts of the United States. This was doubtless true of many of the tribes, but in general this lack of intelligence and slight interest in affairs on the part of the Indians that remain is rather to be attributed to the thoroughness with which the fighting Indians of all grades were exterminated during the early settlement of California. It is usually estimated that the number of Indians living in this State one hundred years ago was not far from two hundred and fifty thousand, although guesses ranging from one hundred thousand to seven hundred and fifty thousand have been made.

In 1836, when the Mexican government seized the Pius Fund, by which the missions were maintained, it was estimated that

there were about thirty-four thousand mission Indians in the State. The number of their descendants is now about four thousand (1909).

In 1844 and later years more than one hundred bloody massacres took place, by which great numbers of Indians, especially of the stronger fighting men, were killed off, even without any chance for defense. As a result of these massacres and various other sources of distress from which the Indians have suffered, their number has been greatly reduced until at the present time there are, according to the census of Mr. Kelsey, only about seventeen thousand in the State. Thirty-five hundred of these are in Southern California, and only about one-third of the whole number are as yet placed on reservations.

UPLAND FOOT-NOTES.

Under this head, provided that the designation proves satisfactory, will appear brief mention of current activities of the Sierra Club, and of matters to which the special attention of its members is invited.

Skiing, tobogganing and snowballing are not proprietary sports of Truckee and Yosemite alone, for from the high spots of Southern California come tales of the best of snow fun enjoyed in the consciousness that away down below some orchardist is out watching his oranges ripen.

State Forester Homans has rendered an extensive report to the Governor starting from the inception of forestry work in California in 1883. Among other things he urges a State-paid fire patrol in the forest districts.

George W. Michael led a Sierra Club party of twelve through the Monterey-Carmel country over New Year's day.

Dr. Norman D. Kelley has day visions and night dreams of that ice pond half a mile long and just out of Truckee, whither he is to lead the Winter Sports party of the club on January 22d.

Memorial services at the First Unitarian Church, Oakland, under Dr. William Day Simonds, and in the mountains in the south at Switzer's Camp, conducted by Dr. Geo. Wharton James, are noted among other interesting tributes in honor of Mr. Muir.

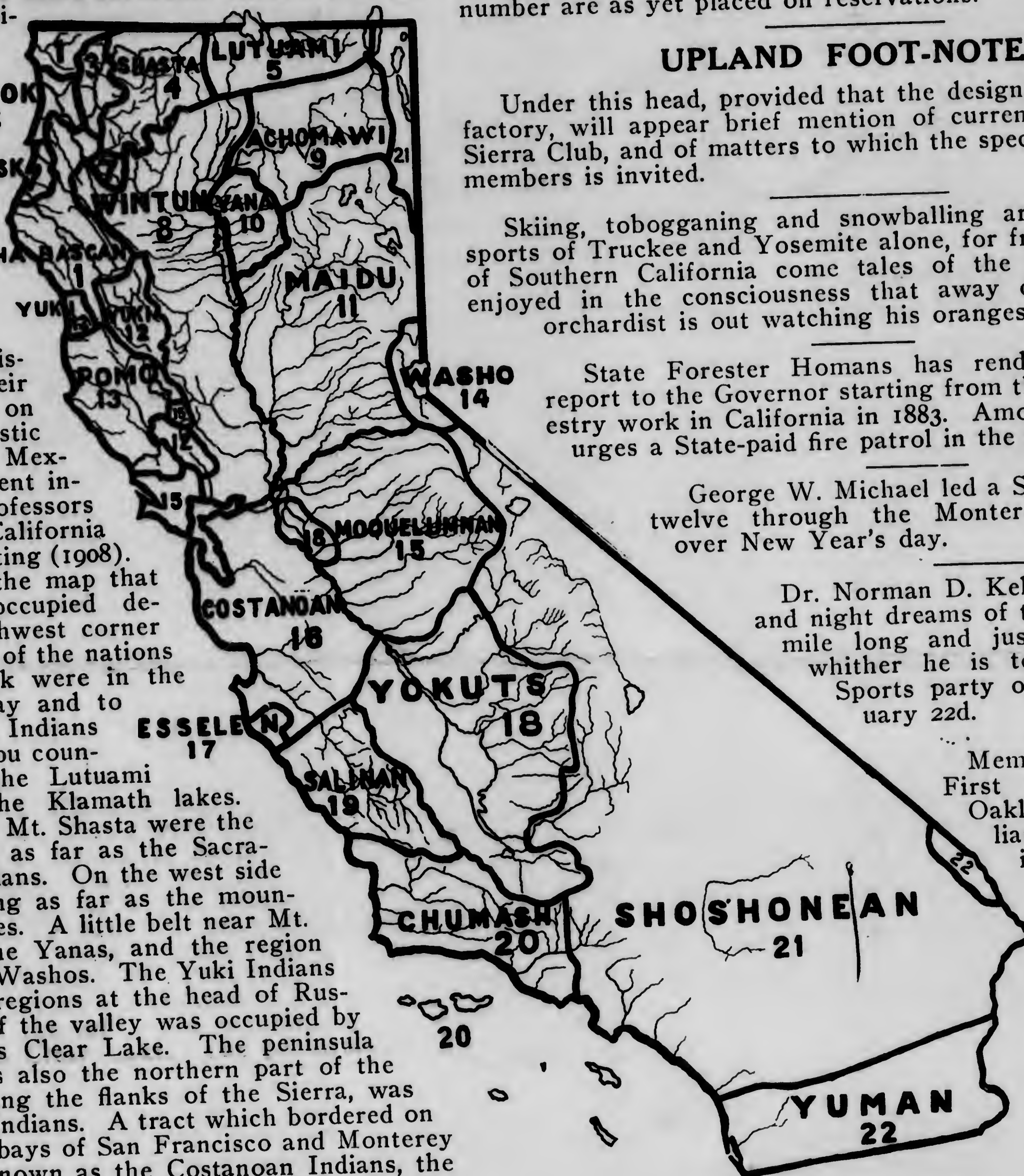
The Local Walk Schedule for the Southern Section of the Club is not yet printed, but it will include a visit, during Easter week, to the San Diego Exposition,

TALK MAP OF THE NATIVE INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA.

returning by way of Riverside in time for the sunrise service on Mount Robideaux. It is evident, from press reports from Santa Barbara, that a visit by the Club is expected in that quarter some time in April. Election of officers by the directorate of this section of the club was scheduled for about the time this number went to press.

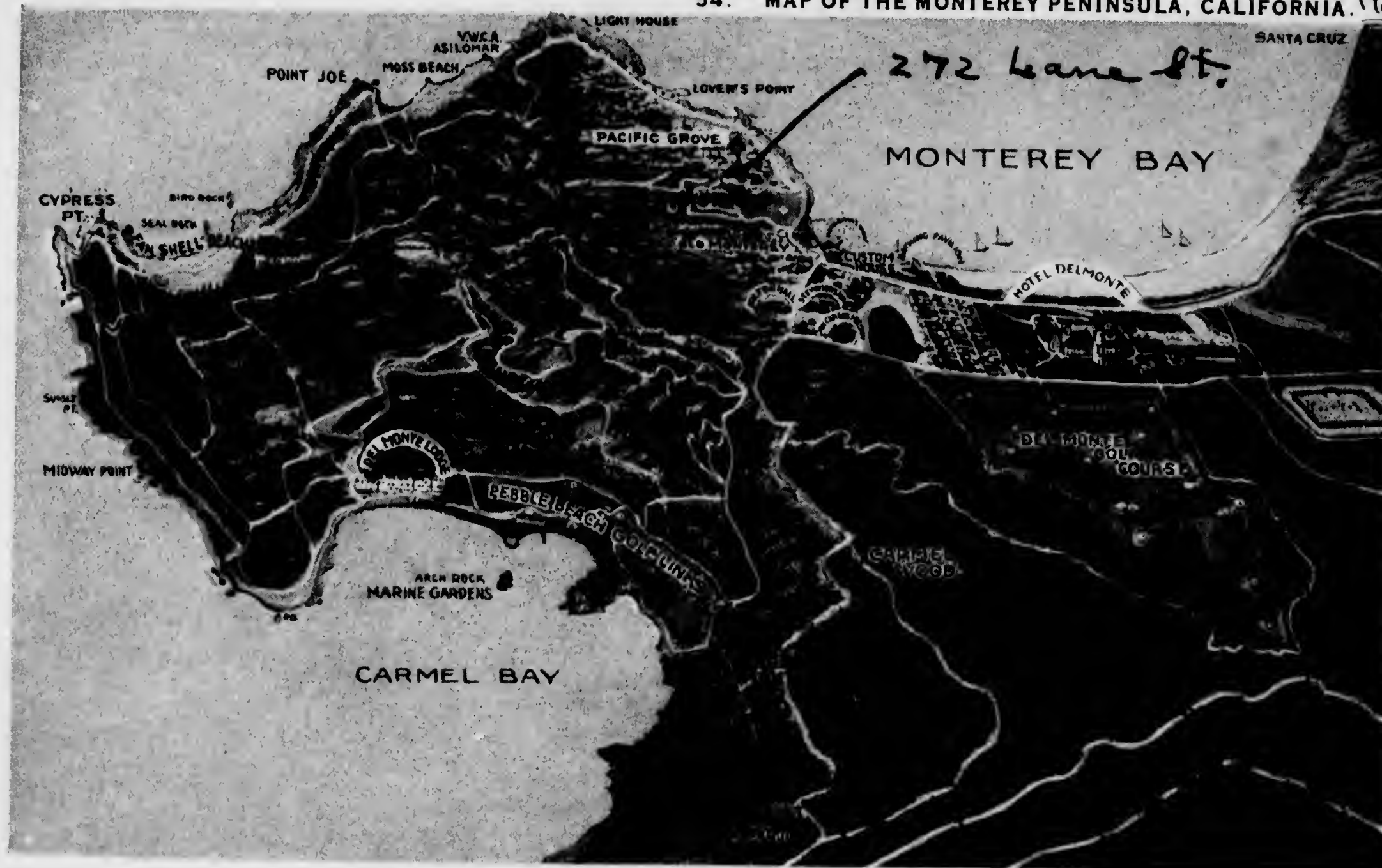
A map of trails in the Angeles Forest Reserve is being compiled and is nearing completion. This map will be available to members of the Club. It is desired that those who have reasonably accurate knowledge of trails which are not listed on the government topographic maps notify W. G. Cross of the trails in question, and sheets will be sent upon which to trace the details. Address Mr. Cross at 1555 West Fifty-first street, Los Angeles, Cal., or telephone 79551, Los Angeles.

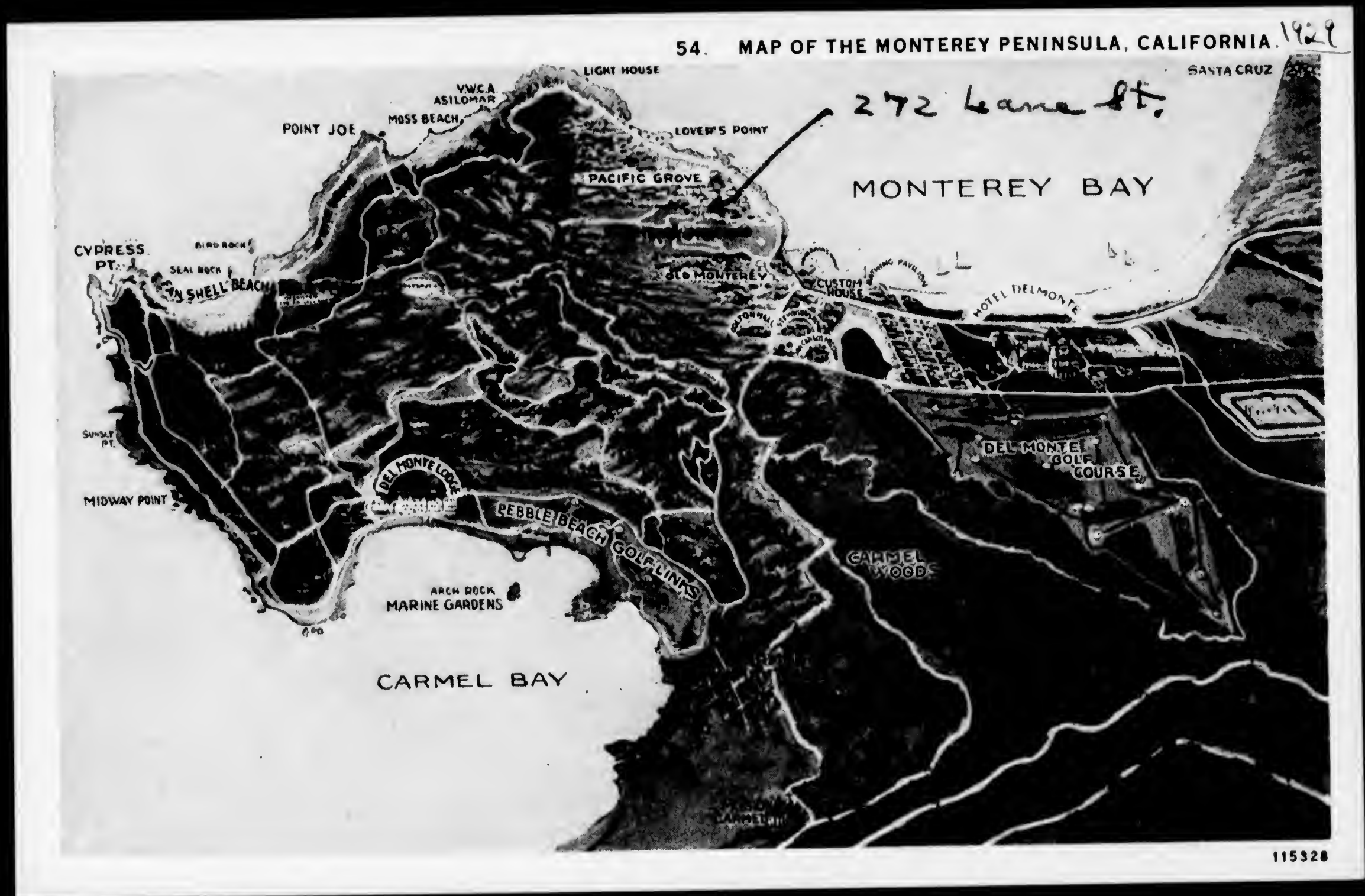
Colusa—In 1850 spelt "Colusi" and also "Coluse." The name of an Indian tribe living on the west side of the Sacramento river. The meaning of the word has never been determined.



Courtesy of Sunset Magazine.

54. MAP OF THE MONTEREY PENINSULA, CALIFORNIA. 1929





Retake of Preceding Frame

PUBLISHED BY B. W. WHITE, MONTEREY, CAL.

ON MONTEREY PENINSULA,
there are three organized communities, Monterey,
Pacific Grove and Carmel. In addition to these
there is the Hotel del Monte and their properties.
Monterey is one of the most picturesque of Ameri-
can cities. It is known as the city of three flags
and the cradle of California's history and romance.
The American flag was first raised in July 1846—
making this U. S. possession and in Sept. 1849
the first state capitol was located here.
Pacific Grove is a beautiful city of homes, on the
northern top of the peninsula. Carmel is a pic-
turesque town located in a dense pine forest with
a beautiful bay frontage and a mountainous back-
ground. This quaint village has become nationally
known as an artists colony.

C. T. AMERICAN ART COLORED



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1364 West. Kansas. Whitman, E. B., and Searl, A. D. Map of Eastern
Kansas. Folio, folded to 16mo, cloth. Boston, 1856. \$2.00
Showing the various Indian Tribes as located in the Townships, also three views,
Constitution Hall, Topeka, etc.

Schlieben, Wilhelm Ernst August von -- Die beiden Calif., 1830.
13 x 11

Nochis Ind. [in Tulare region Calif.]; Cajuenches Ind.

Yutas Tabeguachis

map

cash

Dower, John -- Map of Calif., Mexico, Guatemala &c.,

In Midner & Petermann's Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy
London, 1850

8x10. ^[S. So. Nev] Pah-utah, Chemeguebas (east of Virgen), Utahs,
Genigueih, ^[S. Oregon] Pa-nacks [Mt.] Shastl

Brooks, J. Tyrwhitt -- The Gold Districts of Alta Calif. 6 x 4

In his 'Four Months among the Gold Fields in Alta Calif. ' Paris', 1849 and London, 1849. No map in library copies of New York and Phila. editions of 1849.

^{So. Nev. & Utah}
Pah-Utah [S] ; Shaste, between Klamath & Shaste rivers, but Shaste River made a north branch of Lower Klamath.

Vigotally, Henry

F865
V54

504

44
17

Disturnelli, John -- Map of Calif., New Mexico and adjacent
countries showing the gold regions. 30 x 21 , 1849.

In his Emigrants Guide to New Mexico, Calif. & Oregon, N.Y., 1849

Colored map. 30 x 21: ^[S]
Pah Utah Indians, Digger, Utah, Snake
Mohahves, Guemgueches.

Guide itself has no material.

So. Nev.

41 50

Johnson, Alvin J. -- Johnson's Calif. with territories of
Utah, Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, & Arizona.

In his New Illustrated Family Atlas., New York 1864.

18 x 23. Pah Utah ^[So. Nev.] or Digger Indians [S]; Pah Utah Indians [S]
Goshot Indians; Chemeguabas, Genigueh Indians.

Martin, Robert t Montgomery -- Mexico, Calif. & Texas. 1851

In Tallie's illustrated Atlas, New York, 1851.

9 x 12 ^{So} Pah Utah Indians, Mohaves, Jumas

→ So Utah

504

Black's Atlas of North America. Edinburgh, 1856

Map 18. Western States including Calif., Oregon, Washington,

New Mexico, Nebraska, Kansas, Ind. Territory. 18 x 24

Indians: Klamet (Oregon), Shoshones or Snakes, Boonacks, [So. Or.]

Utah Indians, ^[So] Pah Utah Indians, Yumas. Also "Shaste
on Rogue River" and Shasta River (south branch of Klamath),

Readings and Fort Reading.

So. Nev ←

Brauns-

Lange, Henry -- Atlas von Nord-Amerika, 4to., Barunschweig, 1854

1. California map of no particular value

2. Colored ethnographical map of North America after Gallatin,

Hale and Andree: Kinkla (whole country north of San Francisco Bay between Sacramento River and coast). Payutas. [S]

3. Distribution Map of Mammals of North America (in color) 8 x 10

So. Utah ←

Ettling, Theodore-- California, Utah, Lower Calif., & New
Mexico.

In the Dispatch Atlas, London, 1863.

17 x 12: Punashli Banacks; Payutas [S]; Cosninas; Yumas;
Genigueches.

So. Utah

75

Gibbs, Charles Drayton --New Map of Calif., Stockton, 1852.

29 x 34. Has inset of U. S. with Indian tribes: Shoshones or
Snakes, ^{s.} Pah Utahs, Shaste

So New & Utah

\$1.00

Schroeter, Geo. -- New Map of Calif., Oregon, Washington, Utah,
& New Mexico., New York 1853.

23 x 26. Punashly or Pa-nacks; Shoshones or Snakes; Pah-Utahs, [S]
Genigueh

so. Utah

60¢

Tassin, J. B. - New constructed and improved map of the
state of Calif. showing extent and boundary of different
counties according to act passed by legislature, 1851.
Corrected and improved delineation of gold region. S.F., 1851
Colored 25 x 19. Excellent map but no Indians except

Pah Utah^[30] and Geniguoh

So. New.

604

Thomas, Cowper & Co.-- Calif., Oregon, Utah, New Mexico, 1851

Shoshones or Shakes: Punashli or Boonacks: Pah Utah Indians; ^[So]
Shasto; Mohahves or Amachubas; Jeniguiehs; Chameguabas (south
of Jumbuicrariris & north of Yamagas & Tejuas & Jumas, all
between Colorado and Gila rivers); Caguenches & Cupacas
south of mouth of Gila.

So New.

Farnham, T. J. -- Map of the Californias, 1845. 14 x 11,
100 miles to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Paiuches Desert, Paiuches Indians [So] So. Utah

Youta Indians

Lakisima River = Stanislaus

Bona Vista Lake

Jesus Maria River = Petaluma Creek

On Map

Marriage

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
BANC MSS
80/18 c

SEPTEMBER 17, 1930

Marriage Rites Of Indian Tribe Confuse Whites

Bigamy Case Here Recalls
Methods of Dealing With
Inconstant Squaws and
Philandering Braves.

As recently as 10 or 11 years ago Indian squaws who deserted their husbands, or philandering braves who wandered from the home fires were bound and given 25 lashes by tribal leaders, witnesses testified before Judge K. Van Zante yesterday at the trial of John Wychan and his present wife, Marguerite Kalowa, both charged with bigamy.

The method had a potent effect in keeping down the number of divorces among Indians on San Diego county reservations, said W. F. Coleman, an Indian policeman, who was used as interpreter during the court hearing. "We can't whip people any more," he told the court. "We have to use gentler methods."

Wychan and his bride of last May are Mission Indians, living on the Los Cagonos reservation, where the tribal code is the law of the land.

Much of the testimony had to do with an attempt to learn what the tribal laws and customs regarding marriage and divorce really are.

NEITHER DIVORCED

Wychan and his first wife, with whom he had lived for 14 years, separated about a month before he espoused Marguerite, who had only recently left the home of her husband, Charles Kalowa. Neither the Wychans nor the Kalowas had obtained divorce in the civil courts.

Jose Largo, who in days gone by

(Continued on Page 2)

Father F. E. Lapointe, who married Wychan when he took his first wife, testified that it had been the practice of the priests to remarry Indian couples who had previously been given in marriage by the tribal captains. The custom had persisted from the time of Father Junipero Serra, he said. No civil licenses were used, and the marriages had always been recognized as binding among the Indians.

Because the case is to be made the precedent for future dealings between

civil authorities and reservation Indians concerning their marital relations, argument will be submitted in briefs, the final one to be in Judge Van Zante's hands within two months.



MARRIAGE RITES CONFUSE WHITES

(Continued from Page 1)

would have been known as chief of his tribe, but today is referred to as captain or judge, testified through an interpreter that in times gone by, when one mate tired of the other and the lashes failed to mend the family ties, the captain could free the husband from the wife or the wife from the husband. Then each was free to remarry.

But times have changed, he said. Nearly all of the Indians have embraced the Roman Catholic faith and the "till death do us part" pledge of the church's wedding has become to all intents and purposes a part of the tribal code.

Wychan, he said, was a bit old fashioned, and had not fallen in with the new order of things. He was married to Kalowa's wife by Justice of the Peace J. L. Burtch after she had disobeyed Captain Largo's mandate that she return to Kalowa.

Whether, in following the old custom of merely separating from an old mate and marrying a new one, the couple violated the present laws of the tribe and the civil laws of the white man as well, is an important part of the defense, urged A. T. Procopio, defending the two Indians. There was also a question whether canonical law should be considered as tribal law when civil authorities have sought to let the Indians rule themselves under their own code as long as they remained within their own reservations.

Father F. E. Lapointe, who married Wychan when he took his first wife, testified that it had been the practice of the priests to remarry Indian couples who had previously been given in marriage by the tribal captains. The custom had persisted from the time of Father Junipero Serra, he said. No civil licenses were used, and the marriages had always been recognized as binding among the Indians.

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Retake of Preceding Frame

SEPTEMBER 17, 1930

INDIAN TRIBAL RITES MATCH NEW THEORIES

Conejos Say Companionate Marriage Practiced For Centuries

364
Judge Ben Lindsay was centuries tardy in giving to the world the theory of companionate marriage.

San Diego county's Mission Indians have been practicing companionate marriage since the days when California was inhabited by the white man.

This fact was revealed yesterday in the bigamy trial of Chief Frank Wychan and his alleged wife, Mrs. Marguerite Holwa of the Conejo reservation Indians.

Nearly a score of witnesses including Justice J. L. Burtch of El Cajon and officials of the Mission Indians testified that the redskins take their wives "on trial" and if they can't agree, they just separate and remarry.

JUST MOVES OUT

Burtch, who has performed the marriage ceremony for nearly a score of Indians, said:

"When one person leaves the other, that corresponds to our divorce action."

The deserted mate, however, must report to the captain or judge of the tribe and if the domestic difficulties cannot be overcome, the captain permits his caller to pick another mate.

Without a trace of emotion on his bronzed face, Wychan testified about the marital troubles which have led to the white man's court.

"I was living with Theresa. Then she ran away. I know not for why. She didn't come back so I marry Marguerita. It was okay with the tribe."

MARRIED AGAIN

Mrs. Holwa, through an interpreter, said her first mate "kicked me out and took my children." Believing she was free according to tribal custom, she married Frank, Mrs. Holwa testified.

As recently as 10 years ago, Indians' wives or husbands who deserted their mates were given 25 lashes by the tribal leaders, W. F. Coleman, an Indian policeman, testified. That kept down the number of tribal divorces, but now the Indians use gentler methods, he said.

The testimony revealed that Wychan and his latest wife married without obtaining the tribal captain's permission and the state will depend largely on this circumstance for a conviction from Judge K. Van Zante, who heard the case without a jury.

TEST CASE

The action is a test case to determine the power of the state courts to regulate marriage and divorce of the Indians and to stop, if possible, indiscriminate marrying and re-marrying, Deputy Dist. Atty. Betr Comporet explained.

Commenting on the conflicting evidence given by the grinning redmen, Comporet finally exploded with:

"The more witnesses we call in this case, the less we know about tribal customs."

Arguments will be submitted on briefs to Van Zante within 50 days after the transcript is completed.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1930

TRIBAL WAYS BEFORE COURT

Indian Marriage Customs Offer Tangle To White Man's Law

364
More than a score of Conejo reservation Indians were under subpoena today to testify in one of the strangest cases ever filed at the court house.

Scheduled to be heard by Judge C. N. Andrews yesterday, the bigamy trial of Chief Frank Wychan and his alleged wife, Mrs. Marguerite Holwa, was postponed until this afternoon when it will be held before Judge K. Van Zante.

Throughout yesterday the court house corridors resembled a reservation with the Indians and their squaws literally camping in the hallways.

The state indicated it will attempt to show that Wychan's 1921 marriage to Theresa Paipa and Mrs. Holwa's wedding to Charles Holwa in 1918 both were legal, according to tribal custom. The state then will attempt to prove that the chief and his present squaw never were divorced, either in state courts or in the eyes of the tribe.

"There are too many issues involved for me to hear it in a limited time," Andrews said yesterday. "It seems like an interesting case, fraught with some new and perplexing issues."



The fascinating male! His bride, a Bella Coola Indian blows feathers above his head as part of the ceremonial dance of love.

The History of Human Marriage

by

Edward Westermarck

Ph.D.; Hon. LL.D. Aberdeen.

Professor of Sociology in the University of London.

Author of "The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas," etc.

This monumental work was first published in 1891 as a small volume of 200 pages. Professor Alfred Russel Wallace, the noted English scientist, wrote an Introduction for the first edition in which he pronounced it a study of the greatest importance.

Since that time it has grown steadily until now, in its final form, it is offered in three large volumes totalling over 1800 pages. The bibliography alone—which is a most valuable feature—occupies 120 pages.

It stands today as the recognized authority in its field. As a testimonial to its worth it has been translated into French, German, Spanish, Russian, Italian, Japanese and Swedish.

The Spectator (London) says, "It is by far the most important contribution to our knowledge of a profoundly interesting chapter in human history that has yet appeared."

Havelock Ellis, in The Nation, says, "While the 'History' is dominated by the sense of unity, it is possible to find here, too, a series of fascinating monographs on the most diverse, the most attractive, sometimes the most practical topics, which render it attractive to a multitude of various readers."

The late John J. Halsey, Professor of Sociology in Leland Stanford University said, in a review in The Dial, "This is the most scientific treatise yet produced in this special field of investigation."

See detailed description on other side of this
announcement.

The History of Human Marriage

By

EDWARD WESTERMARCK

*Professor of Sociology in the University of London; author of
"The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas."*

"The nearest approach to a completely adequate history of marriage that has ever appeared, or that we are ever likely to see."—Havelock Ellis.

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- IV. Pre-Nuptial Unchastity
- V. The *Jus Primae Noctis*
- VI. Religious Prostitution—The Lending and Exchange of Wives—Feasts
- VII. Mother-Right: What It Implies
- VIII. Masculine Jealousy
- IX. The Frequency of Marriage and the Marriage Age
- X. Celibacy
- XI. Sexual Modesty
- XII. Courtship
- XIII. Secondary Sexual Characters in Animals—Female Coyness
- XIV. Primitive Means of Attraction
- XV. Sexual Selection in Man
- XVI. Endogamy—the "Law of Similarity"
- XVII. Exogamy
- XVIII. Marriage by Capture
- XIX. Consent as a Condition of Marriage
- XX. Marriage by Exchange of Presents
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"I have seldom read a more thorough or more philosophical discussion of some of the most difficult problems in anthropology. Every reader of the work will admire its clearness of style."—*Alfred Russel Wallace*.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., TIMES

April 3 - 1930

INDIAN MARRIAGE RITES UPHELD

Appellate Court Finds Them,
When Performed in Good
Faith, to be Valid

SACRAMENTO, April 2. (AP) Marriages performed in good faith, according to Indian customs, are binding, the Third District Court of Appeal ruled here today.

The ruling was made in the case of Winnie G. Loudon, Eureka Indian woman, who petitioned the Industrial Accident Commission for compensation when John Loudon, her Indian-marriage husband, was killed in 1928 while employed by the Pacific Lumber Company in Humboldt county. The commission awarded \$5000 compensation to Loudon's five children by a former marriage, but held Winnie Loudon is not the legal widow.

The Appellate Court annulled the commission's finding and remanded the case for further hearing.

Czecho-Slovak Woman Urges 2 Wives for Men

Special Cable to The Chronicle.
Copyright, 1921, by The Chicago Tribune Co.)

BERLIN, March 17.—According to a story published in a Berlin newspaper, a woman member of the Czecho-Slovak Parliament at Prague, has taken seriously a proposal made by a Colorado farmer to the effect that each farmer should have two wives. She introduced a resolution in favor of not only permitting a man to have two wives, but making it obligatory for all males under 50. In defending her resolution, she told Parliament that the shortage of men, caused by war casualties, worked a hardship on the women unable to secure husbands. Another woman delegate, Mme. Farstua, introduced a resolution favoring making free love legal for the same reason.

measures (of distance, quantity, number, time, value)

UNITS OF VALUE AMONG THE NEVADA SHOSHONE

The Shoshone of the Round Mountain region in south-central Nevada have the following units of value:

Of highest value, Eagle feathers.

Of next, Deer skins,

Of third, Rabbit skins.

MEASURES

CALIFORNIA INDIANS:

G. Mallery: Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.:

1. Valleys north of Los Angeles; former tribes used knotted cords for trading records:

4th Ann.Rept. for 1882-83: pp. 80-81, 1886.
10th " " 1888-89: p. 223, 1893.

2. San Gabriel Mission Indians; notched stick for herder's account:

4th Ann.Rept. for 1882-83: pp. 81-82, 1886.
10th " " 1888-89: pp. 262-263, 1893.
(revised & extended)

3. Wiktcomni; Shaman fee reminders (after W.J. Hoffman: San Francisco, Cal. Western Lancet, XI: 443, 1882):
4th Ann.Rept. for 1882-83: p. 159, 1886.
10th Ann.Rept. for 1888-89: p. 374, 1893.

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(revised & extended) ↑ fig. 181,

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M E A S U R E S

G. Mallery: Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.:

Idaho Indians; Shoshoni notched sticks for time record:

4th Ann.Rept.for 1882-83: p.81, 1886.
10th " " 1888-89: p.227, 1893.

Dakotas; Winter counts involving Pictographic Chronology;
Counting on the fingers,

4th Ann.Rept.for 1882-83: pp.88-146; 107,
pls.vi-li, illus. 1886.

10th Ann.Rept.for 1888-89: pp.265-328; 275,
col.pls.xx-xxiii, illus. 1893.

M E A S U R E S

ESKIMOS of POINT BARROW, ALASKA (Hunting scores engraved
on ivory, bone, &c)

John Murdoch: 9th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth. for 1887-88:

p.360--364, illus. 1892.

M E A S U R E S

SEMINOLE INDIANS, Florida (Standards of value, divisions of time, numeration).--

Clay MacCauley: 5th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for 1883-84:

pp.523-525, 1887.

M E A S U R E S

ESKIMOS, BERING STRAIT

E.W.Nelson: 18th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for 1896-97,

Part 1; pp.232-241, 1899 [publ.1901].

MEASURES

W J McGee. Primitive numbers.--- 19th Ann.Rept.Bur.

Eth.for 1897-98: pp.825-851, 1900[publ.1903].

MEASURES

KIOWA (Methods of indicating seasons and calendar for counting years)---

J. Mooney: 17th Ann. Rept. Bur. Eth. for 1895-96:

pp. 366-369, 1898.

Moons or Months of other tribes: Hidatsa & Mandan;

Pawnee; Dakota & Cheyenne; Klamath & Modok (after

Gatschet); Bannock (after Clark).....pp. 369-372.

Medicine and Medicine men

80/18

c

Medicine and Medicine men

Mojave Medicine Man.

Doctor Booth, of Needles, furnishes some very interesting stories of the Mojaves as he has known them. "Many eastern tourists who are in the habit of visiting the Pacific coast over the Santa Fe route have been entertained at the Needles depot by 'Shorty' the 'song and dance artist, as he was called. This poor devil was a medicine man, not from choice, but by inheritance, and a little more than a year ago was cruelly and quietly clubbed to death because of the great mortality among his patients."

Shorty was a cripple and it was believed by the whites for a long time that he was placed upon a funeral pyre some years ago and his hands and feet were burned before his cries convinced his friends that he was not dead. An unpoetic old squaw informed them that Shorty, before he could walk, had crawled into the camp fire.

From

Ingersoll's History of San Bernardino County. 89, 1904.

MEDICINAL PLANTS USED BY THE PIMA

Frank Russell, The Pima Indians, 26th Ann.
Rept. Bureau Ethn. (for 1904-1905), pp.
79-80, 1908.

MEDICINAL USE OF SULPHUR SPRINGS BY
INDIANS OF STANISLAUS RIVER

Lieut. George H. Derby in a report to Maj. E.R.S. Canby, Adjutant General 10th Military Dept. on his reconnaissance ^{in parts} ~~of a portion~~ of the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, July-August 1849, says that near Angels Creek, a branch of the Stanislaus River his party "passed a spring of highly sulphuretted water which is in great repute among the Indians for its medicinal properties. It was entirely surrounded by holes made by them for bathing in."

Letter of George H. Derby, Lieut. Tpl. Engineers, to Maj. E.R.S. Canby, adj. Genl. 10th Mil. Dept., dated Monterey, August 18, 1849. -- On file in War Dept. under head "Letters Received, Headquarters of the Army", 1849, R23

(7) Sorcerers or Doctors (S. Cal. Indians)
Bancroft

These Sorcerers and Doctors are numerous, and there is an unbounded confidence placed in their power to work both good & evil, so their influence is very great.

As astrologers and soothsayers they can tell by the appearance of the moon the most propitious day and hour in which to celebrate a feast or attack an enemy. Sorcerers also serve as Almanacs for the people, as it is their duty to note the aspect of the moon, the time of the decease of a chief or prominent man, and to give notice of the anniversary when it comes round, in order that it may be duly celebrated.

They extort blackmail from individuals by threatening them with evil. The charm which they used is a ball made of Ous-cal mixed with wild honey; this is carried on the arm, in a small leather bag, - and the spell is effected by simply laying the right hand upon this bag.

7. Sorcerers. -

Neither does their power end here, they hold intercourse with the supernatural beings, metamorphose themselves at will, see into the future, and even control the elements. They are potent to cure as well as to kill. For all complaints as usual, they put forth the charm of wailing faces and of waving hands, and in some cases add other remedies.

For internal complaints they prescribe cold baths.

Wounds and sores are treated with lotions and poultices of crushed herbs, such as (sage & rosemary) of a kind of black oily resin extracted from certain suds.

Other maladies they affirm to be caused by small pieces of wood, stone or other hard substance which by some means have entered the flesh, and which they pretend to extract by sucking the affected part.

Soaceress

Paralysis - the stricken parts are whipped with nettles:

Blisters are raised by means of a dry paste made of nettle stalks, placed on the bare flesh of the patient, set on fire and allowed to burn out.

Cold water or an emetic is used for fever and like diseases, or sometimes the sufferer is placed naked upon dry sand or ashes with a fire close to his feet, and a bowl of water or gruel at his head, and there left for nature to take its course, while his friends and relatives sit round and hovel him into life or eternity.

Snake bites are cured by an internal dose of ashes or the dust found at the bottom of ants nests, and also an external application of herbs. The medicine men fare far better than their northern brethren.

Sorcerers

as in the ~~extent~~^{event} of the non recovery of their patient, the death of the latter is attributed to the just anger of their god & consequently the Physicians is not held responsible. To avert the displeasure of the divinity and to counteract the evil influence of the sorcerers, regular dances of propitiation or deprecation are held in which the whole tribe joins.

The Temascal or "sweat house" is the same here as elsewhere.
(Roscan) Robinson's Life in Cal.
(P. P. 310-14)

Gonorrhoea (Southern Cal. Indians)
~~Sacramento Doctor~~

For Gonorrhoea they used a strong decoction of an herb that grows very plentifully here and is called by the Spanish — "Chancel Agua", and wild pigeon manure, rolled up into balls or pills. The decoction is a very bitter astringent and may cure some sores, and that it fails in many cases, I have undeniable proof.

(Hoffman in S. F. Med. Press. Vol 5. P. 152-3)
(Biscana In. S. Robinsons Life in Cal. p. 310-314)

Syphihis (S. Cal. Indians)

In Syphihis they use the actual cauterizing, a living coal of fire applied to the cancer and a decoction of an herb said to be something like Sarsaparilla called "Rosa".

(Hoffman in S. F. Med. Press Vol 5 - P. 132-3)

(Boscana Dr. S. Robinsons Life in Cal. p. p. 314-314)

Dr. J. Praslow, a physician who for seven years (1849-56) practiced in San Francisco gives a brief discussion of the diseases prevalent there and his treatment of them, and includes the following notes on the diseases met with among the Indians:

"Intermittens.... In the northern parts, the Indians especially suffer very severely from it, and as quinine for it is as yet almost wholly unknown to them, whole tribes perish as a result of the Intermittens and the fever which follows it. Moreover this state of affairs is really contributed to by the fact that in order to get their livelihood, the Indians are obliged to live in the Lowlands where they prolong life by means of the profitable fishing there."

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"Acute Exanthema ... Among the white people, ^{who} for the most part are vaccinated, only the varioloid makes its appearance and runs very lightly. On the other hand, the Chinese are attacked in great numbers by Variola vera, and not a small number die from it. Among the Indians Variola from time to time forebodes destruction and at such times, many succumb to it."

55

"Syphilis.... Among the Chinese and Indians many peculiarities (of this disease) occur. To one unaccustomed, it seems strange at first to find frequently the significant swellings of the syphillis-afflicted parts and the transition of the same into the gangrenous destruction. All the accounts which have been told from earliest times about the

56

terrible destruction which syphilis causes among the American 59
Indians are ratified in high measure among the California
Indians. I saw such terrible destruction of all parts of the
body among the Indians as I have never yet seen in Paris itself,
and not seldom one finds all the members of a tribe visited by
this sickness. "

"Cretinismus... Cretinism not seldom occurs among the 64
Indians and native Spaniards in the neighborhood of Cape
Mendocino. I saw in one Indian tribe six such Cretins, in
whom the sickness had developed to a very high degree."

"It is noteworthy that the native Blacks and Indians 40
of Panama, when they are taken with Typhus or other fever
diseases, stand up to the neck in the waters of the rivers
thereabouts, for a quarter to half an hour, until the
unendurable heat lets up and they feel relieved. The
physicians thereabouts have found that this oft-repeated
procedure very often has a decidedly favorable effect on
the course of the disease."

Praslow, Dr. J. Der Staat Californien in Medicinisch-
Geographischer Hinsicht. Goettingen, 1857

James Doty speaks of a plant found in northern Montana in the vicinity of the sources of Marias River, June 11, 1854.

"[I] noticed a plant said to possess remarkable qualities. The leaves are five or eight in number, and closely resemble the leaf of the pumpkin vine in shape and size. The stalk rises to the height of three or four feet; is cylindrical and hollow. This stalk is eaten by the Indians, and is cooked by throwing it on the coals for a few moments, and in taste slightly resembles cabbage; in fact, the French and half-breed hunters call it "Des Chou", or cabbage. The roots of this plant are made into a poultice and applied in cases of bruises or chronic swellings, and are said to be very efficacious. From a description given me of the plant when at maturity, the seeds appear to be contained in a capsule, oblong in shape, and one inch in length; color, black; and size, that of the seed of the sweet pea. The seeds, when powdered, are used by the North Assiniboins and Cree Indians to poison bullets and arrows, and it is said that any animal wounded by an arrow so poisoned will die within an hour."

Pacific R.R. Repts. I, Ib, 550-1. 1855.

Karsk

> MEDICAL PRACTICES

Medical practice of the ^{River} Klamath ^[Karsk] Indians described by Gibbs,
in Schoolcraft, Indian Tribes, III, 175, 1853.

M E D I C I N E

Important information on "the knowledge and practice of medicine" among the Indian tribes of the United States is in Schoolcraft, Indian Tribes, VI, 631-635, 1857.

Medicine

"In the fall of 1853," Fremont states, "I spent a day at the Catholic station of Saint Mary's on the Kansas River, among the Pottawatamie Indians.[27] . . . Learned here some of the plants which are medicinal among the Indians. Among them Asarum Canadensis -- jewel-weed - a narcotic; and Oryngium Aquaticum, the great remedy of the Pottawatamies for snake-bites." [28]

Fremont: Memoirs, I, 27, 28, 1887.

CAHUILLA 'MEDICINE': OXID OF COPPER

The San Francisco Weekly Herald, August 30, 1860, reprints the following story from the Los Angeles Star, which shows that the Cahuilla Indians valued as 'medicine' the oxid of copper found in the Temescal tin mines:

"The Los Angeles Star tells a curious story of Indian superstition, connected with the discovery of the Temescal tin mines in Los Angeles county, which are supposed to be unequalled for their richness. Toward the latter end of the year 1857, says that journal, an old Indian Chief of the Cahuilla tribe, residing with Mr. Sexton of San Gabriel, became sick and felt himself dying. There was a secret on his mind, which he wished to reveal to the man who had showed him so much kindness; he feared to do so, however, as it had been entrusted to his faithful guardianship, and yet he felt it would eventually become known through the prying curiosity of the white man, who was penetrating every portion of the country, and from whom no secret could be much longer kept. Arguing thus with himself, and being anxious to benefit his friend by imparting to him the secret, he consulted his 'medicine man,' who was in

attendance on him, but whose simples were now un-
availing; meeting at first with opposition from this
counsellor, he had to overcome his scruples, but
finally obtained his assent to comply with his orders,
when he should pass away to the land of spirits.
Having thus conciliated his counsellor, he called to
his side his generous friend Sexton, and informed
him that as he was about to die, he wished to commu-
nicate to him a secret, which would be the means of
making him a rich man; he then informed him that he
had given orders to his 'medicine man' to conduct
Sexton to the place where they obtained their
medicine, saying that though only used by them as
medicine, he knew that the rock contained precious
metal, and that he wished him to have the benefit
of the knowledge of its existence, satisfied that
the Americans would soon find out what it was, and
its value. He was the last of his name and family,
and there was none to whom his obligation bound
him to transmit his long cherished secret.

Accordingly, after the death of the old Chief,
Mr. Sexton, taking with him Mr. F.M. Slaughter, set
out with his Indian guide, to find the place where
the medicine was obtained.

Cahuilla medicine 3

The Indian made his way to Temescal, then bore off to the mountains, and finally came to the base of Cajalco hill. On reaching this place the Indian seemed to be terribly exorcised. Standing apart from his companions, he commenced uttering some strange sounds; shortly he broke out into a sort of chant or lamentation; then he became agitated, his cries became louder and louder, his body became distorted, and swaying to and fro he fell to the earth; this he repeated; he spread out his hands toward the east, then toward the west; and in a moment started off in a run up the hill in a straight line to a hole which was dug in the earth. Arriving at this, he went through pretty much the same gyrations and contortions; then he beckoned to the white men to come up, pointing to the hole as the medicine hole. On being opened it was found to be a mineral vein, and on being tested, it proved to be tin. That lead is called 'the Medicine Lead' on Cajalco hill; and that is the manner in which a knowledge of its existence was brought to light. The 'medicine' obtained from the rock, was the oxyd of copper.*—San Francisco Weekly Herald, August 30, 1860.

TREATMENT OF SNAKE BITES BY SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Humboldt thus describes the treatment of snake bite by the natives of the upper Orinoco River:

An Indian had been stung by a Viper. "He was a tall strong man, and was brought to the mission in a very alarming state. He had dropped down senseless; and nausea, vertigo, and congestions in the head, had succeeded the fainting. The liana called vejucó de guaco, which M. Mutis has rendered so celebrated, and which is the most certain remedy for the bite of venomous serpents, is yet unknown in these countries. A number of Indians hastened to the hut of the sick man, and he was cured by an infusion of raiz de mato. We cannot indicate with certainty what plant furnishes this antidote; but I am inclined to think, that the raiz de mato is an apocynaea, perhaps the *Cerbera thevetia*, called by the inhabitants of Cumana linguo de mato or contra-culebra, and which they also use against the bite of serpents. A genus nearly allied to the *cerbera* is employed in India for the same purpose. It is common enough to find in the same family of plants vegetable poisons, and antidotes against the venom of reptiles."--Humboldt's Personal Narrative, Vol.2, p.364, 1885.

MEDICINE FOR CHILD BIRTH USED BY THE YUOK

The old women give the prospective mothers a medicine made of the pitch or gum of the fir tree that has dropped into the water of a stream and lain there for a long time until brittle and hard. A piece of this is pounded until it becomes as fine as flour and then put into a cup of water and given to the woman to drink.

To The American Indian, by Lucy Thompson, pp. 42, 1916.

MUSSELS BECOME POISON IN AUGUST IN SEPTEMBER

The salt water mussels, which cling to the rocks on the sea shore, are much used for food ^{by the Yurok.} Some are boiled while fresh, others are dried and stored for winter use.

In August and part of September mussels become poison, which in some years is worse than in other years. Sometimes whole families are poisoned by eating mussels out of season. In such cases, the sugar of the sugar pine is used as a remedy and is said to be a sure cure, if taken in time.

To The American Indian, by Lucy Thompson,
p. 29, 1916.

USE OF CURARE BY SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS

"When the Ottomacs of Uruana, by the use of niopo (their arborescent tobacco), and of fermented liquors, have thrown themselves into a state of intoxication, which lasts several days, they kill one another without ostensibly fighting. The most vindictive among them poison the nail of their thumb with curare; and, according to the testimony of the missionary, the mere impression of this poisoned nail may become a mortal wound, if the curare be very active, and immediately mingle with the mass of the blood. When the Indians, after a quarrel at night, commit a murder, they throw the dead body into the river, fearing that some indications of the violence committed on the deceased may be observed. 'Every time,' said Father Bueno, 'that I see the women fetch water from a part of the shore to which they are not accustomed to go, I suspect that a murder has been committed in my mission.'"--Humboldt's Personal Narrative, Vol.2, p.508, 1885.

MEDICINAL USES OF SUGAR PINE

If a woman dies at childbirth, or while the child is still very young, the Indians made a fine flour of sugar pine nuts or hazel nuts, which they stir in water, making a milky ^{liquid} substance. This is fed to the child, and children so fed are said to thrive as well as if nursed by the mother.

The sugar of the sugarpine is used as a remedy for poisoning from eating mussels in August or September.

The sugar pine grows plentifully on the high ranges ~~of~~ mountains on the north side of the Klamath River and the trees are preserved with great care.

The tree is so highly esteemed that Indians, even members of their own tribes, who willfully injured a sugar pine were punished by a very heavy fine, or ~~even~~ put to death.

To The American Indian, by Lucy Thompson,
pp. 28-29, 1916.

HO-MON-NAH, THE PLANT USED FOR DISINFECTION BY THE YUROK

When a person dies the ^{Polikla}~~Yurok~~ wash the body in a solution made from the Ho-mon-nah roots pounded fine as powder and put into a basket of water. The Ho-mon-nah is used for fumigation as well as in solution.

After the burial, persons who have taken part go to the sweat-house and wash their entire bodies from the basket of water containing Ho-mon-nah solution, and then sweat themselves in the sweat-house. After this they go to the river, taking the basket of Ho-mon-nah solution with them, and bathe themselves with it while in the river.

The walls, floor, and furniture of the room are gone over very carefully with the disinfectant solution,, and this is kept up for 5 days. On the morning of the 5th day the grave digger, after sweeping the floor with a broom made of the boughs of the Douglas spruce, burns Ho-mon-nah roots to fumigate the house, and with the solution scrubs the floor and goes over the wood work for the last time and then takes the solution to the sweat-house and washes his hands and entire body in it.

Medicine Men

"Each tribe had its sorcerers or medicine men. They were the guardians of the traditions of the tribe, directed all ceremonies and were regarded with superstitious awe on account of the mysterious supernatural powers that they claimed to possess. Every rancharia had a place for religious ceremonies where incantations and secret rites were performed. The sorcerers were more powerful than the chiefs, who yielded obedience to them. They claimed to cure disease, bring rain, ward off misfortune and were called upon to decide all matters of importance pertaining to the tribe or rancharia.

"The missionaries experienced the greatest difficulty in overcoming the evil influence of the sorcerers. . . .In hidden recesses of the mountains, far away from the missions, the padres often discovered shrines erected for the worship of the coyote, and evidence of their continued use."

p. 50

"The Indians looked upon their medicine men as beings endowed with superior knowledge and skill in the art of healing. The medicine men practiced their art through mystical incantations and also used various herbs, balsams and healing leaves and effected their cures. When a person was taken sick the medicine men were always called."

p. 62.

From 'History of San Bernardino Valley from the Padres to the Pioneers, 1810-1851', Father Juan Caballeria, 1902.

TREATMENT OF MEDICINE MEN BY WESTERN SHOSHONES, FOR FAILURE

In his report for 1880, John How, Agent for the Western Shoshones states: "I was requested by the farmer to visit the reservation as soon as possible (last March) for the following reason, and lost no time in doing so: A medicine man of high repute had lost five of his patients in succession. The Indians met in council, decided that he must die, and after burning his insignia of office, comprising an otter skin, beaver tail, eagle feather, and snake rattles, left him to prepare for death. The farmer had forbidden them to execute their sentence until I came, and on my arrival I told them it must not be done, that it would displease their father in Washington, and that it was not acting as white men do. They acquiesced, and did as I told them, but do not employ the old man any more. The doctor had awaited his fate, not seeming to feel the sentence of death so much as the loss of snake rattle, beaver tail &c inherited, he told me, from his father and grandfather."--Rept. Commr. Ind. Affrs. for 1880, p 128, 1880.

INDIAN TREATMENT OF FRACTURE

Dr. J. Praslow, a physician who for seven years (1849-56) practiced in San Francisco, gives the following notes on the Indian's method of treating a fracture, which he at one time witnessed:

"As a result of their terrible hunting and warlike life, 65 manifold injuries occur among the Indians, which they treat after their own fashion. Many cripples are found among them as a result of the badly healed Fracturen und Luxationen. I was much surprised when stopping with an Indian tribe to see a fract. radii treated with a bandage not unlike the Seutin'schen Kleisterverbände, a kind of treatment which they have already practiced for a long time. An Indian of perhaps twenty years had fallen from a very high rock upon the left arm. An old Indian immediately made a close examination, and when he found that one of the bones of the fore arm was broken, he ran swiftly to a plant unknown to me, which he stripped into fine pieces, made a stiff poultice by stirring it up with water, clapped the same (after the ex- and contra-extension had been made entirely good) around the whole fore arm in a layer of perhaps a finger's thickness, wrapped the whole around with a binding made from fine prairie grass, then again applied a thin layer of the paste, and wrapped it around with the grass bandage. After the Indian had sat in the sun for some time with this bandage, it was entirely firm and hard. Of the further treatment and its 66 result, I regret to say that I cannot speak, as I did not stay long with these Indians."

Praslow, Dr. J. Der Staat Californien in Medicinisch-
Geographischer Hinsicht. Goettingen, 1857

2

INDIAN MEDICINE (Mandan)

Lewis & Clark Expedition

February 15, 1805.-Fort Mandan, North Dakota. ✓

Clark says: "One Chief of the Mandans returned from Cap^t Lewises Party nearly blind, this Complaint is as I am inform^d. Common at this Season of the year and caused by the reflection of the Sun on the ice & Snow, it is cured by "jentilley swetting the part affected, by throwing Snow on a hot Stone."

Original Journals of Lewis & Clark, Thwaites Ed., I. 262, 1904.

Mandan

CURE FOR MAD DOG & SNAKE BITES

Lewis & Clark Expedition

February 28, 1805.-Fort Mandan, North Dakota. ✓

Clark says: "Two men of the NW Comp^y arrive with letters and Sackacomah, also a Root and top of a plant, presented by Mr. Haney, 266 for the Cure of Mad Dogs Snakes &c. and to be found & used as follows viz: "this root is found on the high lands and ascent of hills, the way of using it is to scarify the part when bitten to chaw or pound an inch or more if the root is Small, and applying it to the bitten part renewing it twice a/Day. the bitten person is not to chaw nor Swallow 267 any of the Root for it might have contrary effect." ✓

✓ [Footnote]-Cf. Marquette's account of a similar remedy (Jes. Relations, LIX, p. 101) and note thereon (p. 308). Coues mentions (L. and C., I, pp. 238, 239), several plants which have in frontier tra- 267 dition the reputation of curing snake-bites; but he adds, "Everybody knows the plant, except the botanists." Although unable to identify it, he thinks that there is some basis of fact for so universal a belief. See fuller description of this plant, post, in "Scientific Data: Botany."--Ed.

Original Journals of Lewis & Clark, Thwaites Ed., I. 266-267, 1904.

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INDIAN MEDICINE (NEZ PERCE INDIANS)

Lewis & Clark Expedition

October 10, 1805.-Junction of Clearwater & Snake Rivers, Idaho. ✓

Clark says: "Their disorders are but few and those few of a s[c]rofulous nature. they make great use of Swetting. The hot and cold bathes."

Original Journals of Lewis & Clark, Thwaites Ed., III. 106, 1905.

INDIAN MEDICINE (NEZ PERCE INDIANS)

Lewis & Clark Expedition

October 11, 1805.-Snake River ^{about 20 miles above} ~~near~~ Almota Creek, Washington.

Clark says: "At this place I saw a curious Swet house underground, with a Small whole at top to pass in or throw in the hot Stones, which those in [side] threw on as much water as to create the temperature of heat they wished."

Original Journals of Lewis & Clark, Thwaites Ed., III. 108, 1905.

Apache

Indians

Bourke, J.G.

Medicine-Men of the Apache.-- 9th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.
for 1887-88; pp.451-603, 1892.

Read for all
E.C.-Apr. 1913

liter
C.H.M.

Bo'-yah - Kant shā-boo'-doo a unilifer
use for Goverkua }
like Aspidia but small leaves

MEDICAL PRACTICE

ILLINOIS

E.A. Smith: Rept. Bar. Eth. for 1890-91: 47-114

~~Illino~~ 1893.

~~Illino~~
(Medical Practice)..... pp. 70-71, 73, 78.

+ Klamath

Medical Practices

Klamath -

A. S. Gatschet (from relations by Minnie
Fisher & Dave Hill): Rept. Bur. Eth. for
1879-80: 583-587, 1881.

Modesse medicine for Dropsy.

Take leaves of the broad-leaf milkweed called Maht-ske'
(Asclepias) during the last quarter of the August
moon. Chew or suck these leaves.

Detid Wocher - can

Gross Wounds

Schoolcraft IV, 514, 1854

Determination of number of young Beaver
from Snuffbox Slacks (by Chipmunk Ind.)
Schoolcraft IV, 505, 1854.

Entered by Dr Zina Pitcher (written in Jan 1853)

Treatment of diseases & wounds
Schoolcraft IV, 511-518, 1854.

Properties of Plants (with list of species used)
516-518.

Leptotenia dissecta

called Iknish on Beacon Cr (found ^{by} ~~Shasta~~ Shasta)

The medicine 'Balsamed' ^{is} made from it (= SF)



TOOTHACHE

The agonies of "neuralgic toothache", as portrayed by the Dutch painter Ver Huel. Gypsies and many ancient folk firmly believed that toothache was caused by demons, who must be driven out if the toothache is to cease.



TOOTHACHE

The agonies of "neuralgic toothache", as portrayed by the Dutch painter Ver Hül. Gypsies and many ancient folk firmly believed that toothache was caused by demons, who must be driven out if the toothache is to cease.

Retake of Preceding Frame

SCIENCE NEWS--DEC. 1928

103. THE CLYSTER IN ANCIENT PERU

L. VELEZ LOPEZ

As may be seen from a Chimu figure, the ceramic piece "The Clyster", from my collection of Chimu antiquities, is made up of two compartments. On the upper plane of the first compartment, there is a sculptured group of three persons, of which the largest wears the costume of doctor or healer. This genuine vase, unearthed in the capital of the Chimu kingdom, which has just been discovered by the writer, is particularly of interest because it reveals the practise of the clyster.

Med.

SCIENCE NEWS--DEC. 1928

108. MEDICINE SOCIETIES OF THE KERESAN PUEBLOS

LESLIE A. WHITE

There are sixteen medicine societies among the Keresan Pueblos. The paper is a discussion of the group of curing societies which treat diseases caused by witches. These societies consist of men and women. The latter assist but do not cure. A person joins a society after being cured by it of illness, but he may also join under other conditions. Communal curing ceremonies occur at such times.

The paraphernalia and ritual are described, such as the recovery of a patient's heart. The medicine societies also are prominent as rain-makers. They are also associated with the kachina cult and the solstice seasons and they function at birth and death. They also exert an important influence in the political control of the village. The pueblos are compared in some detail.

Peyote Intoxication

DER MESKALINRAUSCH, seine Geschichte und Erscheinungsweise, by KURT BERINGER. Pp. 315, price M. 18. (Monographie aus dem Gesamtgebiet der Neurologie und Psychiatrie, Heft 49). Berlin, Verlag von Julius Springer, 1927.

The famous mescal button, a narcotic widely used by Mexican and American Indians, was determined by W. E. Saf-

ford, in an articles published in the JOURNAL OF HEREDITY, VI: 291-310 (July, 1915) to be a cactus, *Lophophora williamsii*. A German psychiatrist has studied the effects of it extensively, a large part of the book being taken up with the record of the experiences of 32 persons who took the drug. It is a valuable contribution to an interesting and important subject.

—P. P.

OUR Oldtown Indians now live in good houses and dress and speak English as well as the white people do; but when I was a child and we had more than twice as many Indian as white neighbors, then in summer they lived in birch bark wigwams, the men wore breech-cloth and leggings, and every man carried a stone pipe and sheath-knife in his belt, while the women wore blankets and pointed caps. I used to play with the little Indian boys because they never quarreled as the white boys did, and as we grew up together many of them were firm friends of mine. Among others was a young man named Newell Clossian. In time our ways parted, and we did not meet for years. Then one day in Bangor my attention was attracted to a singular looking person on the other side of the street. He was dressed in a light-colored coat, which was trimmed with a black fringe some four inches deep, with a second row some inches above that, and his long, silky hair fell below his shoulders. I crossed over so as to meet him. To my surprise I found him to be my old friend Newell, but he gave not the least sign of recognizing me.

Feeling sure I was not mistaken, I said: "Are you not Newell Clossian?"

Giving me his hand, he said: "Yes. Just wanted to see if you would know me."

"What in the world are you rigged up in this way for?"

"Well, you see, I'm Injun doctor. 'Spose dress like other folks, no one notice me. Now everybody say, 'Who that man?' 'Why, that Injun doctor.' You see, we live in New Bedford now; we got it copperplate picture of Injun with feathers on head to put in newspapers; we advertise Injun Doctor; get along first rate. Come down here get roots an' herbs doctor with. I tell you about it. You know we used ribber dribe [river drive]; well, one day when we have forenoon lunch we say to ourself, 'Newell, this ribber dribin' too hard work for you—kill you by 'n by.' Then I think what I shall do. Used be, when small boy, old Injun doctor named Lewie Snake. We used go in woods with him get medicine. We think so we will be Injun doctor. We don't know more 'bout doctorin' than devil does; but you know white folks cheat Injun, an' we 'spose all right Injun cheat white folks. So we try doctorin' an' come jus' 's natural as can be.

"We tell you one case. We goin' 'long street in New Bedford. Ooman come door large brick house with steps high up. He make hand go dis way [beckoning with hand]. We gone over see what he want; speak so: 'Come up stair.' When gone up, he open door into room all dark. I tell you we berry 'fraid then. We don't know what he want, but we know we hain't hurt anybody there.

"When eyes get so can see in dark, we see ooman in bed with cloth on his eyes. Speak so, 'We want you cure dis ooman.' Says he got film on eye so can't see.

"Well, we think what we shall do. We don't know nothin' 'bout eyes, but we 'member somebody speak so tobacco good sore eyes. We chewin' tobacco that time; we got nothin' else, so we think we try tobacco. Room dark so they can't see. So we slip hand over mouth and took out tobacco, and we say, 'Yes, we can cure him in three days; we make two visits day, charge nine shillings visit (\$1.50). In three days cure him.'

"We tell him open his eye an' we squeeze in tobacco juice. Guess must hurt, for he squeal very bad. We tell him come again afternoon.

"You see, we think, 'Spose we find him worse, we don't go 'gain. 'Spose don't worse, we keep go.'

"Well, in afternoon speak so, 'No worse,' so we try tobacco 'gain. Think so, maybe tobacco is good sore eyes.

"Next forenoon says, 'Better,' so we keep goin'.

"Afternoon says, 'Think can see some.'

"Next forenoon can see pretty well.

"In afternoon speak so, 'Can see well.'

"We don't know what did it; we know we got our nine dollars. Guess tobacco must be good sore eyes."

He returned to New Bedford and I heard from him as prospering in his business, but a few years later he and all his family died of smallpox at some place in Connecticut.

Another Indian doctor was a stately old fraud named Joe Socabesin. He used to tell me of his feats in doctoring, but his greatest performance happened some fifty years ago. He was in Belfast, Maine, and got in debt to a wealthy shipowner named Alfred Johnston. Johnston got an execution against him for ten dollars. Joe paid it, and then asked for a receipt.

The justice said, "You do not need any receipt."

"Sartin, me want receipt."

"What do you want a receipt for?"

"Well, bimeby me die, me go hebbin. Speak so, 'Joe, you ben owe anybody?' We speak so, 'No.' 'You ben pay Alf Johnston?' 'Yes.' 'Then 'spose you show receipt.' Then we have to go way down hunt all over hell to hunt up 'Squire Johnston.'

This story immediately found its way into print, and has been more than once repeated; but I can vouch for its authenticity, for I knew old Joe. MANLY HARDY.

SPECIAL ARTICLES *Scienza*, Dec. 20, 1929 (P. 612.)

TRANSMISSION OF EXPERIMENTAL TRACHOMA BY CONTACT

DR. NOGUCHI's work, already confirmed in the United States and Europe, associates etiologically *Bacterium granulosis* with human trachoma. This association is based, first on the frequent, probably constant, presence of the bacterium in the lesions; and also on the fact that when *Bacterium granulosis* is inoculated into rhesus monkeys and chimpanzees by subconjunctival injection, corresponding granulomatous lesions are produced. Experienced ophthalmologists have identified the experimentally produced lesions with the typical lesions of human trachoma, and there are great similarities between the two shown by the microscope.

The usual course of the development of the lesions in inoculated monkeys, as described in Dr. Noguchi's monographic article,¹ is, first the appearance of the granular lesions on the upper inoculated conjunctiva; then on the lower membrane, and later the extension of the lesions to the upper and lower conjunctivae of the opposite, uninjected eye.

This succession of events indicates quite unmistakably that while for the initiation of the lesions in apes a subconjunctival injection of the culture may

⁵ In a communication to the writers, Dr. Joffe requested that this word be corrected to read "complete."

¹ Hideyo Noguchi, "The Etiology of Trachoma," Supplement No. 2, *Jour. Exper. Med.*, 1928, xlviii.

be necessary or is the surest way of establishing infection, the subsequent processes depend on the contact of the lesions, or the secretions from the lesions, with the uninjected conjunctivae.

In order to procure this contact infection beyond doubt, four rhesus monkeys were caged together. Two of the four had advanced granular lesions produced in the one case by the injection of Albuquerque strain No. 1 isolated by Dr. Noguchi in 1926, and in the second by the injection of the same strain recovered in 1928 (Tyler) from the eye lesions of a monkey previously injected with the same Albuquerque strain. The remaining two monkeys were normal, with entirely smooth conjunctivae, at the time of exposure.

The animals were placed together in a roomy cage on November 8, 1929. They were examined eighteen days later, or on November 26. The two monkeys already affected showed, of course, advanced lesions. The two exposed monkeys, which had normal conjunctivae on November 8, now showed in each instance granulomatous lesions affecting the upper and lower conjunctival membranes of both eyes.

There seems, therefore, no doubt that *Bacterium granulosis* can be carried to and made to infect the uninjured conjunctiva of *Macacus rhesus* through ordinary contact. This possibility, already shown by the extension of the lesions from the injected to the uninjected eye by Dr. Noguchi, is now shown to be capable of achievement through the caging together of inoculated and uninoculated animals.

JOSEPH R. TYLER

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NEW YORK

is so vaguely localized in place and race as to be almost worthless. The book consists almost entirely of the work of one man, Commandant Delhaise, who, while located in the region and among the people made careful replies to the *Questionnaire* issued by the Belgian Sociological Society, which forms the basis of the whole series. This gives his work exceptional value; such observations, carefully written down at the time, by a permanently settled student, conscientiously pursuing his investigations, are worth far more than replies to oral interrogation, made long after the return from a field where no actual investigations were conducted. Some of the replies are perfunctory but on the whole they are intelligent and carefully made and the book is an important original contribution to the knowledge of a before almost unknown population. The Warega live in the region of the Elila and Ulindi Rivers and are forest-dwellers. They are divided into *Ntala* (highlanders) and *Malinga* (lowlanders), differing considerably from each other. They are frequently called *Mwami*, which is primarily the name of a head-covering worn to indicate a certain social position. Perhaps the most striking matter in the book relates to their complicated social system.

FREDERICK STARR.

La Obstetricia en México. Notas Bibliográficas, Etnicas, Históricas, Documentarias y Críticas, de los orígenes históricos hasta el año 1910. Colegidas y ordenadas por el Dr. NICOLAS LEÓN, Director del Consultorio Num. 2 de la Beneficencia Pública en la Ciudad de México. Partes 1a. y 2a. México: Tip. de la Vda. de F. Díaz de León, Sucrs., 1910. Pp. viii, 67, 748. Illustrated.

This volume, published in connection with the celebration of the centenary of Mexican independence, gives a detailed history of obstetrics in Mexico from the period of the Spanish conquest down to the present day, with numerous photographs of distinguished physicians, biographical notes, etc., descriptions of hospitals, methods of treatment, laws and regulations, etc. The first part, consisting of some 70 pages, gives a Bibliography (two columns to the page) of 1011 titles relating to the science of obstetrics in Mexico. The main data in this book include some interesting information concerning Mexican midwives past and present. For the anthropologist and the ethnologist, the section (pp. 3-92) on obstetrics among the aborigines of Mexico in pre-Columbian and in modern times will be of service. Among the authorities cited, more or less at length, are Clavigero, the Mexican and Mayan Codices, Orozco y Berra, Ruiz de Alarcón, Muñoz Camargo, Nuñez de la Vega, Landa, Hrdlička, Alderman, etc. The little pictures of Indian babies on all-

fours (p. 87) are what an American might call "cute." To what he finds in other writers old and new Dr León has added some of his own observations among the Indians. Following the account of aboriginal obstetrics come some notes on the practices and superstitions of the *métis* and Mexicans of the lower classes, with whom both old Indian and old European folk-lore makes its presence felt. As an example of European, or rather Oriental (Egypt and Palestine) superstition imported into Mexico, the author cites (p. 123) the use of the so-called "rose of Jericho."

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN.

The Racial Anatomy of the Philippine Islanders, introducing New Methods of Anthropology and showing their Application to the Filipinos, with a Classification of Human Ears and a Scheme for the Heredity of Anatomical Characters in Man. By ROBERT BENNETT BEAN, B.S.M.D., Associate Professor of Anatomy, The Tulane University of Louisiana, New Orleans, La.; formerly Associate Professor of Anatomy, Philippine Medical School, Manila, P. I. With Nineteen Illustrations reproduced from Original Photographs. Seven Figures. Philadelphia & London: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1910. Pp. 224.

As with Africa of old, so now-a-days with our far-off eastern possessions, *e Philippinis semper aliquid novi*. This time it is the *Homo Philippinensis*, close kin of him of ancient Heidelberg. According to Dr Bean (p. 231) he is "a being somewhat apart, typical of neither the primary nor the secondary Australoid," at least as represented by the man of Taytay, whose photograph is given with anthropometric details (pp. 228-232). On the basis of "primordial man with a form similar to *Homo Heidelbergensis*, *Mousteriensis* and *Philippinensis*," the author derives the races of man in all parts of the globe, by variation, differentiation, segregation, modification, interbreeding, conglomeration, re-combination, etc. One is forced to admire Dr Bean's synonymy at times, as, e. g., when he goes still further and speaks (p. 29) of "the Australoid type" as "supposed to represent a mosaic of Iberian and Primitive," and, again (p. 30) of the Alpine as "apparently another mosaic of the Iberian and Primitive types." Dr Bean recognizes (p. 221) "three fundamental units of mankind, the Iberian being the fundamental European type, the Primitive being the type of the Orient, and the Australoid the primary negroid element." The other types, Cro-Magnon, Alpine, etc., "are modifications and combinations of the three fundamental types." Concerning the Filipinos the author observes (p. 224): "The Filipino peoples, exclusive of the Moros, are derived principally from East Indian sources, the southern Pacific Islands, China and

portunities to satisfy that appetite from the same host, man, has made the malarial relation possible.

The important malaria transmitters are to be found among the most bloodthirsty species, and such species will multiply rapidly in the presence of an abundant food-supply, as when laborers are massed at some previously uninhabited point. That there will be a corresponding decrease in these *Anopheles* when the food-supply is removed goes without saying.

Returning to the conditions in India, it is interesting to note that the most "domestic" species of *Anopheles rossii*, already indicated in the foregoing, is not a malaria transmitter. The most important transmitters are species normally breeding at a distance from human habitations and showing no special "domesticity." They have, however, a very highly developed appetite for blood, and this, in spite of their very much smaller numbers, makes them most effective transmitters of the malarial parasites.

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2. (1912.) Knab, F., [Dependence of Disease Transmission by Blood-sucking Insects upon Habits]. *Proc. Ent. Wash.*, Vol. 14, pp. 79-81.
3. (1913, Jan. 13.) Knab, F., Blood-sucking Insects as Transmitters of Human Disease. *Proc. Ent. Soc. Wash.*, Vol. 14, pp. 219-221.
4. (1913, July.) Knab, F., The Species of *Anopheles* that Transmit Human Malaria. *Amer. Jour. Trop. Dis. and Prev. Med.*, Vol. 1, pp. 33-43, 277.
5. (1913, Oct. 3.) Knab, F., The Contentions regarding "Forest Malaria." *Proc. Ent. Wash.*, Vol. 15, pp. 110-114.
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Arch. f. Schiffs- u. Tropen-Hyg., Bd. 5, pp. 58-70; Malariabekämpfung in Wilhelmshaven und Umgegend. ii. *Arch. f. Schiffs- u. Tropen-Hyg.*, 1909, Beiheft 6, pp. 166-173.

10. (1915.) Zetek, James, Behavior of *Anopheles albimanus* Wied. and *tarsimaculata* Goeldi. *Ann. Ent. Soc. Amer.*, Vol. 3, pp. 221-271.

ALLAN H. JENNINGS

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GOITER AMONG THE INDIANS ALONG THE MISSOURI

THE writer would like to call the attention of those interested to the excessive prevalence of goiter and symptoms of thyroid derangement among the Indians along that part of the Missouri Valley comprised between the Cannon Ball Creek and Cheyenne River, in North and South Dakota. The prevalence and relative acuteness of these conditions are such as to demand some special steps for their control or relief, and invite a thorough local investigation of conditions by specialists or institutions.

The people in question are the Cheyenne River and Fort Yates Sioux, and were visited by the writer last April. The frequency of goiter among the Cheyenne River bands ("Blackfeet" and "Two-Kettle") has been known for many years. In 1908, on the occasion of the writer's report on various diseases among the Indians,¹ they were in that respect at the head of the column, with 61.4 cases of goiter per thousand population, compared to 3 per thousand for the U. S. Indians as a whole. But the present extent and the equally great or even greater frequency of the disease in certain parts of the Fort Yates territory have not been suspected.

The writer examined in the two localities mentioned between 400 and 500 children and adults. The examinations were for anthropological purposes, and no record was kept of the exact proportion of thyroid enlargements; but the subject soon forced itself upon his attention. Case after case was met, particularly

¹ Hrdlička, Aleš, "Physical and Medical Observations among the Indians of Southwestern U. S. and Northern Mexico," p. 201.

among the adults, in which the pulse was excited, the heart enlarged and the temperature slightly above normal. There were over 30 per cent. of such cases among the younger and middle-aged adults among the Cheyenne River Sioux, and about the same proportion at Fort Yates, particularly in the vicinity of the Farm School. At first the symptoms were puzzling and attributed to rheumatism, excessive use of coffee, or tobacco; but it was soon seen that in most if not all cases they were connected with a greater or lesser thyroid enlargement, and eventually it became plain that they were due to the latter and were the symptoms of thyroid derangement.

The foremost question in this connection is, what are the causes of this localized prevalence of serious disturbances of the thyroid gland. It is not a tribal peculiarity, for other branches of the Sioux away from the river are less affected. There is no evidence that the disease extends for any great distance along the Missouri, or is common among the whites of same localities. The water used by the natives is mostly that of the Missouri and its small affluents. The present habits of these Indians are those of fairly civilized Indians in general. They were always hunters and great meat eaters, and are doubtless still more so than agricultural tribes, but this is true of all the Sioux. The country is of the rolling prairie type, the climate rigorous but not over-severe. Malarial infections are infrequent, but scrofula, consumption and venereal diseases prevail; all of which affords no clue as to the causes of the goiter.

It seems that here, if anywhere, in this country there is a good chance for a thorough investigation, by modern means, of the conditions leading to thyroid enlargement. The people concerned are very tractable, and both reservations are within easy reach of the railroad. The Bureau of Indian Affairs would doubtless favor and assist the investigations. In his visits to upwards of 50 tribes the writer has never met with a locality where the thyroid "infection" was as prevalent and active, and where conditions for research into its causes

In conclusion it may be added that goiter

among Indians is not, so far as the writer's experience goes, connected with cretinism, which seems not to occur at all in that race, or with myxedema, and only rarely and moderately with exophthalmia.

ALEŠ HRDLIČKA

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COMPULSORY MATHEMATICS—AN EXPLANATION

TO THE EDITOR OF SCIENCE: Professor Keyser, in reviewing Professor Miller's "Historical Introduction to Mathematical Literature"¹ speaks of "the nation-wide depreciatory utterances of such educational leaders and agitators as Commissioner Snedden and Abraham Flexner" (relative to the value of the study of mathematics, I infer). I think he can not be fully informed as to my position.

My objection is merely against giving high-school mathematics a highly "protected" position, shared by no other subject except English, as we do now through college entrance requirements and the traditions controlling in secondary schools. I know (having been a moderately successful teacher of high-school mathematics myself for several years) that a substantial percentage of high-school pupils, otherwise of good ability and promise, do not respond well to mathematic teaching, and, I believe, do not materially profit from the assigned tasks, which are uninteresting, discouraging, and even, at times, obnoxious, to them. I think this is frequently the case with pupils of literary bent and artistic leanings.

I naturally very much favor the extended study (preferably under better teaching than we now obtain from the teachers prepared by our college departments of mathematics) of secondary school mathematics by all those anticipating vocational studies or pursuits where the results of such study serve a demonstrably instrumental purpose. Furthermore, I should strongly encourage other pupils to undertake these studies and to pursue them vigorously as long as they can be made to find the drill and the broadening outlook given by them interesting and, probably, fruitful.

¹ SCIENCE for July 7, 1916, pp. 25-28.

Immunity to Tuberculosis

FORMATION OF A RACE POSSESSING IMMUNITY TO TUBERCULOSIS.—

A memoir has recently been presented by MM. Dubonsquet-Labordarie and Duchesne to the Academy of Medicine at Paris concerning a group of families at Saint Ouen that appear for many generations to have been immune from tuberculosis. These families are 98 in number and compose 511 persons. Records since 1870 show that no cases of tuberculosis have occurred in them since that date, and old men state that they have never seen or heard of any cases of such lung troubles among them. They are farming people of excellent sanitary habits, and rarely or never mix either socially or by marriage with immigrants from other sections of the country. Their children are almost invariably nursed at the breast. The annual death-rate from tuberculosis in France is 3 per 1,000; in the army 11 per 1,000. The effect of heredity and of hygienic conditions is therefore strikingly shown in this selected group.

Am. Anthropologist, Vol. X, No. 9, Sept. 1897

ANTHROPOLOGICAL NEWS.—In the *Geographical Magazine*, for February, will be found an interesting autobiography of Hans Hendrik, an Eskimo, who served with Kane, Hayes, Hall, and Sir George Nares, translated by Dr. Rink.

Dr. Hoffman, Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., communicates the following description of a practice among the Dakotas, of Grand river, D. T., for producing abortion: The hair from the tail of the black-tailed deer is cut up into short pieces and fried in the fat of black bears' paws. The patient swallows as much of this as is thought necessary to produce the effect. There are certain old squaws who are recognized as "general assistants," and nurses to lying-in women, and they are frequently called in to aid young and old women in producing abortion. The patient sits upon the lap of the nurse, who reaching around the abdomen and interlacing her fingers to get a secure hold, hugs her victim with all her strength repeatedly and for a long time. This frequently ends to the satisfaction of the operator and subject.

Am. Nat. Vol. 12. No. 4, 255, April, 1887.

51.—INDIAN WITCHES.

The Fresno Indians, says the San Joaquin Republican (Sept. 1858), are killing their doctors or medicine-men. They declare them to be witches, that they cannot cure the sick, and that there will be no more rain or green grass until they are exterminated. Seven or eight of their doctors have in consequence already suffered martyrdom. One of the survivors came running into the camp of Mr. Ridgway, on the Fresno, and asked protection. He was pursued by some sixteen Indians, who demanded him of Mr. Ridgway, and gave the above reason why they ought to have him. Their modest request was refused, but a few days afterwards the doctor ventured out and they got him.

Taylor - Calif. Farmer

TRACHOMA AND BLINDNESS

THE chief cause of the nearly two and one half million cases of blindness existing in the world to-day is trachoma, according to a statement made by Lewis H. Carris, managing director of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, on his return from a world conference on blindness held at The Hague.

This disease is found in nearly every part of the globe, but it is at its worst in Oriental countries. It is most prevalent in Egypt and along the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, in Palestine, China, the Balkan States, India, the hot sections of Brazil and in our country among the inhabitants of the Appalachian and Ozark Mountain districts and among American Indians.

Trachoma is a highly contagious disease. The roller towel has been the cause of many epidemics of the disease in industrial plants. A common family towel is also a potent spreader of the disease among members of the same household. Poverty, crowding and unsanitary living conditions are important factors in the contraction and spread of trachoma.

The disease causes redness, painful inflammation and granular growths, looking something like sago, within the lids. These irritate the cornea, producing ulcers and later scars. The scar formation may produce an opaque layer covering the pupil which results in loss of sight.

In individual cases the disease may be checked by proper treatment, but trachoma is so wide-spread that it can not be entirely controlled until more is known of its cause. Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, working at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, thought that he had found the organism or germ causing trachoma. Since his death the work has been continued, but further results have not yet been announced. Other investigators have considered diet a causative or predisposing factor.

The United States has for many years refused admission to immigrants showing symptoms of trachoma. The U. S. Public Health Service has been conducting extensive studies of the disease in the sections of this country where it is prevalent.

The other major causes of blindness are venereal diseases, babies' sore eyes, smallpox, glaucoma, congenital defects and accidents.

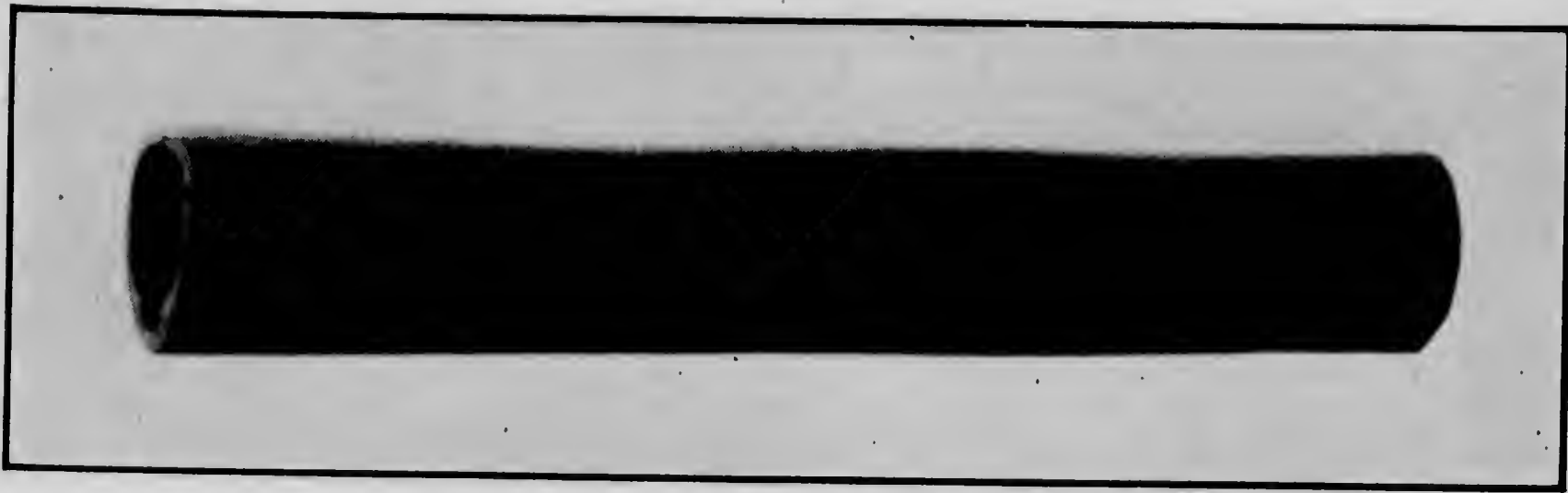


FIG. 12.—BONE TUBE *Ojibwa*

Bone tube.—An instrument used by the medicine man, by means of which he sucked out with his mouth the cause of disease from the body of the patient. The doctor pretended to swallow the bone tube, and after a time to vomit it together with the poison of the disease (figs. 4 and 12). Cat. No. 141167, U.S.N.M.

Whitehead in Proc. U.S. Nat. Mus. Vol. 67, p. 17, 1925.

WE think of the Indian as sharp of vision, keen of hearing and swift of foot, yet many of America's aborigines were blind and stone deaf. The subject is being investigated for the American Medical Association, and preliminary results show that the growth of small, hard, ivory-like tumors in the outer ear passages prevent the entrance of sound waves. Such tumors, called osteomata, have been seen in the ear passages of Indians from Arkansas, New Mexico, the San Nicholas Island off the California coast and abundantly in Peru. Only a surgical operation could secure relief, and while some of the aborigines, especially the ancient Peruvians, were expert head surgeons, none attempted the removal of the tumors and the restoration of hearing. Tumors of this kind to-day are very rare, some ear specialists never having seen one. The cause of the growth of the ancient tumors is being investigated.

Science Supplement. Nov. 8, 1931.

than an Israelite. Of special interest are the chapters on the physiology and psychology of the Jew, in which he discusses the physiologic traits and peculiar diseases and the abnormal mental characteristics resulting from hundreds of years of persecution, ostracism, and restriction to specialized occupations in crowded pestilential quarters (ghettos) of large cities. The outcome has been an intense development of intellectual powers, but at the expense of physical stamina. As is usually the case, the danger lies in the very delicacy of the machine. The Jew is the brainiest man in Europe, but he is a bundle of highstrung nerves, and more than all other men he is liable to nervous collapse and insanity.

Although the author makes the pessimistic assertion that the Jewish question is a permanent and growing one, it seems to us that his own book refutes the argument, and that the characteristics which have rendered the Jew a menace and an alien to so many European governments will soften and disappear with the growth of a broader humanity. If despotic Russia and imperial Germany and Austria have a Jewish problem, while republican France and constitutional England have none, we are forced to believe that it is because every country has the Jew that it deserves, and that the true remedy is in the application of the Golden Rule formulated so long ago by the greatest of the Jewish race.

JAMES MOONEY.

Die Medicin der Naturvölker. Ethnologische Beiträge zur Urgeschichte der Medicin. Von Dr. Max Bartels, Sanitätsrath in Berlin. Leipzig: Th. Grieben's Verlag (L. Fernau), 1893, pp. 361; 175 ill., 8vo.

It is seldom one's fortune to find between the covers of a single volume so complete and systematic a treatise of an ethnologic subject as the author has presented in the present work on Medicine among Primitive Peoples. The subject embraces the medico-religious *culture-status* of peoples of diverse countries, presenting the various psycho-physiological theories regarding the cause and cure of disease.

It is generally believed by our North American Indians that diseases are caused by (1) the presence of a demon, located in

the body through the intermediary of a shaman seeking revenge; (2) the existence of an evil spirit because of neglect on the part of the sufferer of certain duties or observances connected with his personal *manido* or tutelary daimon; (3) the effect of magic or sorcery, produced by jealous rivals, or the *wábeno*; (4) the direct vengeance of the Great Spirit; and numerous other causes closely related to the preceding.

The subject of *Sickness*, which forms part II of the volume, is thoroughly discussed from every standpoint, and is followed in order by a chapter on *Physicians*—medicine-men, their social status, supernatural pretensions, callings, different kinds of mystery men and women and their specialties, initiation into societies, etc. The *Procedure in Diagnosis of Disease* receives some attention, while *Medicaments and their Application* are fully discussed, as is also the subject of *Primitive Therapeutics*. *Hydro-pathic* treatment embraces cold and hot baths, drinks, and vapor baths, the latter being by many peoples one of the most rigidly-adhered-to observances preparatory to undertaking anything of a serious nature.

Diagnosis and Prognosis of diseases are treated of as relating to the calling of the juggler or prophet, while *Treatment of Supernatural Effects* receives considerable attention, as also the *Pathology of the Diseases* of certain organs and parts of the body. The *Prevention of Disease*, followed by *Minor* and *Major Surgery*, conclude the treatise.

The author adds an appendix explanatory of the 175 illustrations, presenting many remarks pertaining thereto that would have been inappropriate in the text. The entire work concludes with a bibliography of the works cited, a list of geographical localities, and peoples referred to.

W. J. HOFFMAN, M. D.

Wah-kee-nah and her People. The Curious Customs, Traditions, and Legends of the North American Indians. By James C. Strong, U. S. A. New York, 1893. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 275 pp., 1 pl.

The author of this book, in the prosecution of his duties, was thrown among a great many tribes of our aborigines at a time when they were little changed by civilization. The title of the

tern. These showed most interesting plant types of the high mountains near Li Chiang at an elevation of 10,000 to 17,000 feet. Especially striking was a new *Primula*, first discovered a few years ago, with a spiked inflorescence which more resembles an orchid than a *Primula*. It has been named *P. Littoniana*. The buds are of a dark purple, while the open flowers are colored. A very peculiar plant of biological interest is a new *Saussurea*, which inhabits limestone boulders at about 17,000 feet and has the flowers hidden among the leaves, which are densely hairy and protect them from snow and frost. The virgin forest of the Li Chiang zone consists of *Pinus Massoniana*, various *Piceas*, *Abies Delavaya*, *Tsuga Yunnanensis*, evergreen oaks, many *Rhododendrons* and numerous other shrubs and herbs. The cryptogamic flora is also very rich. Dr. Schneider has collected over 3,000 different species of phanerogams and ferns.

The Genus Endothia: DR. N. E. STEVENS.

To be published in full elsewhere.

Endothia Pigments: DR. LON A. HAWKINS.

To be published in full elsewhere.

Identification of the Teonanacatl, or "Sacred Mushroom" of the Aztecs, with the Narcotic Cactus, Lophophora Williamsii, and an Account of its Ceremonial Use in Ancient and Modern Times: MR. W. E. SAFFORD.

The early Spanish writers describe certain feasts of the Aztecs in which a narcotic called by them *teonanacatl*, or "sacred mushroom" was used as an intoxicant. Bernardino Sahagun, writing before 1569, states that it was the Chichimeca Indians of the north who first discovered the properties and made use of these "evil mushrooms which intoxicate like wine." Hernandez distinguishes them from other mushrooms (*nanacame*, plural of *nanacatl*) which are used as food, by the distinguishing adjective *teyhuinti*, inebriating, "quoniam inebrare solent." The belief survives that the drug thus used was a mushroom; according to Rémi Siméon, the *teonanacatl* is "une espèce de petit champignon qui a mauvais gout, enivre et cause des hallucinations."¹ Investigations of the author have proved that the drug in question is not a fungus but a small fleshy spineless cactus endemic on both sides of the Rio Grande in the vicinity of Laredo, Texas, and in the state of Coahuila, ranging southward to the states of Zacatecas, San Luis Potosi, and Querétaro, a region inhabited in ancient times by the tribes

¹ "Dict. de la langue Nahuatl," p. 436, 1885.

called Chichimecas. The drug is prepared in two principal forms: (1) discoid, in which the head of the plant is cut off transversely, and when dried bears a close resemblance to a mushroom; (2) in longitudinal pieces or irregular fragments, in which the entire plant, including the tap root, is sliced longitudinally into strips, like a radish or parsnip, bearing no resemblance whatever to a mushroom, and designated by early writers as *peyotl*, and also as *raiz diabolica*, or "devil's root."

The first to call attention to the ceremonial or religious use of this drug by the Indians of today was Mr. James Mooney, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, in a paper read before the Anthropological Society of Washington, November 3, 1891. Since the time of Mr. Mooney's observations the use of the drug has spread widely among the Indians of the United States, by whom it is commonly called "mescal button" or "peyote."

Efforts have been made to prevent the Indians from using it, chiefly because it is believed by some of those interested in the Christianizing of the Indians that it has a tendency to make them revert to their primitive condition and to their heathen beliefs. Action was taken in the courts to prosecute a certain Indian for furnishing this drug to the Indians of the Menominee Reservation of Wisconsin on March 15, 1914. It developed that the drug was received by parcel post from the vicinity of Laredo, Texas. In a paper before the Lake Mohonk Conference in October, 1914, affidavits of certain Indians of the Omaha and Winnebago tribes of the Nebraska reservation were read. The evidence showed that there is a religious organization among the Indians called the "Sacred Peyote Society," the ceremonial meetings of which are remarkably like those of the ancient Mexicans in which the "sacred mushroom" was eaten; and the physiological effects, as described by those partaking of the drug, were identical with those attributed by the early writers to the *teonanacatl*. The chemical properties of the drug have been studied in Germany and the United States, especially by Lewin, of Berlin, Heffter, of Leipsic, and the late Ervin E. Ewell, of the Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Department of Agriculture; and the physiological effects by Drs. D. W. Prentiss and Francis P. Morgan, of Washington, D. C.; but it is not possible to give the detailed results of these investigations in the scope of the present paper. •

As far as the author knows, this is the first time the identity of the "sacred mushroom" or "flesh of the gods" with the narcotic cactus known botanically as *Lophophora Williamsii* has been pointed out. That the drug was mistaken for a mushroom by the Aztecs and early Spaniards is not surprising when one bears in mind that the potato (*Solanum tuberosum*) on its introduction into Europe was popularly regarded as a kind of truffle, a fact which is recorded by its German name *Kartoffel*, or *Tartuffel*.

A POSSIBLE CORRELATION OF EYE SORENESS WITH VITAMIN A DEFICIENCY AMONG THE NEZ PERCÉS INDIANS

THE relation of vitamin A deficiency to a characteristic eye disease, known as xerophthalmia, keratomalacia, etc., was discovered by Osborne and Mendel in 1913 in their feeding experiments upon rats. Since the publication of their work various authorities have endeavored to determine whether a deficiency of vitamin A in the diet might not also be responsible for cases of eye trouble in man. The existing evidence upon this point by McCollum, Mori, Bloch and other observers has been summarized on pages 192 and 193 of Sherman and Smith's work upon "The Vitamins" of the American Chemical Society Monograph Series.

In the present note the writer wishes to call attention to what appears to be a much earlier recorded instance of eye soreness in man as a result of vitamin A deficiency. The references are contained in the journal of the expedition conducted by Lewis and Clarke to the northwestern territory of the United States in the years 1804-5-6, under the dates of May 10-12, 1806. The following extracts relate to observations made by the expedition during its stay with the Chopunnish or Nez Percés Indians within the present borders of Idaho. The page references are to Volume III of the "History of the Expedition under the Command of Captains Lewis and Clarke," published by the Allerton Book Co., New York, 1922.

The chief spoke to the people, who immediately brought about two bushels of dried quamash roots, some cakes of the roots of cows (kouse), and a dried salmon trout: we thanked them for this supply, but observed that, not being accustomed to live on roots alone, we feared that such diet might make our men sick. (Page 102).

Their chief subsistence is roots, and the noise made by the women in pounding them gives the hearer the idea of a nail factory. (Page 104.)

We now resumed our medical labours, and had a number of patients afflicted with scrofula, rheumatism and sore eyes, to all which we administered very cheerfully as far as our skill and supplies of medicine would permit. We also visited a chief who has for three years past so completely lost the use of his limbs, that he lies like a perfect corpse in whatever position he is placed,

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yet he eats heartily, digests his food very well, has a regular pulse, and retains his flesh; in short, were he not somewhat pale from lying so long out of the sun, he might be mistaken for a man in perfect health. This disease does not seem to be common; indeed, we have seen only three cases of it among the Chopunnish, who alone are afflicted with it. The scrofulous disorders we may readily conjecture to originate in the long confinement to vegetable diet; which may perhaps also increase the soreness of the eyes; but this strange disorder baffles at once our curiosity and our skill. Our assistance was again demanded early the next morning, Monday 12, by a crowd of Indians, to whom we gave eye-water. (Page 106.)

They then invited us into the tent, and told us that they now wished to answer what we had told them yesterday; but that many of their people were at that moment waiting in great pain for our medical assistance. It was therefore agreed that Captain Clarke, who is the favourite physician, should visit the sick, while Captain Lewis would hold the council. (Page 107.)¹

Roots are all characterized by a very low vitamin A content and the absence of this important nutritional factor in the almost exclusively root diet of the Chopunnish Indians might very well give rise to eye soreness, a supposition which is hinted at with almost remarkable prescience in the report of the expedition. The cases of paralysis observed among the Chopunnish may also possibly have resulted from the lack of some necessary ingredient in the diet.

The observations of the Lewis and Clarke expedition upon the food and diseases of the various tribes of Indians which were visited are very complete but in no other case, besides the incident just cited, is the evidence so clearly marked of specific dietary deficiency on the one hand and of definite physical ailments on the other. With other tribes the use of roots was supplemented by the addition of cereals, vegetables, berries, nuts, fish and game. The general practice of the aboriginal Indians in eating the whole grain and in consuming all the organs of fish and game protected them no doubt from certain diseases which might have been incurred with the more civilized methods of preparing food.

C. A. BROWNE

BUREAU OF CHEMISTRY AND SOILS

Science News, Science, p. 510, May 18, 1928.

the residuary estate of the Rev. J. H. Ellis, M.A., of Trinity, to be used for general purposes as thought fit.

At St. Louis University, Dr. Alphonse M. Schwitalla, A.M., Ph.D., has been appointed dean of the school of medicine to take the place of Dr. Hanau W. Loeb, recently deceased, and Dr. Don R. Joseph, formerly vice-dean, was promoted to the position of associate dean. Dr. James B. Macelwane was appointed dean of the graduate school to take the place of Dr. Schwitalla.

Dr. Hubert H. Race, secretary of the Ithaca section of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, has been appointed assistant professor of electrical engineering at Cornell University.

The *Journal* of the American Medical Association states that Dr. Langley Porter, recently appointed dean of the University of California Medical School, has also been appointed professor of medicine and Dr. Lionel S. Schmitt, who has been the acting dean for several years, has been appointed associate dean and associate professor of administrative medicine, effective November 1. Dr. Schmitt, who is also a director of hospitals, was formerly clinical professor of dermatology.

Dr. Donald H. Andrews has been appointed assistant professor of chemistry at the Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. T. M. MacRobert, of the University of Glasgow, has been promoted to a professorship of mathematics.

M. Bachelier, of the University of Rennes, has been appointed professor of the differential and integral calculus at the University of Besançon.

Professor H. Leo has been nominated professor of pharmacology at Bonn.

DISCUSSION AND CORRESPONDENCE

THE CONTROL OF DIABETES IN SIAM BY THE USE OF SOLANACEOUS PLANTS

It may be of general interest to the readers of *SCIENCE* to learn of the existence in Siam of solanaceous plants whose fruit has a marked effect on the sugar content of the urine in diabetes, a disease that is quite prevalent in Siam.

The discovery of the virtue of these plants was made by the late Dr. Yai S. Sanitwongse, a graduate of the medical department of the University of Edinburgh, through having a friend, a native doctor, suffering from advanced diabetes, in whom the quantity of sugar excreted fluctuated in a remarkable manner from day to day, at times practically disappearing. By a process of exclusion, it was pos-

sible definitely to correlate the decrease of sugar with the ingestion of small fruits, taken with meals as a condiment. Later, the fruits were administered with the food in a number of cases of diabetes, always with marked effect, the sugar clearing up immediately and remaining absent from about twenty hours, but recurring unless the fruits were again taken. The daily use of the fruits in very small quantity at each meal kept the sugar in abeyance and led to improvement in the general condition of the patients, without any restriction in the diet, which always comprised a large proportion of rice. Special reference may be made to a striking case that has come to the writer's personal notice, that of a male European, about fifty-five years old, who had lived in Siam many years and developed diabetes in very severe form, with the usual loss of weight that proceeded to extreme emaciation. This man was induced to make a thorough trial of the solanaceous fruits. Beneficial results were noted immediately, so that in six months after he began treatment, and without the use of any other antidiabetics nor any systematic regulation of diet, his physical condition was vastly improved, the sugar was being kept entirely in abeyance, and he added thirty pounds to his weight. During that period he had taken at each meal ten of the little fresh fruits, and found that it was not necessary to increase the number, and in all probability that it might even have been feasible to reduce the quantity. The fruits produced no unpleasant gastric or intestinal symptoms. In December, 1925, the use of the fruits had been discontinued for about a year, and the health of the individual remained excellent. He then reported that sugar was usually entirely absent from the urine, and that it temporarily recurred only after some dietetic indiscretion, such as a very heavy meal of starchy or sugary food. In March, 1927, the general physical condition of the man continued to be good, there was no recurrence of the disease, and he had the satisfaction of feeling that should the diabetic symptoms reappear he had at hand a certain means of combating them.

The plants whose fruits have the noteworthy property indicated belong in the genus *Solanum*, but do not appear to have been positively identified as to species. There are at least two distinct forms, found wild over a large part of Siam. The fruits, which grow in loose clusters and resemble miniature tomatoes, are about the size of large peas or small grapes, and have a bright green color when immature, becoming yellow or orange when ripe. The taste is not unpleasant. The fresh fruits are said to be more potent, but the dried ones, even after some months, also produce a noticeable effect.

The news of the efficacy of these fruits in diabetes

has become known to the country people in several parts of Siam, and it is reported that sufferers from the disease are now using them with success, without any medical attention or advice. It is even stated that in several districts where diabetes is common the people are employing the fruits as a preventive! In the markets of Bangkok and other communities these fruits are now regularly exposed for sale as food by the small vendors of miscellaneous forest and jungle produce, and enough for five days' treatment may usually be obtained for the equivalent of five cents in United States money.

In the absence of full physiological and clinical data, it would be unwise to set up large claims regarding the therapeutic value of the plants in question, but from the information at hand it would appear that in these plants we have available a cheap, easily administered substance which has a noteworthy palliative influence on the sugar content of the urine in diabetes and may act like insulin. There is, furthermore, some evidence that under special conditions the effects may be regarded as curative.

It is believed that the known facts are so suggestive as to warrant a thorough investigation, and it is hoped that some workers or institutions in America or elsewhere may feel disposed to conduct a convincing test. Supplies of the fruits may undoubtedly be obtained through various agencies in Siam, such as the American Consulate, the Botanical Department of the Ministry of Commerce, and the Department of Public Health of the Ministry of the Interior, all in Bangkok. The plants are so hardy that they could probably be grown from seeds in subtropical parts of the United States, or in hot-houses anywhere.

HUGH M. SMITH

BANGKOK, SIAM

E.M.F. INDUCED IN A STRAIGHT WIRE BY A CURRENT IN A PARALLEL STRAIGHT CONDUCTOR

THE seeming paradox described by Professor Karapetoff, in the article under the above title, in *SCIENCE* of November 18, arises in its faulty premises.

The conception of current in a long straight conductor with open ends is not permissible. It would require an infinite electromotive force to set up such a current, but more important for the discussion, assuming the presence of the current, a finite change in its value is impossible, for such change would be accompanied by self-induced e.m.f. of infinite value, which is absurd. A long straight current-carrying conductor therefore must be part of a closed circuit. In such case, the central conductor must either be closed also, or stuck through holes in the outer conductor, or be of shorter length, terminating inside

the outer conductor. In any one of these cases e.m.f. will be induced. In the last case of the open wire, the e.m.f. could not be measured; first, because the necessary instrument could not be connected, and second, because the e.m.f. would be too small to measure, the greater part of the total induced e.m.f. being consumed in the dielectric circuit closing the two ends of the wire.

The reasoning in the second case leads to the correct conclusion as regards such long straight conductors as arise in experience, but by means of unfortunate, and, I believe, unwarranted premises. Induced electromotive forces in both experiment and theory arise only from changes in the interlinkages of electric and magnetic circuits. The experimental fact needs no comment as clearly set forth by Professor Karapetoff. The theoretical origin of induced e.m.f. arises from the energy associated in the combination of a magnetic shell, or an electric circuit, with an external magnetic field, any change therein being reflected as an induced e.m.f. in the circuit, as shown in Neumann's expression. There is thus no warrant for the use of the idea of collapsing lines of force, or a conductor's cutting lines of force, except in so far as these offer convenient ways of computing changes in the total flux interlinking the electric circuit, which perhaps is only another way of expressing the conclusion reached by Prof. Karapetoff in his final paragraph.

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IN a recent number of *SCIENCE* Professor Karapetoff proposes the problem of finding the induced electromotive force in a straight wire due to variation of the current in a surrounding coaxial hollow cylinder. He presents two lines of argument which lead to different results, but recognizes that both methods of reasoning are open to objection, in that they are based on Faraday's circuital relation which is valid only for a closed circuit. His inference that it is not legitimate to speak of an electromotive force in a single straight wire does not, however, carry conviction to the present writer. For suppose the long hollow cylinder to be charged initially, positively at the upper end and negatively at the lower end. These charges, oscillating up and down, constitute a varying current, and if there is an axial electric intensity an oscillatory current will be induced in the central wire, whose presence can be detected by the heating produced without the necessity of attaching voltmeter leads to the ends of the wire.

The induced electromotive force in a secondary circuit fixed relative to the observer's inertial frame produced by a varying current in a fixed primary is

Scientific Monthly, Dec. 1927
**THE HUMANIZING INFLUENCE OF
PESTILENCE¹**

By T. WINGATE TODD, F.R.C.S. Eng.

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"TOWARDS evening when, according to Jewish belief, the gates of Heaven are shut, and no prayer can then obtain admittance, I heard a voice, with a ripple of tears that were never wept by human eyes. It was the death rattle of a soul sinking down dead tired at Heaven's gates." Few passages can equal and none excel these words of Heine to depict the desolation of the human heart of which plague has ever been the supreme affliction.

"And Moses said unto Aaron take a censor and go *quickly* unto the congregation and make an atonement for them: the plague is begun. And Aaron took as Moses commanded, and *ran*, and stood between the dead and the living." So there hangs on my tongue's end the greatest romance of medicine in the combat and overthrow of pestilence. The most human document relating thereto was written in 1485 by Bishop Bengst Knutsson, of Västerås in Sweden, a versatile man, physician to boot, trained at Montpellier. It is the first book printed in London with a title page, for printing was a very new method of reaching the people in those days. The first press had been set up in England less than a decade when our good bishop brought out his work. And his opening salutation in its vigor and benevolence sounds like the fanfare of the heralds of

good tidings. "At the reverence and worship of the blessed Trinity and of the glorious virgin Saint Mary and the conservation of the common weal of all christian people, as well for them that are whole as for remedy of them that are sick." I should like to have met this physician of Montpellier, who in his struggling days wandered from house to house, as he himself tells us, penniless like those poor patients of his who could not escape, with loving kindness in his heart, the inspiring confidence of courage in his voice and a sprig of sweet smelling herbs in his hand. He was indeed the type of physician who plucks the jewel from the head of adversity and extracts his staunchest hope from the tragedy of disease.

They were great days these, the later Middle Ages. It was already three hundred years since Christendom awoke out of its lethargy. The stonework of Western Europe which rose fresh and white after the stimulus of the Crusades, with its pointed Gothic arches, was now weathered and old. The University of Paris and the Schools of Oxford dated back almost as far. Saint Bartholomew's hospital was three centuries old already. It was a hundred years since the Peasant's Rebellion in England had changed the face of society and the suppression of the Jacquerie in France had planted the seeds which burst into life much later in the French Revolution. It was a period of ease and the zenith of philosophy. Mantegna was engraving on copper. Donatello was reproducing in bronze "the anatomy of the miser's

¹ The author has made every effort to secure accuracy of essential fact and faithfulness of interpretation in this study, but he has not hesitated to draw freely upon writings such as those of William Morris, Filson Young, Hilaire Belloc and Charles Brooks to give the atmosphere and flavor of the times.

heart." Leonardo was inscribing in pictorial form the new anatomy. In Ruskin's terms these men were polluting their art with the science of the sepulchre. The men of that day looked upon themselves with very much the same satisfaction that we look upon ourselves in this enlightened age. Wonders were developing with dazzling rapidity, and though many held the crack-brained Columbus to be a fool it was but a few years before the vision of the New World burst upon their astonished gaze. "What does the fellow say," wrote Luca Sarto, "but that the world's a globe—that it is shaped like a huge tart and is plattered in space. But also this tart is always spinning, and what lies eastward on the platter whirligigs to west. It is blasphemous cogger. This Christopher Stand-on-His-Head ruffles me."

There is nothing which illustrates better the pinnacle of confidence which was attained by philosophy in the Middle Ages than this fact that a poor man, in a strange land, without knowledge of the classics or the Fathers, having no other argument than his own fixed belief and some vague tales about bits of wood and shipwrecked mariners, should be able ultimately to secure the influence and funds for taking a flotilla right out into the Sea of Darkness and down that curving watery slope up which none ever climbed before.

Yet at the heart of all this prosperity and splendor and activity in thought and art there was a canker, the canker of pestilence. A century and a half earlier, creeping insidiously along the Mediterranean shore, the basilisk had wormed its way into Europe, blasting everything in its path with its poisonous putrid breath.

Upon a morning in 1348 Boccaccio in Florence, looking from his window, saw two hogs rooting among the rags of a poor man just dead, and shaking them about in their mouths, "when they both turned round and died on the spot."

The sickening rats rushed from their holes and crevices in troops and "issuing on to the floors sprang continually upwards from their hind legs as if they were trying to jump out of something." Penitent and confessor were borne together to the same grave and the funeral earth, chapped and ghastly, bulged over her new buried corpses.

Petrarch, like his friend Boccaccio, an eye-witness of the Black Death in Italy, foresaw the inability of future generations to imagine the empty houses, abandoned towns, fields crowded with dead, the solitude of the world. "Is it possible that posterity can believe these things," he writes, "when we who have seen them can scarcely believe them."

The black death arrived at the critical moment when English social customs were maintaining with difficulty their traditional form. The problem of villeinage was occupying the public mind. There was no land hunger in those days. The towns had not yet begun to be the dominant factor in civilization. The worker was land bound and sought to be free. So when after 1348 his numbers were reduced by half, in spite of the Statute of Laborers, wages were permanently raised and freedom of migration was secured for the hinds of the manor. As the land owners died and estates fell in, the new yeoman and farmer class, afterwards so powerful in the fifteenth century, grew in strength by the accumulation of recruits from below. The business of the courts greatly increased and pettifogging lawyers, hated by the peasantry, swarmed over the land, "men who had no souls but only parchment deeds and libels of the same." The impetus given to the workers developed the trade guilds of the towns. And so the entire structure of society was convulsed. Settlement awaited the Peasants' Revolt of 1381, but though this was suppressed, the humanizing elements which leapt out of the pestilence could not be defeated and the modern social order struggled at last

into the position in which it remained secure until these troublous times of ours. These were not men of a strange race or culture. The time, though distant across the centuries, is one with ours. And we also can be stirred as were John Nameless and John the Miller and John Carter that early summer evening in 1381 at Mitcham Green, when the reflections of John Ball fell softly on their listening ears. How "men fight and lose the battle, and the thing that they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes turns out not to be what they meant, and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name." "John Ball greeteth you well all and doth you to understand that he hath rungen your bell."

But, intermittently, from that year onward the Black Death scourged all Europe for three hundred years and calamity marched step by step with progress.

The theory of contagion gradually developed itself in the public mind, and by the sixteenth century became the basis of legislation for protection, not of the people in general, but of the court. However, specific measures quickly followed for isolation of the sick and protection of the populace.

The infected house was shut up with a large red cross and "Lord have mercy upon us" painted on the door. Watchmen, attending day and night, prevented any one going out or in except physicians, nurses and searchers prescribed by authority. These precautions were to continue, as the edict had it, until a month after all the family was dead or recovered.

Progress is slow to start and when it moves is apt to trample human hearts. So to the prisoners in the house, "strangers," as Mead wrote in his famous discourse (1720), "to everything but the melancholy sight of the progress Death makes among themselves," "Lord have mercy" must have seemed a curse and

the four walls of their prison the very jaws of the tomb itself.

Of the last great plague in England, that of 1666, the newspapers of the day were full. Extracts from these were thrown together by Daniel Defoe, of Stokes Newington, in the form of a journal. This Daniel Defoe, whom we know so much better because he learned the adventures of Alexander Selkirk and went to school as a boy with another little lad called Timothy Crusoe, was a kind of combination of H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw. They made him church warden knowing that as a dissenter he would rather pay the fine of ten pounds than assume office. Vividly and faithfully does Defoe tell of the people crazed by constant communion with unspeakable death dashing from their houses to end their life in the Thames and so escape the worse horror which drove them on.

Even the incorrigible Mr. Pepys breaks away from his vainglorious jottings to recount how there appeared before himself as magistrate "a very able citizen in Gracious Street, a saddler who had buried all the rest of his children, himself and wife now being shut up and in despair of escaping, who did desire only to save the life of this child; and so prevailed to have it received stark naked into the arms of a friend who brought it to Greenwich, where we did agree it should be permitted to be received and kept."

So in the course of time humanity prevailed. Mead, in 1720, advocated the abandonment of these terrible measures and proposed instead the establishment of hospitals outside the towns and the isolation of cities rather than of homes. It was Mead who persuaded Guy to found the hospital which goes by his name. He was a man of unbounded hospitality, who spent his afternoons in a lucrative high-class practice and his mornings prescribing for patients whom he had never seen, at half guinea fees, on the written or verbal reports of

apothecaries. Mead's reforms were bitterly assailed and the next year nullified by act of Parliament. But of all the hard things said of Mead none surpasses in vigor or in scorn the invective of Noah Webster, the lexicographer, who set to work with a mind enlightened by the sources of words to seek the origin of pestilence. An ill-humored fellow, this Noah, who must have suffered from some kind of duodenal irritation. "Sound potatoes from the market," he writes, "perished in my cellar in thirty-six hours." So from this he goes on to larger issues. "In the United States, everything that has been done hitherto in the construction of cities, is in imitation of the old European mode, and of course is wrong." To such sweeping generalizations may a bad potato lead. Nevertheless even to Noah pestilence was a blessing in disguise, for it "humbles the pride and arrogance of man, by creating in his mind a perpetual dependence on divine power; in short it creates and preserves that sense of obligation and accountability to God which

is the germ of piety and moral excellence."

But all journeys end in the twilight and the angelus interceding for preservation from pestilence closes the day. "Sweet scent," writes Luca Sarto, "wards off the plague better than the killing of a hundred Jews."

So I would hark back to my bishop, counselling the rich to leave town, breathing comfort and hope for the poor who, bound by circumstances, may not escape from the overcrowded city. "To be merry in the heart," he says, "is a great remedy for health of the body. Therefore in time of this infirmity beware ye dread not death, but live merrily and hope to live long." Of all documents on the pestilence this is the most moving and the most human. It is the physician as counsellor and sympathetic father-confessor who can see beyond the veil, like John Ball, the hedge priest of 1381, that "he who doeth well in fellowship shall not fail, but in days hereafter shall he and his work yet be alive and men shall be holpen by them to strive again and yet again."

ARSENIC EATERS

By Professor NORMAN J. HARRAR

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ONE of the poisons known to the ancients, one of the weapons of many famous and of many more obscure criminals, one of the allies of man in his war on marauding insects, one of the most deadly of toxic substances—arsenic.

Perhaps it is because of this traditional association of death-dealing properties with the compounds of arsenic that makes all the more striking the contrast afforded by the peculiar habit indulged in by the people called "Arsenic Eaters."

References to this custom in recent publications are usually brief and are frequently obvious restatements of equally brief notations in earlier works. That arsenic eaters live in Styria and eat the poison to improve the complexion and the breathing is the extent to which the subject is discussed. The testimony of J. F. W. Johnston (1855), who bases his remarks on that of Dr. Von Tschudi (1851), and of Roscoe (1860) and perhaps of a few other observers, unnamed, seems to be the chief source for these meager statements. In some respects, the story seems to be assuming the proportions of a legend. Therefore, it is not surprising that doubts as to the existence of the custom should be expressed, and we find in "Chemical Pathology," by H. Gideon Wells (published 1920), the statement that "There is, however, reason to question the authenticity of the reputed tolerance of habitués to arsenic." By numerous experiments, mostly on dogs, investigators have reported that an arsenic tolerance even approaching the reputed doses of the arsenic eaters could not be reached. The obvious conclusion drawn, therefore, is that arsenic eaters do not exist.

References to the arsenic eaters always locate them in Styria, a province of Austria, with Graz as its largest city. Therefore, an inquiry was addressed to the professor of chemistry of the University of Graz. This was received by Professor Scrabal, who referred it to Dr. Fritz Pregl, of the Medicinisch-Chemisches Institut of the university, who is considered to be their best informed man upon the subject of arsenic eating. Dr. Pregl has most kindly endeavored to give a survey of the present situation, in addition to important historical data, and this information, coming from one who is considered an authority in the very place where the custom is said to be common, ought to carry considerable weight. As a result of this correspondence, the writer is able to give a fairly complete summary on this interesting subject and to present some details, not found in previous accounts.

The important and seemingly disputed question is as to whether or not arsenic eating is prevalent, in what we are pleased to call this civilized day and age. To quote Dr. Pregl's exact words in answer to a direct question on this point, "Die Gewohnheit des Arsenikessens ist auch in der Gegenwärtigen Zeit in Steiermark üblich," which translates, "The custom of arsenic eating is common even at the present time in Styria."

Having cleared the way somewhat with this statement, a note on the character of the country, of its industries and of its people is appropriate. The province of Styria is in southern post-war Austria, bounded on the south and west by the provinces of Cariniola,

social evolution set forward in the above. The child falls into a status and a position of dependence as the group life evolves out of its indiscriminating simplicity and acquires a body of tradition, lore, economic apparatus, tried ways of life and mores. In the early stages examined here the difference between parent and child, especially in the struggle for self-maintenance, was very insignificant. Young and old were alike "children of nature" and as such possessed equal ability to wrest support from the environment. The child left the maternal breast to be thrust directly into the business of life. There was no superior skill that the parent could impart save that of sheer force and brute strength which nature alone could provide. As time passed, the group slowly carried along with it increasingly effective folkways which cut a clear gulf between the parent and the child. In addition, ideals and traditionary experiences become the child's heritage and these are to be received through the parent. Otherwise they are lost forever. Hence there emerges insistent motives for training, discipline and an education that nature alone can not enforce without allowing each generation to start anew in its own way. The tremendous weight of tradition and the zealous, in-

vidious interest of the parent place the child definitely in its position as the heir of the ages.

The mother concept and feeling is transfused and elaborated by this annexing of many-faceted social impulses to the bare urges of the organism. The stress toward equipping the child with the far-flung ideals of one's own station and ambitions in the social scheme reinforces the mother sentiment as described above. Certainly the "father" sinks more complex roots of interest in the child. The motives are very often, of course, of very selfish origin, as the child begins to reflect the wealth, titles, "honor" and worth of one's position in society or the flickering ambitions in the struggle for standards of living. The idea of the relation between parent and child deserves careful study in this light as it is coming to acquire vital and permanently changing significance in the great propulsive sweep of society. Today the suspicion is being voiced that the business of being a parent is fit subject for taking of stock and thorough discussion as the times—and the mores—change so rapidly. The only point at which to start may most profitably be some such examination of the past as here presented.

Carinthia and Salzburg, on the north by Upper and Lower Austria and on the east by Hungary. The northern and western portions contain the rugged Styrian Alps, cut by rather narrow valleys of four rivers, the Enns, Mur, Drave and Save, all of which eventually flow into the Danube. Lower lands, but of a steep, hilly nature, are found in the southern corner of the province.

With such a topography, it is obvious that the land is not well adapted to agriculture on any large scale, and it never has been extensively used for this purpose. However, the mountains hide a mineral wealth, which has given the people an important industry for many centuries. Gold, silver, lead, iron, coal and other minerals have all contributed their share to this industrial prosperity, but by far the most important and steadiest output has been of iron. There is an interesting tradition among the miners of Styria, which illustrates the point.

When the barbarians from the regions north of the Danube drove the Romans from this province of Styria, then known as Noricum, the Genius of the Mountains, willing to do the conquerors a favor, appeared to them and said, "Take your choice: will you have gold mines for a year?—silver for twenty years?—or iron forever?" The wise ancestors of the Styrians, who had just begun to learn the true relative value of the precious metals, by ascertaining, practically, that their rude swords were an overmatch for all the wealth of the Romans, at once decided to accept iron forever.

The most extensive iron mines are located around the Erzberg (ore mountain) which is said to be literally a mountain of iron ore and ore of a remarkably high grade. In fact, the quality is such that its fame spread and created a demand for it far beyond the confines of the province. For centuries

this region has been the source of over half of the iron used in Austrian domains. The more important foundries are to be found at Eisenerz, Vordernberg, Hieflau, Zeltweg, Trafaiaich and Neuberg. It is in the treatment of these ores that arsenic makes its appearance, and it is very probable that the entire history and perhaps the origin of arsenic eating is closely related to this industry.

The smoke from these furnaces carries a considerable quantity of arsenic, from which As_2O_3 readily precipitates. In the former so-called Giftkanälen, or poison pipe, this white arsenic collected and because of its origin was referred to as Hüttenrauch, or smelter smoke. This name was commonly shortened to "Hidri" and sometimes another corruption, "Hydrach," was used in speaking of the substance. At regular intervals, it was necessary to clear these flues and this was done by workmen equipped "mit Hammer und Meissel." In order to more efficiently remove the valuable by-product from the smoke and to prevent more completely the spreading of an objectionable substance over the surrounding land, modern equipment provides one or more condensing chambers. It is not purposed here to go into further detail about the process, but the interested reader can find an excellent description in the "Dictionary of Applied Chemistry," by Sir Edward Thorpe. However, it is interesting to note that the workman employed in the removal of the arsenic from these condensing chambers of the modern plant must wear special clothing of leather and protect his mouth and nose with wet cloths. Even with these precautions it is said that only arsenic eaters can perform this task continually.

The principal market for the product has been for the making of arsenical glass and for its legitimate uses as a poison, but considerable amounts have

always been deflected for the purpose of eating. Quantities of arsenic, despite the strictest regulations, still get into the hands of the peasants, and to make the situation more difficult to control, into the hands of itinerant peddlers, who carry on quite a lively, although secret, trade. To quote Dr. Pregl, "Nearly in every farmhouse, or in any case in every second, in upper Styria one finds more or less arsenic mixture." This is not always the property of the owner, but frequently belongs to his horseman, who keeps it in some secret place.

The trioxide of arsenic, As_2O_3 , is the form in which the poison is most commonly eaten. However, there is a curious preference exhibited by very many arsenic eaters, apparently for purely superstitious reasons, for a so-called artificial yellow arsenic. This probably is due to the connection the custom has with iron smelting, for part of the condensed material does contain sulfur and has a yellow color. Yellow arsenic, by which term As_2S_3 is designated, is artificially made by melting together arsenic trioxide and elementary sulfur and this product is sold by the peddlers to satisfy the demand. Dr. Pregl reports that upon examining a large number of these preparations, he found at least 75 per cent. unaltered As_2O_3 in every one and that in some cases the mixtures contained as high as 92 per cent. As_2O_3 . Therefore, the preparations are falsely named and the preference is a mere fancy upon the part of those who are thus deluded. However, a preference of this sort is certain to be well known to the peddlers and carefully played up to, for they know, as is shrewdly said, "um sich besser bezahlen zu lassen"—for it pays better to suit.

The amount of arsenic which constitutes the average dose and the amount which would be a maximum dose have been variously stated in the literature.

Upon this point, which is a vital one to scientists interested in the subject, Dr. Pregl is rather reluctant to be specific, for several reasons. These might be summed up as follows. The habit must necessarily be of a secret nature in these days, the indulgers themselves make no attempt accurately to measure the amount they take and probably because of this, there is no general agreement as to what the exact quantities are. However, he does recall demonstrations given at a gathering of medical men some forty years ago, when real secrecy was not so necessary, in which those accustomed to the poison ate it, spread on bread, in quantities of at least 2-3 g. In fact, this method of receiving the arsenic is still the most common. With his knife, the arsenic eater cuts away from a larger piece that quantity which he estimates with his eye to be the right amount. From time to time, he gradually increases the quantity as nearly as he can estimate it in this crude fashion. Briefly, it is not the nicely calculated dosage being absorbed by the drug fiend, but rather a somewhat variable quantity which through custom has become a part of the daily diet.

The effects of arsenic eating have provoked considerable comment. It is said to improve breathing, to increase the endurance, to fatten the body, to improve the complexion and to lengthen the span of life. All these effects, except the last, seem to be easily discernible in Styria. To quote again, "the respiration and heart action are facilitated and the nutrition improved, the appearance is brightened and the hair of horses and of men made smooth and glossy."

Very striking indeed, are the results of a stopping of the regular administration of arsenic, "then the phenomenon takes place in the opposite way, horses and also men decline, respiration and heart action become difficult, the appear-

ance fails and the hair becomes shedding and shaggy." Dr. Pregl states that he has had on very many occasions the opportunity to personally observe these facts.

A question which naturally arises is as to whether or not the continued indulgence in the eating of arsenic produces ill effects. Upon this point, some writers have stated that a chronic arsenic poisoning takes place, basing their assertions on experimental data. In the case of the people of Styria, it seems that, "even after ten years," no apparent bad effects are discernible. It might be that careful examinations at regular intervals, over a long period of time, upon an individual typical of the group, using known amounts of arsenic, would throw some light on this question. The secrecy under which the habit is indulged makes this procedure rather difficult. In this connection, it seems almost too hasty to draw conclusions about the condition of the true arsenic eaters based on comparatively brief tests on dogs or even men.

Another obvious question which presents itself is as to whether or not any sense of pleasure accompanies the habit. There is no doubt but that no immediate enjoyment, such as the agreeable effects produced by narcotics, is connected with the use of arsenic. However, here again, one is confronted with the possibilities of a habit practised from generation to generation for many centuries. Of course, once the habit has been adopted, a potent factor in its continuance is the intimate knowledge of the disagreeable effects a stopping of the dosage would inevitably produce.

An important reason for the persistency of the custom is its use with horses and so by the handlers of horses. The arsenic is ordinarily administered to the horses on their food, or sometimes placed in the mouth where it slowly dissolves. This very probably

serves as an aid to their endurance and undoubtedly improves their wind for work on the steep slopes and gives them a glossy, well-nourished appearance, even after a hard day's work. The handlers who do not feed arsenic are certain to suffer by comparison. Especially is this true in cases where a new man is employed, who is unaware of the fact that his predecessor used arsenic continually, for then no matter how carefully he handles his horses, the symptoms noted above soon appear. A restoration of the arsenic to the diet is the only remedy. In such a situation, it may not even require the threats of an angry employer to decide the course of action.

Attempts to prevent arsenic from reaching the people and to discourage its uses are due in no small measure to the relation it bears to crime throughout the country. Practically all poisonings are done with arsenic and the trials hinge upon proof of its criminal administration. Pausing a moment to consider, it is obvious that the possibilities are unlimited and absolute certainty almost unattainable. Dr. Pregl states, "In a year, I have had to undertake and to pass judgment upon, in legal proceedings, more arsenic poisonings than in all Germany in ten years." The more important reasons for this condition are the ease of procuring the poison, for, if no other source is available, it may be obtained from the peddlers, and the veil of secrecy under which the custom and transfer of the arsenic is shrouded. Hardly less important factors are the intimate acquaintance the people have with the poison, the possibilities of accidental reception and the more or less doubtful value of even proving the presence of arsenic by post-mortem examination. All this tends to create a remarkably difficult situation to handle and it is interesting to speculate how a half dozen typical American criminal

lawyers could manage to make convictions a lost art in Styria.

Lest a wrong impression of this country result from this account, it is well to quote Dr. Pregl again, "It is false to think that the larger part of the population of Styria indulge in the custom of arsenic eating." A great number of the people have, in the course of time, gradually dropped the habit, so that conditions are certainly not as bad as they once were. However, it is true that the custom still is "fairly widespread" among the horsemen. Nor should these people be too readily condemned, for perhaps many of the customs of our country, not even having the saving excuse of antiquity, seem to them to be just as queer and undesirable.

A final query is concerned with the

origin of this unique custom. It is not easy to follow the trail back through the centuries, but one or two significant facts seem to stand out prominently. The habit has always been closely connected with the iron-smelting industry; the arsenic has been eaten with the food; it has been commonly given to the horses. Perhaps some observant peasant of the long ago noted an improved condition in horses grazing near an iron foundry and was led to investigate. It is a matter for speculation. The chance ways in which many of our healing herbs and of our most practical remedies were brought into use are equally obscure and the names of the discoverers are unknown. Arsenic eating has a long past—and the beginnings are lost "in der grauen Vorzeit."

A CONTRIBUTION TO ETHNOBOTANY

BY

J. WALTER FEWKES

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A CONTRIBUTION TO ETHNOBOTANY

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In the year 1891, at my suggestion, the late J. G. Owens began a collection of data relating to Tusayan ethnobotany. It was my intention to prepare with him an elaborate memoir on the foods and food resources of the Hopi Indians, but the death of this talented young student prevented the completion of our work together. Since his death, however, my interest in the subject has not flagged, but I have found the accumulation of material* so vast that an extensive article would be necessary to present the subject in anything like a complete form. The portion dealing with maize and food products from it would alone fill a volume, and the various kinds of animal foods would take many pages to adequately discuss. The present article is offered as a contribution to the study of a few Tusayan plants, and is more or less preliminary in nature.

The specimens were identified for me by the late Dr Sereno Watson, of Harvard University, and have been deposited in the herbarium of that institution. I have had the aid of the late Mr A. M. Stephen in some of the etymological suggestions, but in many instances it has been quite impossible to arrive at any satisfactory analysis of the components of Hopi names of plants. It may seem strange to the reader that I have picked out a few of the plants used by the Hopi for alimentary, medicinal, and other purposes and omitted others equally important. It is not my intention to offer a monograph of the subject, nor would the limits of an *Anthropologist* article allow it. I simply wish to call attention to the interesting field of ethnobotany which the Hopi Indians furnish the ethnologist, leaving the more systematic and exhaustive discussion to a memoir which I have in preparation. The reason I have chosen the food plants instead of food animals will be patent when we call to mind that the Pueblos are and have been agriculturists, so far as our knowledge of them goes. They took to agricultural products rather than to flesh for their subsistence. I believe they have employed for food as large a

*Parts of this material were collected while at work for the Hemenway expedition and portions as special ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institution.

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number of plants as any of the aborigines of America, and that they have more than once bridged over the failure of their staple crop, maize, by other plant foods not used by the whites for food. It is certainly important to know what these other food plants are, but the bearings of this on the food resources of the great American desert I must reserve to my final discussion.

Gutierrezia euthamiae. (Hopi name, *Pamnavi*: from *pami*, assuredly; *mana*, maid; *übi*, axil—the true female plant.)—A sprig of this plant is attached to the paho, or prayer emblem. (See Journ. Am. Eth. and Arch., vol. iv, p. 27.)

Thelesperma gracile. (*Hohoisi*: from *hohovaktü*, sweet smells; *sihü*, flower.)—An infusion of the flowers is drunk as a beverage. A stronger infusion is used in the liquid in which the Hopi boil yucca fiber, for basketry, until they acquire a reddish-brown color.

Biscutella wislizeni. (*Kütcibcü*: from *kütca*, white; *cibuci*, seed.)—The dried leaf is presumed to have healing properties. When used it is commonly rubbed to a powder and sprinkled on abrasions.

Stanleya sp. (*Kwibi*).—In the spring its leaves are boiled and eaten.

Stanleya albenscens. (*Ishü*: from *isauüh*, coyote; *cühü*, hay.)—Used as a food, like *kwibi*.

Sisymbrium canescens. (*Asa*: etymology obscure.)—It gives its name to a clan who now regard themselves as Hopi, but traditionally claim to be of Tanoan stock. Soon after people came up from the Underworld and were yet wandering in search of permanent dwellings some women daily plucked the flowers of this plant, fluttering their yellow blossoms in the faces of the infants cradled on their backs to still their cries. These infants became known as the "Children of the Asa," and their descendants have ever since been called the "Asa people." An infusion of the flowers of this plant is used to mix with a dark iron pigment, forming a black color for pottery decoration. The juice of the *asa* is presumed to cause the pigment to adhere. It is also used as a food, its leaves either boiled or roasted between hot, flat stones.

Portulaca retusa. (*Pihala*: from *piakü*, caterpillar.)—This plant is likewise called *piakü kaiadta*, caterpillar, his corn; it is boiled with meats.

Delphinium scaposum. (Tcorosi : from *teoro* (*Sialis arctica*) *sihü*, flower—bluebird flower.)—The Flute priests gather its petals and seeds; the maids of their families grind them on the mealing-stones, making a very fine blue meal conventionally called *cakwatalasi*, blue pollen; prescribed for the Flute altar.

Physaria newberryi. (Hohoyaña : from *hohoyaüh* (*Asida rimata*), the prayer beetle, alluding to the kneeling posture which it assumes when disturbed; *ña* from *ñahü*, medicinal charm or root.)—This plant is one of the ingredients of the snake charm, or antidote drunk after the snake dance by all who have taken part as snake priests.

Cleome integrifolia. (Tümi : from *tüwa*, land (sand); *hümita*, corn kernel.)—The boiled leaves and flowers are highly esteemed.

Sphæralcea incana. (Kopoña : from *poña*, round, abdomen; *ñahü*, charm.)—A diarrhoea antidote.

Rhus trilobata. (Cübi : from *cükü*, pungent, alluding to its acid berries, which are called *sivwipsi*; a syncopated form of *cübiadiä*, *cübi*, its seeds.)—They are eagerly eaten by young people. Its twigs are used for many ceremonial purposes; also for coarse basketry. The buds are regarded as medicinal. The dry shrub is one of the four prescribed fuels for the kivas.

Dalea lanata. (Kücüña : from *kütca*, white; *ña*, root.)—The root is white and after scraping is eaten as a sweet.

Astragalus pictus filifolius. (Pacipña : from *pahü*, water; *cüwipa*, straight; *ña*, root.)—Its long, straight roots, dug and gathered after rain, are eaten as a sweet, especially by women and children.

Ribes cereum. (Yowipsi : from *yowi*, the tassel on the maize ear; *sihü*, flower : maize tassel flower.)—The shrub is in blossom when the tassel comes on the corn. The berries are eaten.

Enothera pinnatifida. (Bolsi : from *boli*, butterfly; *sihü*, flower. The term *boli* is also applied to a maid of marriageable age.)—Maids deck their hair with this flower on holidays.

Muhlenbergia pungens. (Wügsi : from *wügti*, woman; *sihü*, flower, a satiric name.)—The women use it as a brush, the same bunch of grass serving a double purpose; with the stiff end they brush the hair and with the more flexible tip end they sweep the floor.

Pinus monophylla. (Tuvai : from *tüwa*, nut; *kohu*, wood.)

Opuntia. (Yüñü.)—In the spring and early summer the succulent stem is boiled, divested of its spines, and eaten.

Yucca angustifolia. (Mohü.)—Its soapy root is called *mohü-mobi*.

Yucca baccata. (Samó.)—Its edible fruit is called *sahü*; its soapy root is called *samomobi*. All the yucca plants are used for basketry and a multitude of other purposes.

Artemisia tridentata. (Napaliña : from *napala*, a term applied to an ailing person lying on a mat, *apa*; *ñahü*, charm.)—An infusion of its leaves is drunk by a person whose ailment is supposed to lie in his ilium.

Panicum capillare. (Ninü : from *nücyüka*, food.)—Its seeds are ground and mixed with corn meal.

Panicum autumnale. (Patücaka : from *pahü*, moisture, water; *tücaka*, grass.)

Hilaria jamesii. (Takachü : from *taka*, man; *cühü*, a wiry grass; the male *cühü*.)—The grass which the Hopi assume to be the female *cühü* is used by the women in making the coil trays, called *poota*, for which Tusayan is famous.

Equisetum lævigatum. (Pona : from *pono*, round, referring to the impression made with the end of its tubular stem on the skin or on clay vessels, a common form of primitive decoration; see median facial line of Humis-katecina helmets.)—It is dried and ground with corn meal to make a ceremonial bread called *pono-viki*.

Allium vineale. (Asoci.)

Scirpus lacustris. (Mümüzri.)—The bean in Hopi is *müzribuci*, from *cibuci*, seed, and *müzzrina*, to roll or mould a plastic substance in the palms of the hands. The bean pod bears these marks, but why the term rolled should be applied to this scirpus is not evident.

Oryzopsis cuspidata. (Lehü : possibly from *leña*, flute, reed whistle; *cühü*, hay.)—It gives its name to one of the clans in the group with which the Flute clan is associated.

Euphorbia parryi. (Pi'yüña : from *pihü*, milk; *ñahü*, charm.)—This name is given also to *Asclepias verticillata*, q. v.

Juniperus occidentalis. (Hoko : from *hohü*, arrow; *kohü*, wood.)—So called because its wood splits into straight arrow-like fragments; it is frequently called *hotcki*, referring to the entire tree.

Calochortus aureus. (*Hesi*: from the form of the flower with protruding lips like those on grotesque masks.)—Its petals and seeds are ground to a fine meal like those of *tcorosi*; the meal is called "yellow pollen" and is mixed with maize pollen and used in the Flute ceremonial; its root is eaten raw.

Asclepias speciosa. (*Coya*.)—The Hopi word *coya* is the name of the planting stick, and is applicable to this plant in allusion to its stiff, straight stalk. Its leaves and the young shoots are boiled with meat as a food.

Asclepias verticillata. (*Piyüña*: from *pihü*, milk; *ñahü*, charm.)—When a nursing mother has a scanty flow of milk, she boils the entire plant and drinks the infusion.

Sarcobatus vermicularis. (*Teve*.)—This is one of the four prescribed shrubs for *kivamya kohü* (kiva fuel) and the principal one used.

Chenopodium leptophyllum. (*Tcatcak tübhü*: from *tcatcak*, the plural (reduplicated) of *tcaka*, little.)—The seeds are minute. See *tübhü*.

Chenopodium album. (*Cirswa*: from *Cisrotañwa* (?), a liquid trickling down a vertical surface; its stalk has vertical streaks of red color.)—Its leaves are boiled and eaten with fat.

Chenopodium fremontii. (*Wupa tübhü*. See *Tübhü*; *wapa*, long.)

Chenopodium cornutum. (*Kotoki*: a modification of *kütüki* popcorn; *kütüki* is a syncopation of *kaü tyükaii*, corn speaks, in allusion to the sound made by the maize as it decrepitates.)—This "popcorn-plant" is so named because they say it flings its ripe seeds abroad like decrepitating corn flying out of a vessel held over a hot fire. Its seeds are ground and mixed with corn meal to make *somipiki*, small dumplings wrapped in corn husk and tied with a shred of yucca.

Amarantus blitoides. (*Pociüh*.)—Formerly its seeds were prized as a food.

Amarantus torreyi. (*Wiwa*: from *wiwai*, to stumble, alluding to its procumbent stems tripping the foot of the passer.)—Its leaves boiled and eaten with meat.

Amarantus paniculatus. (*Komo*.)—The seeds first obtained from Spaniards or Mexican villages. An infusion of this plant is used to impart a red color to the piki or paper bread distributed at katecina exhibitions.

Monarda citriodora. (*Nanakopsi*: from *nanakopatcokta*, a plural term describing the position of the flowers on the stalk, "one perched above the other;" *sihü*, flower.)—This plant is gathered by those engaged in a *sowimakiwa*, hare-hunt. It is boiled and eaten only with hares.

Poliomntha incana. (*Müññ'tochabrü*: from *üññä*, salt (*üñwa* blood; *ñahü*, charm); *toñtoina*, to dip.)—The name describes the manner in which the plant is dipped in *üñacküyi*, salted water, when eaten.

Mentha canadensis. (*Pamüññ'tochabrü*: from *pahü*, water, and the same etymology as the plant last mentioned.)—This is eaten as a relish.

Lygodesmia grandiflora. (*Müha*: from a syncopated form of *müyikiyuta*, descriptive of leaves spread out flat on the ground.)—Its leaves are boiled with meats and eaten.

Senecio douglasii. (*Müryitka*: from *müryi*, mole; *kaü*, corn.)—Many plants are thus assigned to animals supposed to hold them in special favor. The Navajo call it cactus brush, its top being used to brush the spines from prickly pears, and the Hopi use it for the same purpose.

Artemisia dracunculoides. (*Lüktaukyä*.)—The literal meaning of the Hopi term is "two groups of songs," but why this curious name was given has not been elicited. In the early spring its leaves are gathered and brought home, baked between hot stones, and eaten after dipping in salted water.

Castilleja linariæfolia. (*Mansi*: from *mana*, maid; *sihü*, flower.)

Castilleja affinis. (*Wupamansi*: from *wupa*, long, and *mansi*.)—This and *mansi* are used by Hopi maidens to deck their hair on holiday occasions.

Solanum jamesii. (*Tümna*: "a small nodule;" potato.)—It is boiled and eaten with a talc of greasy taste called *tümñ' tcüka*, "potato clay."

Nicotiana attenuata. (*Piba*: from *napi*, leaf; *pahü*, moisture.)—This tobacco is smoked in pipes on all ceremonial occasions and forms a part of nearly all prayer offerings.

Lycium pallidum. (*Keve*: signification unknown.)—The entire shrub is used at an annual ceremony called *Niman-katecina*, at which time numerous small, round disks of gourd are tied to its branches. The disks are painted in emblematic colors and called *pikapiki*. Its sweet berries, called *kebebsi*, are eaten from

the shrub; they are likewise mixed with "potato clay" and eaten with *piki*. It is said to be also regarded as a sacred plant by the Navajo.

Coriandrum sativum. (*Kuranto*: from the Spanish *coriandro*.)—The seeds were first obtained from some of the Mexican colonies. The plant is dipped into a stew and eaten as a condiment. It is not used medicinally.

Foeniculum officinale. (*Kwañwa-piba*: from *kwanwa*, sweet; *piba*, tobacco; *piba*, from *nápu*, leaf; *pahü*, moisture.)—It is used as a substitute for *piba*, but never smoked ceremonially. The same term is applied to tobacco obtained from the whites.

Mentzelia albicaulis. (*Sale*: derivation obscure.)—Also called *huwikaiü*, Dove's maize. The myth connected with the plant does not explain its name; the Dove called it *sale* when asked its name by a maiden. Its seeds are gathered by the girls in the afternoon, as it is asserted the seeds will not fall until the sun has passed half way over the sky. They are parched and ground into a fine sweet meal called *saletosi*; not made into a bread, but eaten in pinches from the wicker tray on which it is served.

Carthamus tinctorius. (*Asapzrani*.)—Said to have been obtained from the Mormons about twenty-five years ago. The word may be a Hopi pronunciation of "saffron." An infusion of the flowers is used to give a yellow color to the paper-bread called *piki*.

Bigelovia douglasii stenophylla. (*Maüvi*: *Üvi* is the axil of the lower or main branches of a tree or plant; the rest of the etymology obscure.)—The tips of this plant are chewed and spurted upon boils, in the belief that this treatment causes them to dry. It is regarded as the male of the herb *pamnavi* (q. v.).

Bigelovia howardii. (*Sivwapi*: from *sikyañpu*, yellow; *vuvwapi*, whip.)—This is used by the "Flogger" to thwart children during certain initiatory ceremonials. An infusion of its flowers mixed with a chalky stone produces a bright yellow pigment used for personal decoration in ceremonies. The dried plant is one of the four prescribed kiva fuels.

Monolepis chenopodioides. (*Hüzrüubhü*.)

Suaeda intermedia. (*Tcihteve*: from *tciitü*, birds; *teve*.)—The birds are said to be fond of its seeds.

Atriplex confertifolia. (*Hoyavako*: from *hovaktü*, sweet smells.)—The water in which the leaves of this plant have been boiled is

used to mix the corn meal for making the pudding called *ho-ya-vak-pikinni* (*piki amiyata*, piki or paper-bread, covered in). This meal pudding is poured into a large earthen jar and baked in the characteristic small cooking-pit common in Tusayan.

Atriplex argentea. (*Üñatki*: from *üñña*, salt; *tcoki*, a term applied to an entire tree or plant growing in place.)—Its salty leaves are boiled and eaten with fat. This is the earliest of the six typical Hopi food-plants of the spring.

Eriogonum hookeri. (*Kalnakabü*: from *kala*, rat; *nakabü*, ear, because the leaf is said to resemble a rat's ear.)

Eriogonum corymbosum. (*Powawi*: possibly from *powato*, a form of ceremonial purification in which this plant, or the food prepared from it, may have been used.)—Its leaves are boiled, and with a portion of the water in which they were boiled they are rubbed on the mealing-stone with corn meal and baked into a kind of bread called *powawio pikabiki*—patted or pressed *piki*.

Atriplex canescens. (*Cüovi*: from *cühü*, pungent.)—One of the four fuels prescribed for kiva fires.

Artemisia frigida. (*Küiñya*: from *küyi*, water; *ñaa*, root.)—A sprig of this plant is attached to the *paho* or prayer emblem and is regarded as efficacious in petitions for water.

The Scientific Monthly, April 1928
PHARAOH'S DOCTOR

By ANTHONY J. LORENZ

THE line between the medical quack and the scientific surgeon was clearly marked at the very dawn of man's intelligence.

When primitive man had an attack of indigestion he blamed it on a host of demons.

When his skull was bruised in combat and he suffered a headache, he was more practical. He was able to understand the relation between his enemy's club and his physical hurt. He recognized the outside force causing his head to ache, but was unable to diagnose his internal ailment.

This is clearly shown in the publication of the first English translation of the Edwin Smith "Medical Papyrus"—the oldest scientific book in the world. The translation has just been completed by Professor James Henry Breasted, of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, and is being printed for the New York Historical Society, the owner of the manuscript, by the Oxford University Press, which at present has the only facilities for setting up the ancient hieroglyphs in type.

This document, says Professor Breasted, is of unique interest not only to the Egyptologist and anthropologist in showing the awakening of man's reasoning powers regarding disease but of extreme importance to the history of medicine. The Edwin Smith Papyrus, a roll some fifteen feet in length, dates from the late seventeenth century B. C. and is regarded as the most important document in the history of all science surviving from the pre-Greek age of mankind. Its seventeen columns contain a portion of an ancient treatise on surgery and external medicine which

began its discussion at the top of the head and, passing downward, presumably continued to the soles of the feet.

Unfortunately, the ancient scribe failed to copy further down than the thorax and the beginning of the spine the surgeon's observations of human hurts. The papyrus, however, contains so much information regarding the really remarkable knowledge which the author-surgeon of 4,000 years ago had that some of his diagnoses and treatment methods when shorn of their curious phraseology are surprisingly modern.

He had quite a complete knowledge of the human anatomy far in advance of medical scholars even of the middle ages; he felt that the heart and brain played important rôles in our physical make-up; he knew something of the pulse or pulsation and of the circulatory system.

In its text and glosses the human brain appears for the first time in medical literature. Its author knew that the folds of the brain lie in convolutions. His description of them is perhaps even more graphic than a modern physician might employ. He says they are "like those corrugations which form on molten copper" and in taking up this vivid comparison in a gloss he explains that the reference is to the floating slag forming on molten copper which the coppersmith rejects before he pours the metal into the mould.

"Any one who has observed these convolutions into which the metallic slag forms itself will recognize the aptness of the ancient comparison," says Professor Breasted in his commentaries on the text.

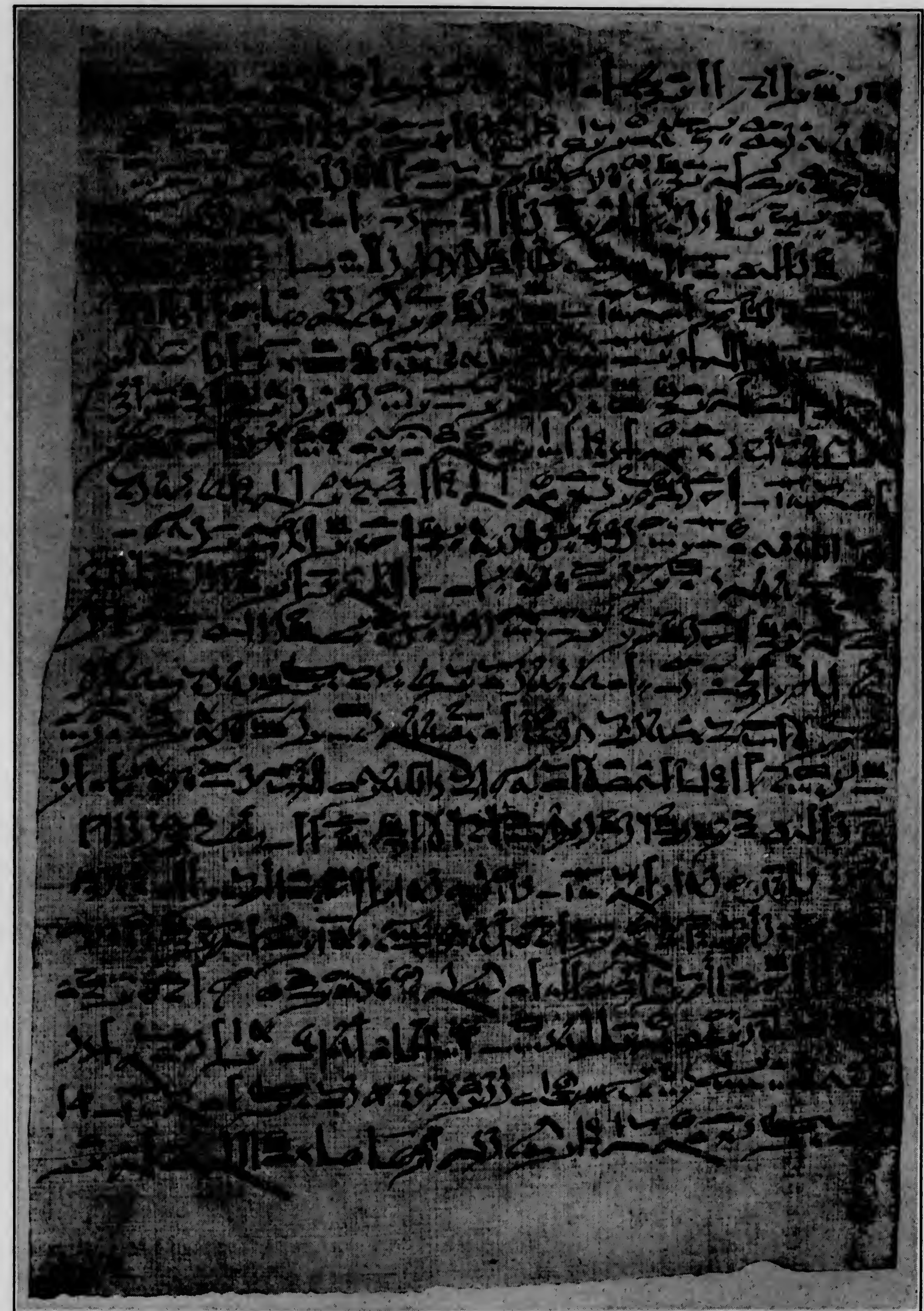
In still another gloss is explained

introduction of new and satisfactory hypotheses, they are meaningless. And we have seen that the choice of hypothesis, that is, the character of the physicist's philosophy, determines to a large extent his success in interpreting the facts at his disposal. This attitude on the part of the physicist, which after all is not new but is only becoming more and more emphasized, is bound to have some influence on the development of philosophic thought in general.

Thoughtful physicists have for a long time affirmed quite strongly that the question of the reality of the external world has no meaning for them. For they have conceived their task to be solely the analysis of a certain group of our sense impressions; behind these they have not desired to go. Yet with the increasing complication of modern physics, particularly in the atomic realm, there has arisen this peculiar and somewhat paradoxical situation: having *created* the atom and its constituent parts to account for a vast mass of indubitably valid phenomena, physicists are coming to believe in the intrinsic *reality* of their creation. That is, it is real to them in the sense that when they hear of any new phenomenon, the chances are that after pondering they will remark, "Oh yes, that is because the protons and electrons go so and so!" It is just as hard to convince the physicist who has performed experiments in radioactivity, X-rays or cathode rays of the unreality of electrons as it is to convince the average person of the unreality of the stone on which he stubs his toe. The physicist, therefore, unconsciously perhaps but nevertheless quite inevitably takes up a rather definite view as to the nature of the external world, in his insistence that the protons and electrons of the atom are its building stones and primordial elements. We must not blame him for this, for it is a thing he can not help.

Yet what it means is this: that the ideal—the creation of the mind—is in this case for all practical purposes identical with the real. In modern physics the strongly contrasted philosophical doctrines of realism and idealism merge into a common pragmatism. We build a hypothesis which seems best to satisfy our longings for logical completeness and then we act toward our hypothesis as if it were reality, because it works. This is a very sensible attitude, yet, as has been pointed out earlier in this article, we must never forget that this reality is of necessity a transient one. New facts render old hypotheses untenable—the old reality yields to new reality and so science progresses. More and more it becomes clear that the true reality is but the ideal with which we have become so familiar as to believe in it and have faith in it.

There may be a question as to the influence on the development of philosophic thought itself of such considerations as we have presented above. But it seems to me that as far as ontology and epistemology are concerned, modern philosophers are realizing that the way to progress lies in a greater attention to the data of science. After all in that direction lies our only *sure* prospect of knowledge. Certainly it seems that a searching examination of the concepts which lie at the foundations of scientific theories would provide more useful problems for philosophical attack than the construction of philosophic systems which have little connection with the data of our sense perceptions. That this is already being realized is clear from an examination of the works of Russell, Whitehead and others. It is to be hoped that this movement will continue with increasing vigor. For if the philosophers do not press forward in this direction the scientists and particularly the physicists must.



A PAGE OF THE EDWIN SMITH PAPYRUS

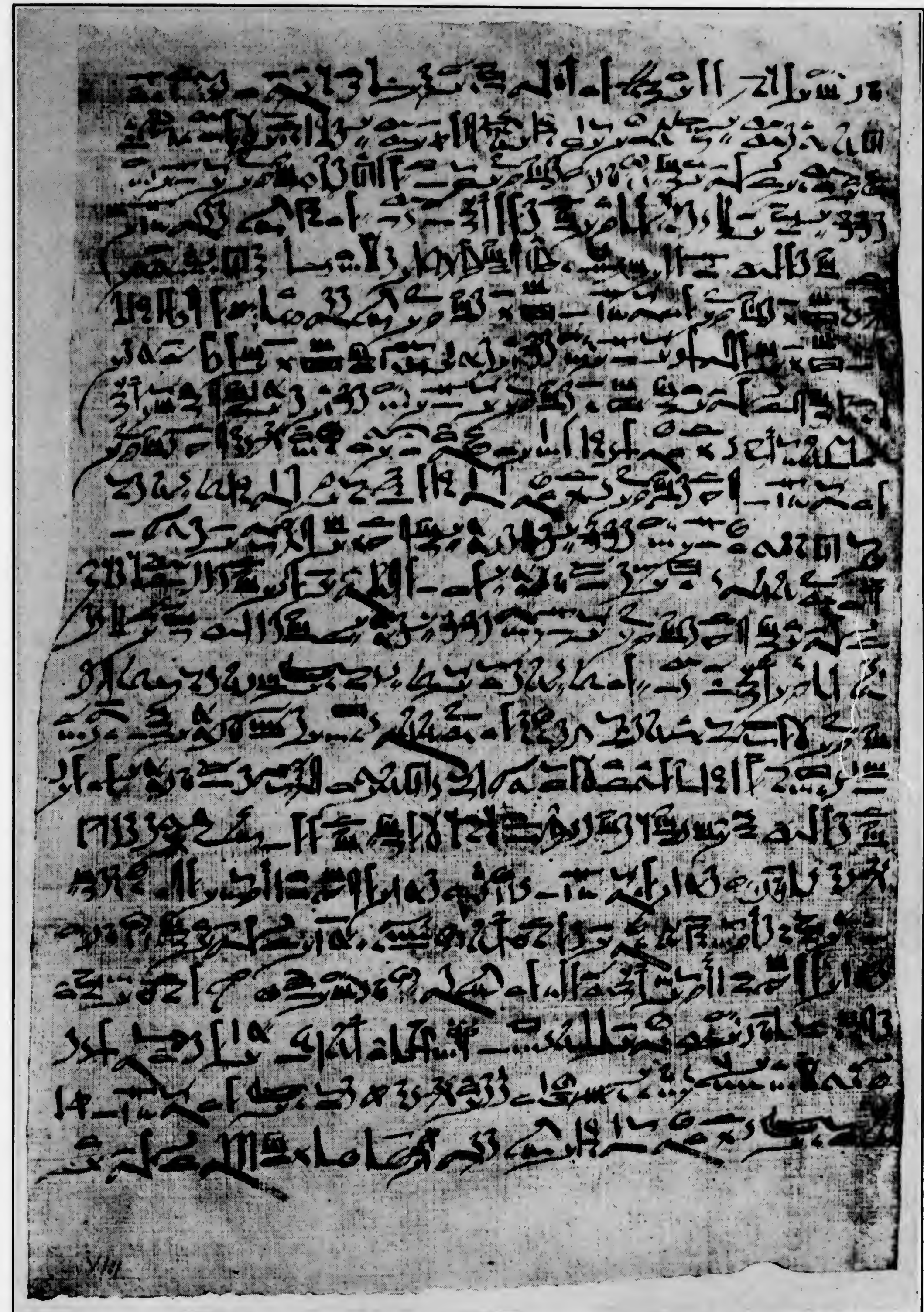
THE OLDEST MEDICAL BOOK IN THE WORLD, DATING BACK TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY B. C.

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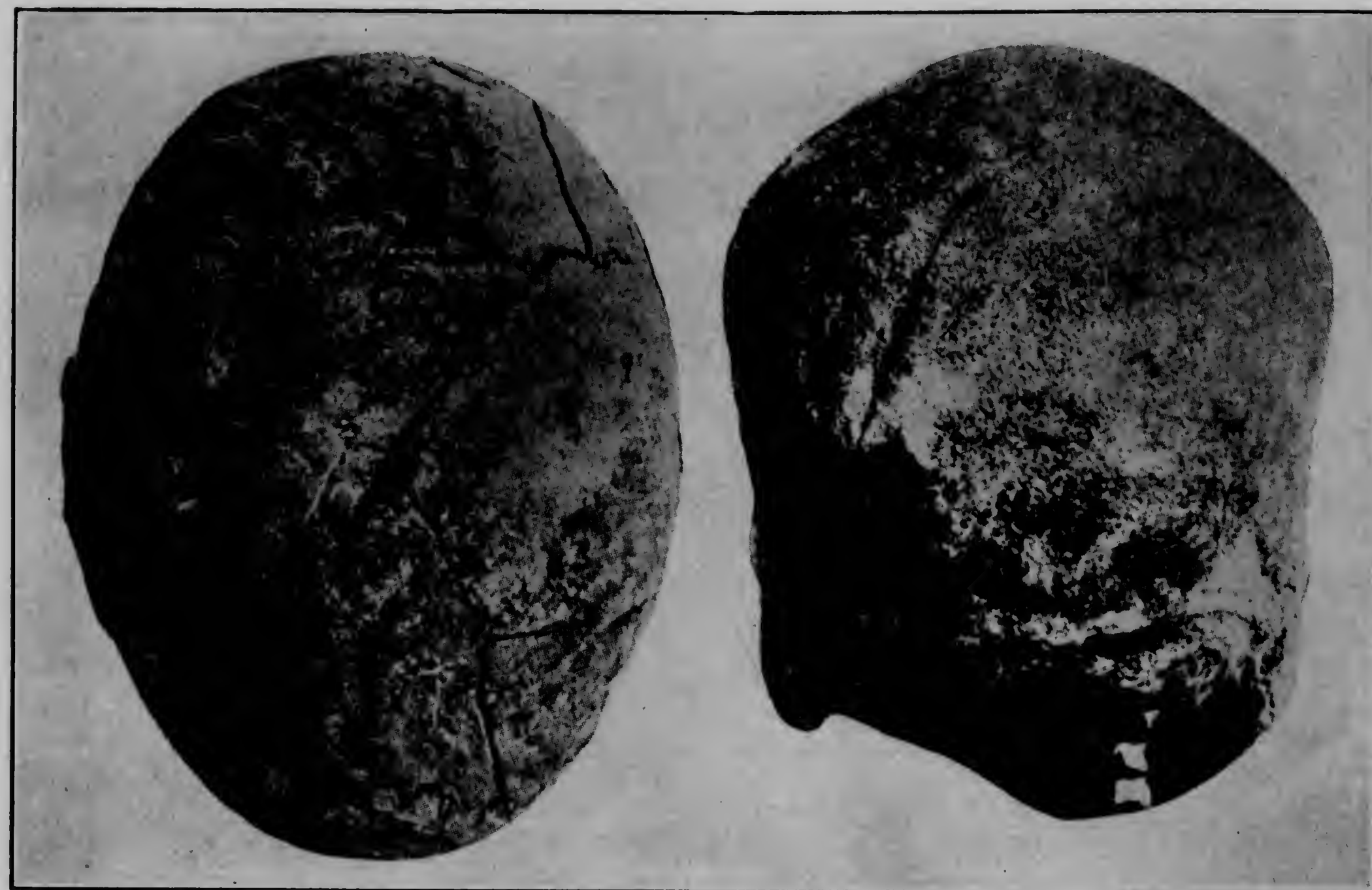
Yet what it means is this: that the ideal—the creation of the mind—is in this case for all practical purposes identical with the real. In modern physics the strongly contrasted philosophical doctrines of realism and idealism merge into a common pragmatism. We build a hypothesis which seems best to satisfy our longings for logical completeness and then we act toward our hypothesis as if it were reality, because it works. This is a very sensible attitude, yet, as has been pointed out earlier in this article, we must never forget that this reality is of necessity a transient one. New facts render old hypotheses untenable—the old reality yields to new reality and so science progresses. More and more it becomes clear that the true reality is but the ideal with which we have become so familiar as to believe in it and have faith in it.

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A PAGE OF THE EDWIN SMITH PAPYRUS
THE OLDEST MEDICAL BOOK IN THE WORLD, DATING BACK TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY B. C.

Retake of Preceding Frame



EGYPTIAN SKULLS

(LEFT) SHOWING SWORD CUTS WHICH MUST HAVE PROVED IMMEDIATELY FATAL AND WHICH THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SURGEON, AUTHOR OF THE SMITH PAPYRUS, WOULD HAVE DISMISSED WITH HIS "VERDICT NO. 3—A CASE I WILL NOT TREAT."

(RIGHT) THOUGH ITS OWNER SUFFERED A SEVERE SWORD CUT, THE SKULL DISCLOSES EVIDENCES TO THE MEDICAL EXAMINER OF HAVING BEEN TREATED ALONG THE SURGICAL LINES LAID DOWN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SMITH PAPYRUS. THE PATIENT SURVIVED, ACCORDING TO G. ELLIOT SMITH AND F. WOOD JONES, BRITISH ARCHEOLOGISTS, WHO STUDIED THE EFFECTS OF ANCIENT SURGICAL PRACTICES ON HUNDREDS OF MUMMIES.

that "when rending open the brain" in a compound comminuted fracture of the skull "the membrane or skin enveloping the brain which is rent breaks open his fluid in the interior of his head."

This, said Professor Breasted, is the earliest known reference in medical history to the meningeal membrane.

Again, this old papyrus makes the earliest observation showing that the brain is the center of nervous control. The Egyptian surgeon in his practice had noticed that injuries to the skull and brain result in disturbing the normal control of various parts of the body, even as far away as the feet.

The most remarkable observation in his text-book is made in connection with still another case of compound, com-

minuted fracture of the skull which, however, displays no visible external contusion. Here the surgeon makes the following notes in his picturesque, though strictly scientific, observations:

His eye is askew because of it, on the side of him having that injury which is in his skull; he walks shuffling with his sole, on the side of him having that injury which is in his skull.

To Professor Breasted the repetition of the word "that injury" suggests that the surgeon is calling attention to the fact of the fact of the effects of an injury in a situation which may be distant from the place of the observed effect.

"Much more remarkable," says Professor Breasted, "is the repetition of the detail 'on the side of him having that

injury which is in his skull," "showing that the surgeon was aware of the relationship between the side of the brain which has suffered and the side of the body which is affected by the brain injury. The fact that he distinctly specifies in both cases on which side the affected foot and eye are with reference to the injured side of the brain is highly significant, and indicates that he has already discerned the localization of control in the brain.

On the other hand, there is no effort on the part of the ancient writer to correlate these evidences of a nervous system centering in the brain with similar defects arising from injuries of the vertebrae, and he does not attempt to discuss the loss of speech ensuing from the crushing of the cervicle vertebrae case examination.

Professor Breasted adds:

Indeed, the Edwin Smith Papyrus discloses no word for "nerves" and there is no indication in any of the Egyptian documents that such a designation existed at this remote stage of scientific knowledge of the human body.

The papyrus reveals to us an ancient Egyptian surgeon in contrast with the physician; with the ability to observe, draw conclusions and thus, within the limitations of his age, to maintain a scientific attitude of mind.

Whereas the physician of that day dealt with the majority of human ills as being of a demoniac origin and sought treatment for them in incantations and other magical formulas, the surgeon went about his work scientifically, the papyrus reveals. It differs strikingly from all the other known Egyptian medical books, such as the Papyrus Ebers and the Papyrus Hearst, in that it is not a list of recipes but an orderly arrangement of cases.

Systematically arranged, the material reveals an attitude approaching that of a modern-day scientist. Its cases are very largely injuries, such as sword cuts in the skull, bone fractures and contusions, resulting probably from injuries

suffered in erection of those great monuments which gave Egypt the first place in architecture.

As these are due to physical causes quite clear to the surgeon-physician, they obviously had no connection for him with the activities of malignant demons of disease. Injuries, therefore, caused by intelligible physical agencies formed a realm not readily invaded by magical powers—a realm, as Dr. Breasted remarks, "in which the Egyptian physician gathered the observable facts of anatomy, physiology, surgery and therapeutics quite unbiased by his inherited tradition regarding the demoniacal causes of disease, and we have the mind of the ancient Egyptian revealed to us here as interested in the observable facts of science for their own sake."

The ancient author was a frank though cautious doctor with a seemingly high regard for medical ethics, who divided his diagnosis into three groups according to the seriousness of the ailment or injuries he might be asked to treat. He naïvely grouped them as follows:

- 1—An ailment which I will treat.
- 2—An ailment I will contend with.
- 3—An ailment not to be treated.

In sixteen out of the fifty-six physical examinations listed in the papyrus, the surgeon omits all suggestion of treatment. In twelve of the sixteen instances the unfavorable verdict number three is appended.

The author of the papyrus in his arrangement of cases evidently intended to pass from the trifling to the more serious or fatal cases. He begins with slight superficial injuries involving only the overlying soft tissues and then proceeds gradually to more serious injuries affecting the underlying bone.

Thus in the first section of the treatise is the case of a superficial scalp wound. Case number two is a more gaping cut

but, like number one, leaves the bone uninjured. Case number three, however, begins a series of deeper wounds affecting the skull. Case number four a compound fracture of the skull, number five a compound comminuted fracture. Case number six is the same as number five with the addition of a rupture of the meningeal membranes. Cases number seven, eight and nine are similar but fatal injuries to the skull.

Mechanical appliances and processes, on which the ancient surgeon relied, appear for the first time in the literature of medicine in the Smith Papyrus. Among them are lint made from a vegetable tissue and frequently applied both as a vehicle for the medicaments externally used, and as an absorbent of blood secretions. Plugs or swabs of linen, usually in pairs, and bandages made of linen and manufactured for surgical use by embalmers are listed and named as "coverings for physicians' uses." Medicaments applied externally were almost always bandaged on.

Adhesive plaster made of strips of linen, always in pairs, applied transversely "to the two lips of the gaping wound to cause that one join to the other" are called "2'wy of linen." Several references are made to surgical stitching.

"Thou shouldst draw together for him the gash with stitching," one of the passages reads. The word used to designate "stitching," or the verb "to stitch," is "ydr," in contrast to the term for adhesive plaster and stitching, "ndry," meaning "to draw together."

Cauterization is suggested in only one case, in the treatment of an unidentified tumor on the breast, and the instrument employed is called "a fire stick," probably the fire drill used by the Egyptians for kindling fires.

Three different kinds of splints were known to the old surgeon, according to the papyrus.

One defined as a "brace of wood padded with linen," is called a "md't of wood," for insertion in the mouth of a patient suffering with constriction of the ligaments controlling the mandible, and according to Dr. Breasted, suggests tetanus or lock-jaw. The surgeon ordered it applied to hold the mouth open and permit feeding with liquid food.

A second kind of splint was ordered for application to two fractures of the humerus and from the description may have been the forerunner of the modern surgical cast.

A stiff roll of linen was ordered as a third kind of splint in the treatment of a fractured nose.

Supports for maintaining a patient upright in bed are prescribed, and from the word used in describing them it would seem that they were made of adobe or sun-dried brick, probably made to fit the body of the patient.

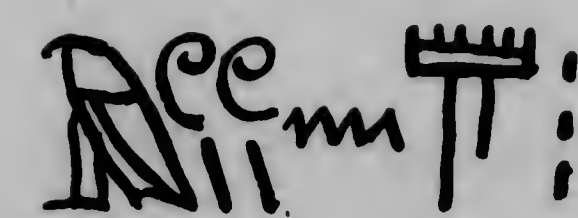
The effective methods of the Egyptian surgeon in the use of such splints is also shown by Dr. G. Elliot Smith's examinations of more than a hundred fractures of the forearm in mummies among which he found only one that had failed to unite.

"In spite of the fact that a certain proportion of the cases of fracture (always due to direct violence) must have been compound," Dr. Smith remarks, that "only one shows any sign of suppuration having occurred."

The surgeon was evidently at a loss regarding the immediate mechanical manipulation of a serious fracture of the skull, but he recognized the importance of quiet, combined with a sitting posture maintained by the adobe piers, of normal diet, but with no binding of the injury and no medicine.

It would seem from the discussion of the case in the papyrus that no direct manipulation of the wound was attempted, and Dr. Smith in his mummy examinations declared that none of the

Fig. 1.



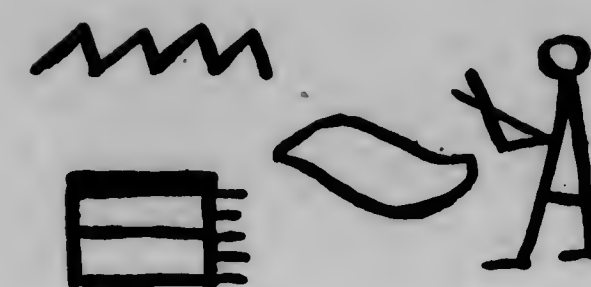
"two" -wy of linen

Fig. 2.



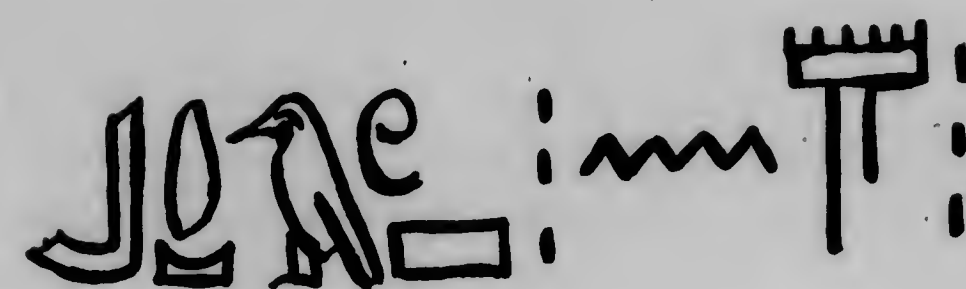
ydr (adhesive tape.)

Fig. 3.



ndry (to draw together)

Fig. 4.



md't (splints padded with linen)

surviving bodies "shows any indication that the process of trepanning was practiced by ancient Egyptian surgeons."

"It is an interesting fact," Dr. Breasted remarks, "that in our ancient treatise there is a sharp distinction between such mechanical and surgical manipulations and the treatment with medicaments."

In nearly all cases of injury the surgeon is charged to probe the wound, a process carried out with the fingers in most instances and in some instances "with a swab of linen." Attention is called to the pain which this probing produces: "both his eyebrows are drawn and his face is as if he wept."

A detailed treatment for a dislocated jaw bone, or rather its examination, is given in one instance:

"Thou shouldst put thy thumb upon the ends of the rami of the mandible in the inside of his mouth, and thy two claws (two groups of four fingers) un-

der his chin and thou shouldst cause them to fall back so they rest in their places."

Thus the ancient Egyptian practitioner was inclined to include some things in the examination which a modern surgeon would readily classify as treatment. On the other hand, he includes in the proper treatment the use or application of medicaments and recipes, the characteristic agencies of the physician. He, therefore, placed the operation in the great majority of cases in the examination and reserved for his treatment the use of alleviatory and curative external medicaments, the recipes for which are so abundantly found in all the other medical documents in old Egypt. Here is the sharp distinction between the surgeon, on one hand, and the physician on the other.

In the treatment of a compound comminuted fracture of the frontal bone the surgeon-author has culled the only

magical treatment in his book of surgery and external medicine.

"It is a well known fact," remarks Professor Breasted, "that even in the mind of a modern man otherwise rational and scientific there may be found lurking surprising manifestations of superstitions. Undoubtedly, our surgeon never more than partially escaped the current superstitions of his age, even those which ran counter to his general attitude toward his craft or as in the treatment of the above case, to the rational views which he usually held."

In the therapeutic measures which the surgeon combined with his purely surgical procedures he is for the most part in an archaic age, suggesting so pointedly that his surgery is far in advance of his medicine.

In all the treatable cases he follows up his surgery with medicaments, although they are for the most part primitive in character. His favorite remedy, for instance, was fresh raw meat bound on to the wound on the first day, but no longer, and usually followed by a daily application of lint saturated with oil and honey. One of his remedies has thus far remained a mystery. It was the imru (ymrw) which, mixed with honey, he applied in cases of great soreness of the tissues. Imru is believed to have been a mineral.

While the general content of his materia medica would not commend itself to modern surgery it is of interest to know that in the case of an infected necrotic wound in the breast he prescribed the earliest known external application of salicin in the form of a decoction of willow (*salix*) leaves. Probably his ancestors were taught by experience centuries earlier the anti-septic effect of its use.

Another application he used for allaying inflammation contained dung, and was probably ammoniacal. His astringent application in this case, after he had reduced the inflammation, was a

solution containing copper and sodium salts.

In two cases at least he made a more extensive use of his pharmacopoeia. In case forty-one, an infected wound in the breast, this old surgeon prescribed a cooling application consisting of a decoction of willow bark; an astringent application of a solution containing copper and sodium salts as well as poultices of unidentified herbs. In the case of a prominent abscess in the breast he prescribes "two cooling applications, the second containing mason's mortar; a solution for allaying inflammation made of sycamore leaves, acacia leaves and ox-dung; an astringent solution containing copper and sodium salts and a poultice of herbs."

The surgical student, for whom this book seems to have been compiled, was instructed carefully to watch for signs of paralysis:

"Instructions in regard to treatment of the perforation of the temporal bone: If thou findest that man to be silent, and he does not speak, thou shouldst soften his head with grease, pour (an unidentified medicament) into his ears: He may put his hands to his eyes but not realize that he is doing it."

A test for paralysis often repeated in the text is:

"Tell thy patient to look over his right and over his left shoulder and at his breast, if he is able to do so."

In fact, one is led to believe that this manuscript may have been a text-book in that first college of medicine in the history of the world—The Hall of the House of Life, which King Darius I of Persia had Uzahor-resenet restore.

In the sixth century B. C. under the patronage of Darius, whom Professor Breasted characterizes as "the greatest and most enlightened administrator of the early world before the rise of the Romans," was Uzahor-resenet, an Egyptian ecclesiastic, a high priest of the Goddess Neith at her temple in the

Delta city of Sais. This priestly aristocrat's statue, now in the Vatican at Rome, carried an inscription which says:

His Majesty King Darius commanded me to come to Egypt while His Majesty was in Elam as Great King of every country and Chief Prince of Egypt, in order to establish the Hall of the House of Life.

I did as His Majesty had commanded me. I equipped them with all their students from among sons of men of consequence, no sons of the poor were among them. I placed them under the hand of every wise man for all their work—I equipped them with all their needs, with all their instruments, which were in the writing, according to what was in them aforetime.

His Majesty did this because he knew the value of this art in order to save the life of every one having sickness.

Professor Breasted believes that the term "Hall of the House of Life" was an old one applied to archive chambers, libraries and the like, and probably refers to such a place rather than to a hospital. He adds:

In this remarkable inscription (on Uzahor-resenet's statue) we find the earliest known mention of a medical school as a royal foundation. It is important to note that this Egyptian medical school at Sais was not being founded for the first time, but was being restored as the surviving old writings in Uzahor-resenet's hands showed him it had been "aforetime."

We note with interest that the medical students of the sixth century B. C. in Egypt were selected from families of good social station, and that, as the last lines show, these young physicians were evidently also priests in the temple of the Goddess. Indeed the High Priest himself, Uzahor-resenet, bore the title "Chief Physician." Among the branches of instruction the reference to "instruments" shows us that surgery was included.

Among these highly civilized cities of the Nile Delta, the first large cities the Greeks had ever seen, the Macedonian kings of Egypt set up their enlightened scientific foundations at Alexandria. We see now that in medicine at least Darius had anticipated them. The important point to note is the fact that the support of old Egyptian medical instruction was continued by the Persians after their conquest of Egypt (525 B. C.). When, two centuries later,

the Alexandrian physicians began to enjoy the princely support of the Ptolemies, they found themselves among the surviving native Egyptian medical schools and medical libraries of the Delta, when such contacts and influences as we have suggested could hardly have been escaped.

The ancient history of the Smith Papyrus as a whole, says Professor Breasted, illustrates the hazards which beset such records and their meager prospects of survival.

"It is now, without doubt," he adds, "thousands of years since the original copies of this surgical treatise, as penned by the hand of the nameless author himself, probably nearly 5,000 years ago, has disappeared or been destroyed. A copy survived the fall of the old kingdom 3000-2500 B. C. and its successive copies survived the fall of the middle kingdom, in the early eighteenth century B. C. and the advent of the Hyksos."

Professor Breasted believes that it was at this time, when upper Egypt was striving to throw off the foreign yoke of the Hyksos, a Theban scribe copied the ancient treatise on surgery which in content was then probably over a thousand years old.

Professor Breasted writes in his introduction to the translation:

It was as if a man to-day sat down to copy a manuscript written in the reign of Charlemagne, full of old words and archaic terms of speech.

The scribe was master of a stately and beautiful book hand, but he was totally ignorant of medicine, and when confronted with some highly specialized picture-sign, like that of the hewn mandible, he completely lost his ready command of his graceful and running form and awkwardly smeared together a blotted and angular picture.

He was excessively inaccurate, but occasionally noticed and corrected his errors—in one case placing an omitted word in the margin and calling attention to it by a cross, the earliest known asterisk in the history of book-making. He may have been an employe on the staff of some ancient copyist's office. In any case when he had copied the old treatise on surgery from

the beginning (the human head) down to the thorax and the spine he stopped in the middle of a case, in the middle of a line, in the middle of a sentence, and leaving the end of the long roll bare of all writing for some space, he turned it over and copied on the unwritten back a series of incantations against pestilence, to which he added three recipes, one for female troubles and two for improving the complexion. It is possible that the first purchaser, some local Theban practitioner who saw the unfinished treatise on surgery, ordered the scribe to stop and to copy for him this unsavory magical hodge-podge on the back.

Eventually this unknown owner probably handed on the roll to some later worthy in the same craft. The last owner was much attracted by a roll containing a recipe for "transforming an old man into a youth," and he, or some scribe for him, took pains to copy this at the end of the older material collected by his predecessors.

Meantime much handling and daily use of the document had frayed the beginning of the roll and at least one column of the fine old Book of Surgery containing the title of the book (with perhaps the name of the author) and the beginning of the first case dropped off in tatters.

When at last the village quack himself fell sick and found his art unable to exorcise the demons of disease, his surviving relatives doubtless carried him up and laid him away in a

rock tomb in the great Theban cemetery. Luckily for us, they seem to have laid his roll in his coffin with him; for it is hardly likely to have survived in any other conceivable place. There in his tomb it reposed in perfect safety throughout a vast sweep of human history for some three and a half millennia, from the migrations of the Hebrew patriarchs and the prehistoric wanderings of the Greek barbarians to the American Civil War.

The modern descendants of the old Egyptian quack, searching the tombs for salable plunder, probably found the roll beside the body of their Theban ancestor and saw in it prospects of gain. Unfortunately, however, our information on this point is not conclusive.

The modern vandals stripped off the tatters of papyrus still hanging on the outside, to make it look more "ship-shape." After selling this roll to Mr. Edwin Smith in January, 1862, they patched up another out of indiscriminate rubbish and gave it the appearance of a papyrus roll by wrapping it and gluing in place the tattered fragments which they had stripped off the genuine roll. Two months after the first sale they put this dummy roll also on the market and sold it, likewise to Mr. Smith. Detecting the fraud, Mr. Smith recognized and rescued the new fragments of the precious medical book, thus recovering for science an extraordinary, even though fragmentary, discussion of the heart and its system of canals.

MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE INDIAN.

PRACTICE OF MEDICINE AMONG THE WINNEBAGOES.

TURKEY RIVER SUB-AGENCY, IOWA, *April 1st, 1848.*

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note, requesting a reply to the following queries, viz.:

“1.—What are the diseases of this climate, and what are the diseases to which the Winnebago Indians are most subject?”

“2.—What is the state of medical practice among them?”

“3.—What is the state of their materia medica?”

In reply to the first query, I would say the Indians are subject to all, and the same diseases that affect the whites.

During the summer and autumnal months, bilious diseases predominate; in fact, cases are rarely met in which the liver and spleen do not participate. The febrile diseases are of a remittent or intermittent type. Continued fevers are rarely met, except in cases where the former have been neglected, or injudiciously treated. Typhus fever, as a primary disease, is never seen. There is a greater tendency to gastro-enteritis in fevers of this climate than is usually found in a more southern latitude.

During the winter and spring months, the diseases are generally of a highly inflammatory type. The most common are bilious pneumonia, pneumonia, pleuritis, bronchitis, tonsillitis, otitis, and odontalgia.

Of the above, bilious pneumonia is the most frequent, and by far the most fatal disease among the Indians.

2. As regards the practice of medicine amongst them, it is a compound of superstition and ignorance. They are totally ignorant of the pathology of disease, and equally so of its treatment. They have no knowledge of anatomy, nor any correct idea of the circulation of the blood; the maximum of their knowledge on this point is that the blood runs in certain channels—arterial and venous: circulation is with them the same thing.

“Medicine-men” are numerous among them, and each has his secret universal panacea for all the diseases “that flesh is heir to.” So far as I have been able to observe, their medicines are of a mild character, the poisons being excluded as being the work of the Evil Spirit in an attempt to imitate the Good Spirit, who created the different fruits and grasses for the use of the Indians. Their remedies are exhibited with but little reference to disease or the particular stages of the same.

The hot or vapor bath and the cold bath or cold affusions, and frequent blood-letting, are the most powerful remedial agents in use. These powers are resorted to in every disease attended with inward heat of the surface; and the latter is an almost universal remedy. The flint is used as the instrument for bleeding: a small scale is broken off and tied to the end of a stick, and used as farmers use the lance in bleeding horses.

The vapor bath is prepared by covering a small lodge with blankets, in which the patient is placed; heated rocks are placed near him, on which water is poured, immediately generating any required amount of vapor.

The cold bath is some natural stream, or spring, in which the patient is placed in a sitting posture, the water coming up to his chin; or, when such natural bath is inconvenient, from distance, the patient is wrapped in blankets, and cold water poured over him: this is continued according to the pleasure of the operator. This course sometimes has a happy effect in cases of fever, but more generally the effect is congestion of some of the important viscera, or brain.

In some cases of disease, they rely more on propitiatory offerings to the Bad Spirit, and incantations, accompanied with the drum, rattle, and whistle, than on any internal medicine.

Cupping is also a favorite remedy with them. This is performed with a horn of the ox, using the mouth as a suction-pump; the part being first scarified with a flint, or with the point of a knife.

As regards their *materia medica*, but little is known to the whites, as a superstitious mystery envelopes all their actions when attempting to cure the sick. I have been much among them during the last two years, and have carefully observed their remedies, and the effects, and am perfectly satisfied that they have no remedies of any value not known and embraced in the Pharmacopœia of the United States.

Their theory of ague and fever is, that it is the work of the "Bad Spirit;"—that he blows his cold, and after, his hot breath upon them. This may be taken as a fair specimen of their knowledge of the cause of disease. All their sacrifices and propitiatory offerings are made to this spirit. I am not aware that offerings are ever made to Manitou, or the Good Spirit. During seasons of unusual sickness, large amounts of valuable goods are suspended on trees, or poles, in the vicinity of their villages, as offerings to the Evil Spirit. Such was the case during the summer and autumn of 1846. Dogs are a favorite offering.

Their superstitious notions are, however, gradually melting away before the light of civilization; and many of them have now discarded their own "medicine-men," and in all, even the slightest indisposition, call on the government physician for medicine and advice. This is emphatically true, so far as the Agency band is concerned. Observation and experience have convinced them that there is more safety in the doctor of the white man, than their own; and few cases of disease occur in which he is not consulted.

I am, &c.,

F. ANDROS, *Phys. to Winnebago Ind.*

Strange Prescriptions—Ancient and Modern

The More Disgusting the Ingredients Used in the Early Day Dosage the Greater the Supposed Efficacy

DESPITE growing enlightenment in health matters, the public at large still regards the doctor as a miracle worker and his black satchel as a bag of tricks. This belief is not unnatural. Medicine, witchcraft, superstition and magic have been so intertwined since before Christ, when early physicians brewed their concoctions on the banks of the Nile, that curious beliefs and prescriptions are to be expected. Many odd remedies of the past are analogous to some still in use.

The Arabians claimed that a mad dog's head, when burnt, reduced to ashes and kneaded in vinegar, cured rabies in the dog's victim. Today in certain isolated country communities, croup is supposed to be cured by taking the patient's undershirt, burning it, and making tea of the ashes. Time, geography and race separate these two remedies, yet they are not greatly unlike.

Ancient Prescriptions

A feeling has always persisted among the laity that the worse tasting the prescription, the greater its efficacy. This superstition probably originated in ancient China where the saying went: "Medicine must stir up a commotion in a patient or that patient is not cured." It is conceivable that considerable commotion must have been set up by some of the remedies ordered.

A strong stomach and a sense of humor are essential before even reading them. We are told, believe it or not, that toads' eyelids were considered an excellent remedy for coryza. Earthworms and honey were recommended for gastritis, while centipedes, always more or less juicy, were in great favor for the treatment of children's diseases.

The farther back one delves, the more nauseating the remedies. In Egypt, for instance, fly specks were collected and mixed with plant juices to keep the babies from crying—a

preparation that should have effectively shut them up for ever more. Another well known and frequently quoted prescription was one compounded of lizard's blood, putrid meat, excreta of animals and goose grease (which was early discovered and recognized as an exceedingly valuable base). A royal cosmetic of about the same era consisted of equal parts of greyhounds' heels, date blossoms and asses' hoofs boiled in oil.

Baldness was also treated as far back as this era and though the remedy seems far-fetched, it is not, after all, more ridiculous than some of the extravagant cures advertised today. The Apollos of King Tut's time paid the priests real money to mix, in equal parts, portions of the crocodile, snake, cat, ibex, hippopotamus and horse. Not long after Pocahontas and Captain John Smith were finding stars in one another's eyes, the gallants of the period were smearing their heads with bear's grease and grape-vine sap in order to make the hair grow. In general, the older the prescriptions the greater the number of ingredients, the rule apparently being that if everything possible was employed at least some of the items might effect a cure.



A Persian doctor compounding cough syrup in the 13th Century

Three and even five dozen or more ingredients in one prescription were not considered unusual.

Prescriptions of Crushed Jewels

Many of our most curious prescriptions have been given us by royal dabblers in pharmacy. Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth are perhaps the best known of these. Henry had a penchant for mixing crushed stones with various ingredients. Indeed, one of his simplest remedies consisted of pulverized pearls and guaicum wood. Elizabeth seemed to favor combinations of myrrh, musk and every sweet-smelling drug of which she had ever heard. When she had concocted this sickeningly perfumed preparation, she labelled

it to meet the exigencies of any diseases that struck her fancy and despatched it to her ailing friends in costly receptacles.

Prescriptions for Toothache and Halitosis

There have been preparations throughout the ages for toothache and halitosis. We may have better ideas now, but at least the scientific men of earlier days went after the trouble, too. Celsus used equal parts of poppy seed, pepper and copper sulphate mixed into a paste with gulbanum to prevent tooth decay. As early as the 2nd Century, A. D., Galen, for whom galenicals are named, employed a similar prescription consisting of black pepper, saffron, opium, carrot seed, aniseed and parsley seed made into a paste and placed in the tooth's cavity. As early as the 16th Century, there are records of a mouth wash containing salt, pyrethrum, nutmeg, mint, ginger, mastic, rosemary and many other ingredients boiled in wine, strained and subjected to percolation.

The first remedy for halitosis, however, is credited to the 17th Century when certain herbs were ground

with common salt. This prescription is still good as dentists today prescribe salt and water for offensive breath.

Charms and Amulets

Charms and amulets of all kinds have been employed throughout the ages. Witchcraft is by no means dead in the human breast. In all parts of the country curious objects are still sought and treasured as charms. The Egyptians wore many sacred amulets. Every race has had fetishes of some kind, even the American Indian.

One of the most celebrated of historical charms against disease was the Abracadabra, used in Rome shortly following Galen's time. ABRA is said to come from the initial letters of the Hebrew words for Father, Son and Holy Spirit. CAD is supposed to represent initial letters of the Greek name for the Trinity. The whole word was written on parchment, repeated in lines, rolled in a scroll and worn to ward off disease and bring luck. Bits of crusaders' bones, fragments of cloth from the gowns of holy personages, have always been in demand. Belief is powerful. Today India's great river, the Ganges, is used for bathing purposes, for carrying off portions of corpses which the burning ghats do not entirely destroy, for laundry work, and for washing away refuse. It is muddy at times and not altogether prepossessing in appearance; yet its water is collected in bottles and carried hither and yon to cure the sick. The waters from the River Jordan are also considered to have miraculous healing effects.

A much discussed amulet was originated in Spain about 1113. It was called a bezoar stone. This was found in the intestinal tracts of herbivorous animals and was partly organic and partly mineral. The name, we are told, means "expeller of poisons" and the stone was so used. We are further assured that this stone was officially described and admitted to the first London Pharmacopoea. Not only was



QUEEN ELIZABETH
A dabbler in exotic prescriptions

it worn about the neck, but it was also pulverized and taken internally. Great prices were paid for these stones, and when they were unprocurable during plagues and epidemics, their fortunate owners added to their worldly goods by renting them.

The alectorian stone, found in the stomachs of cocks, was also given publicity as a desirable amulet since it assured the possessor not only health and strength, wealth and bravery, but was also supposed to



In the land where the asafetida bag is still worn

prevent and assuage thirst. The toadstone—a fossil fish-tooth—was worn on the finger to give warning of poisoning, which it did by changing color.

Pieces of hair cut from the head of a posthumous child have always been prized in certain sections of America as bringing health and riches if worn about the neck. The asafetida bag is likewise much worn in country communities. It is supposed to ward off "the itch" and other undesirable ailments which it doubtless does by keeping at a proper distance any persons suffering with "somethin' ketchin'." The odor is unpleasant to most people, though fish appreciate it and will bite with greater frequency, not to say avidity, if some of the drug is rubbed on the fly or line.

In the same localities addicted to the asafetida bag, a woolen string is wound about the neck to ward off nose-bleed, the horse chestnut is carried in the pocket to prevent the ravages of rheumatism, and a rusty nail is a talisman against lockjaw.

Cures for Warts

Sometimes there are many superstitious cures for the same trouble. Warts, for example, have been a splendid target for backwoods medical witchcraft. A black thread tightly tied around a wart with the proper incantation pronounced will leave the hand in lily-white condition. A hair from a violin bow used with an incantation is likewise said to be effective. The skeptical explain this by saying that constriction or shutting off the blood supply offers the necessary magic. The believers say simply and with all assurance, "It's so." Mark Twain gives us several cures for warts. His characters advocate stump-water, incantations and black cats swung by the tail in cemeteries at midnight. This superstition is quite ancient and reverts to a still older belief that warts decrease in size and number with the waning of the moon. In

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According to the tablets of Ashurbanipal's library, doctors' fees and penalties were fixed by law.

Doctors' Fees

Professional Compensation Has Long Been A Subject of Wide Interest

NO DOCTOR ever receives in cash sufficient compensation for actual calls made or for thought, time and skill employed in the average case. Gratitude, likewise, is seldom a part of his compensation, for even if he saves a life after weeks of battling for it, the average family feels, though the thought is not always voiced, that the rescue should have been accomplished in two weeks or that the patient would have recovered anyhow. It is necessary, then, to call each case experience and consider the real fee the satisfaction of doing one's best. Otherwise the physician would be in the red in his books and in the blue in his thoughts.

Curiously enough human nature has changed not a whit in three thousand years and affairs not only might be, but have been worse. The position of the Assyrian physician in 2080 B. C., for example, was somewhat precarious. If we believe tablets found in Ashurbanipal's library at Nineveh, we learn that in the centuries preceding the last Assyrian kings, the doctor not only had his fees fixed by law, but also the penalties for malpractice. There is actual record that the physician was given ten shekels of silver for operating

with a bronze lancet and saving a man's life or successfully opening an abscess of the eye. For the same attention to a freedman, five shekels of silver were deemed sufficient while the owner of a slave paid only two shekels for the same work. If, however, the physician's operation cost the life of his patient, or destroyed his eyesight, the doctor's hand was unceremoniously chopped off. Where a slave died as a result of the physician's ministrations, it was necessary for the medical man to substitute a slave of equal value. If the slave's eyesight was destroyed through the doctor's fault, the surgeon was forced to give the owner half the slave's price in silver. The law seems rather unjust, but undoubtedly it inspired the doctor with great care!

Today medical men eschew public offices if possible because they are underpaid and few doctors are willing to resort to graft. In olden days, the situation was different. Doctors in both Greece and Rome were extended many privileges, no taxes and the salaries paid were large for the era. We are told that Democedes, public physician in Aegina, Athens and Samos in succession received \$1,200, \$2,030 and \$2,800 a year at a time when salaries were low and

the purchasing power of money extremely high.

It is interesting to compare with these amounts the figures offered by the Harvard Medical School as total sums earned by its graduates during a check-up in 1901 and in 1910. In 1901, graduates earned in their first year after leaving medical school an average of \$866. In 1910, an average of \$1,237 was reported for the same period. Oddly enough, in both 1901 and 1910, the second year showed a falling off, the average for one being \$827 and for the other \$1,083. The third year indicated \$1,181 for 1901 and \$1,573 for 1910 which would lead us to suppose that fees were improving in size by 1910. This seems substantiated by \$1,505 in the fourth year of the 1901 census as against \$1,835 for the same period in 1910. According to the figures of both check-ups the average doctor had to work twelve years before his earnings were in the neighborhood of \$5,000 a year! These of course are returns to questions put by only one medical school, but they are more or less significant. Of course there are always exceptions. Earnings in any profession vary. This is particularly true for the doctor. A great deal de-

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When a garden is out of the question effective results may be obtained from borders arranged so that one species is coming into bloom when another is fading

The Medical Value of Flowers

Even One-pot Gardens Are a Restorative Factor In Care of the Sick

THE late W. S. Halsted, for many years chief surgeon of Johns Hopkins and one of the most quoted authorities on surgical matters, was an ardent believer in flower culture as a restorative factor not only for invalids, but also for sufferers from mental exertion. Dr. Halsted put his own theory into practice at High Hampton, his century-old country estate in western North Carolina, inherited by Mrs. Halsted from General Wade Hampton, the original owner.

High Hampton Dahlias

Here Dr. Halsted went after each strenuous winter in Baltimore and, in sight of grim Whiteside and Chimney Top, gained new vigor by experimenting on eight acres of dahlias imported from Holland. Occasionally he retained a special variety such as the lovely lemon-yellow *Cesar* or the lavender-pink *Mrs. Roosevelt*, so admirable for cutting and so irresistible when combined with the sweet-smelling budlea, but

in general the same varieties were never grown twice, part of the doctor's pleasure being to discover what magic would sprout from an ordinary brown tuber. Many of these aristocratic dahlia bushes grew six feet high with a hundred blossoms on each. Sometimes, however, the doctor was interested in size and grew individual dahlia flowers as large as a dinner plate.



Sometimes Dr. Halsted grew individual dahlia flowers as large as a dinner plate

was a person to its owner. Though the shrubs were all carefully tagged, Dr. Halsted disdained to consult the memory joggers and ceremoniously referred to each by its name, no matter how foreign or jaw-breaking that might be.

"I obtain," said the doctor, "more strength from one week pulling off dead dahlia leaves than from three weeks at an European Spa."

He did not explain that sunshine is now considered a regular food containing Vitamin D, so essential to the well-being of sick and well alike, but he did stress the desirability of first hand study of horticulture as an aid to mentally depressed patients, cripples and nervous or invalid children.

Nerves are Soothed by Flowers

"There is no doubt," he pointed out on his last visit to High Hampton, "that the instructors in occupational therapy are right in their theory that strength is received from working in the soil. Also, the patient is stimulated

by having a definite object to look forward to, such as the flowering of planted seeds. The quiet beauty of growing flowers cannot help but soothe unsettled nerves. The combination of mental and manual movements is of greatest service and where there is a possibility of commercial returns a brighter outlook on life is naturally encouraged. My work is surgical and confined to the hospital; but if I were a general practitioner, I should most assuredly emphasize flower cultivation whenever I was confronted by a difficult or tedious case."

The doctor did not state that many of his charity cases, after coming out of ether, opened their eyes upon a large box of the most gorgeous flowers in as many varieties obtainable and that the box bore a card with his name.

"A garden is a relative affair," he continued. "It may be one pot, one room, a yard corner, an acre or several hundred." His eyes swept over his 2,200 acre estate.

The One-Pot Garden

"For the one-pot garden there are many bulbs such as hyacinth, Chinese lily and narcissus which grow nicely in a minimum length of time from stones and water. Chinese grandfather plant, Creeping Charlie and a number of other cuttings flourish in a glass of water. Even ivy cuttings begin to give an account of themselves after a few days in water.

"Tulips, lilies-of-the-valley and amaryllis require real soil. Begonias and foliage plants are excellent indoor growers. They expand rapidly from cuttings to handsome plants and are always colorful. Pink and yellow oxalis is another bright, friendly presence and one difficult to kill. Likewise different varieties of sedum make interesting plants if the air is not too dry. Of course moisture-lacking houses are unsuitable to plants, particularly ferns and palms. Curiously enough these are the patients' most common gifts. They seldom thrive because their care is neglected. The care is simple, too. They should never be watered from the top. Instead they should be set in a tub of water for a few hours and allowed to absorb moisture gradually. In this way the roots accept what they can accommodate and the earth does not become sour. Ferns should never be allowed to become dry and should not



Vermine eradicators are made from this stately flower

receive bright sunshine. In their native habitat," the doctor gazed around at some of the wooded spots on his own grounds, "ferns uncurl in the rich soil of deep woods, growing in a heavy leaf mould that never dries out. Obviously this wild home life should be approximated in the domesticated state. When a large fern has done well for a number of years, it may be divided and put into new pots during February when the young growth appears.

"Palms, like ferns, must be adequately shaded and watered; otherwise, the leaves develop unsightly brown patches. They are very slow growing and require no fancy fertilizers, which as a rule are better excluded from all potted plants if the soil is good. Of course room temperature is of great importance in the successful raising of plants. Most of them require a temperature of not over seventy degrees and of course the leaves should be sprinkled or cleansed of dust at least once daily. Otherwise the leaf pores will become choked. When it is necessary to keep the room at seventy degrees or above, palms, ferns, asparagus plumosus, calla, cacti and ficus should be chosen. For rooms of fifty-five or sixty degrees, oleander, myrtle, jasmine, fuchsias, geraniums, hyacinths, amaryllis, pansies, primroses, snowdrops, violets and roses are suitable. It should be remembered that if the soil around plants is kept too wet it becomes sour, if too dry the tender feeding roots die. Pots placed on wet sand or moss is an excellent idea.

The One-Room Garden

"Of course the potted plant room garden may be greatly aided by window boxes. Petunias and nasturtiums are ideal and, when planted on the outside of the boxes, drop over the sides as a vine. Morning glories are naturally rampant climbers and provide luxuriant foliage. Fuchsias do well in eastern exposures if there is not too much sun. Heliotrope requires a southern view while pansies, like artists, thrive in a north light. Geraniums, the great window box standby, are lovely combined with pale lavender ageratum. Pink and white candytuft, blue lobelia, fiery salvia, and the spotted coleus are all showy and hardy. Zinnias and petunias stand the hot sun quite well. The chief fact to be remembered about the window box is the necessity of keeping it well watered, well

drained and the ground occasionally stirred so that it will not bake too dry."

The Outdoor Garden

The doctor stopped to prop up a new dahlia with a long German name. "The outside garden may be very simple," he added, "a patch of dahlias, sweet peas or pansies to cut or sell. Or—it may be a more highly organized and carefully planned affair featuring different species so arranged that one kind is coming into bloom when another is fading. Colorful zinnias, fragile gypsophila, gladioli, bachelor's button, lavender-colored centaurea, touch-me-not in many hues, gorgeous lilies, phlox, portulaca, poppies, delphinium, Japanese iris as magnificent as a mandarin's robes, snapdragons, foxglove, coreopsis, cosmos, columbine and candytuft are always effective against evergreen shrubs such as our rhododendron or mountain laurel with here and there a blue spruce, a bright Japanese maple or the many flowering shrubs such as the hydrangea, the various hollies or even weeds grown to giant size and height under domestic conditions. Lavender-pink Joe Pye weed, butterfly weed, and purple iron weed are three extremely common varieties which give distinction to any garden. The hydrangea, as you may know, has its colors largely controlled by means of

chemicals. When I want to change a pink or white hydrangea to blue, I bring about this magic by adding half a pound of alum to each bushel of soil if the shrub is in a tub. In the open I find that drippings from a rusty drain are more simple and if one hasn't a rusty drain, and who hasn't, the same effect may be secured by mixing iron filings near the roots. The hydrangea, once settled, will bloom forever, but it is sometimes difficult to establish."

The doctor smiled. "Somebody once said that gardening has been pronounced the most refined form of gambling. I presume that is why it is so interesting. If there is a pond," he added, looking to where the rainbow trout were jumping in his lake, "we must not forget the water-lilies which open and close like clockwork nor the Florida hyacinths, such a pest on the St. John's River, but very attractive everywhere else." He stooped to pick a spotted caterpillar from a gorgeous border of pink petunias. "People who own gardens make a great fuss about small, low-growing borders between the turf and the garden proper," he continued. "Sweet alyssum is commonly used, but as the flowers fade quickly the entire top has to be sheared in order to create another bloom. Mayflower verberna, edged with blue lobelia, is a pleasant combination. Ageratum is much used and Armeria

maritima is excellent. Of course these big gardens depend on time and expense. They can run into thousands or cost very little according to the interest and care manifested.

"For children who are too sick or too young for a real garden, there are myriads of flower games. A favorite pastime for little folk is to take a large coarse sponge, cut it to resemble mountains, valleys, and plains, and then plant in various moistened spots of its exterior, red-top, sedum or mustard. Wagons made of nuts, people and houses constructed of carrot slivers add life to the scene. When the sponges begin to get green, they last for several weeks. It may be added that maiden hair and some other ferns thrive successfully in large sponges. Many little invalids can be taught to make circuses from toothpicks and flowers or from toothpicks and garden vegetables. A cucumber is an excellent foundation of a canoe or chariot. All varieties of animals can be constructed from string beans or peas. Lifelike dolls may be achieved from poppies. If fresh ones are taken, the petals may be turned back on the stalk and bound with a spear of grass to form a waist and skirt. Pieces of the stalk are cut off to use for arms while the seedpod forms the head. Catalpa flowers make ideal hats for faces inked on the finger nails." The doctor made a

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Prominent specialists have always claimed that flower culture is a valuable restorative factor for invalids and sufferers from mental exertion

James Craik

Physician and Friend of George Washington

THE year 1732 saw the birth of two men whose lives were to be intermingled for nearly half a century. The "father of his country" was born in Virginia and lived in that colony and state all his life. The other, James Craik, was born far away in Scotland and remained there till he was twenty-one. He had one advantage Washington never had—a university training—and graduated at Edinburgh. Then he set sail for the West Indies, practiced medicine there for a short time, and settled in Virginia.

Settled—the right word? Within a year he left his practice and joined the expedition to the Ohio country, as people vaguely termed the land west of the mountains. There the two young men met and their friendship began. When they returned to Virginia, after warning the French not to encroach on British territory, and after fighting a skirmish and surrendering the little log fort (well named Fort Necessity), they were comrades in arms and close friends.

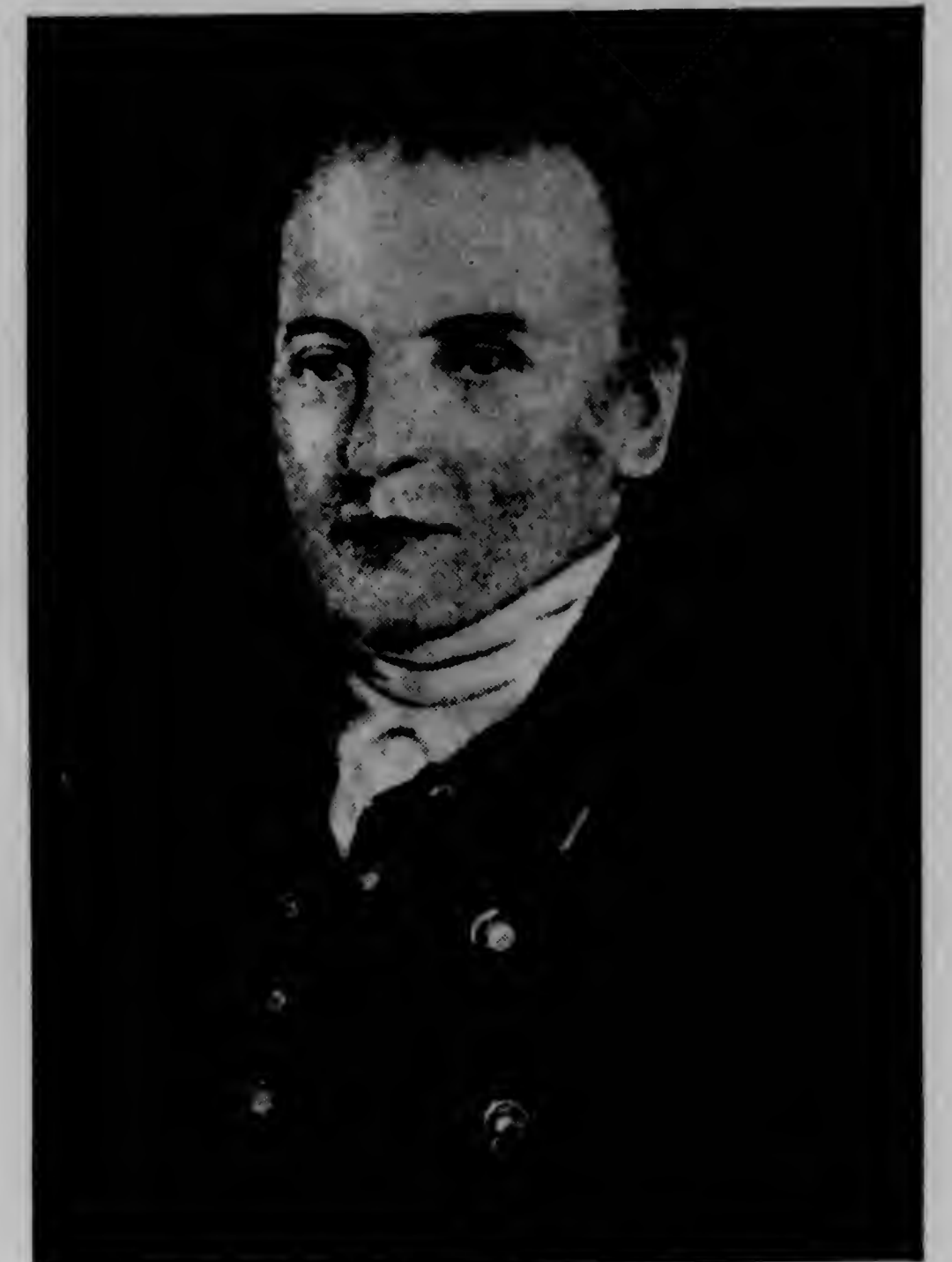
The very next year saw them starting west again, this time with General Braddock. Craik cared for the young aide-de-camp who was down with a fever—so ill that he rode flat on his back on a provision cart—and urged him to take no part in that eventful day when the British marched into an ambush and had to retreat. It was the first time he had been in the saddle since he was stricken with the fever. Washington yielded in one thing and changed his brilliant coat for a neutral-colored hunting shirt, but even so he ran into danger enough—four bullets through his clothes and two horses shot under him. (They used to show at Mount Vernon a relic of that wilderness ambush—his hat with two holes in it.)

Two years and a half of this warfare with French and Indians, plus a constant fight with dysentery and fever, and at the end of 1757 Washington followed Craik's urgent advice and resigned. The doctor was resolved to leave the service, too, and wrote so to his friend, but in the end stayed on to the close of the war.

Washington married and moved to Mount Vernon. Craik lived at Alexandria, only a few miles away. He was an occasional visitor at his friend's estate. And when in 1770 Washington decided to make a western trip to see about the land claims of his old soldiers (their reward for serving against the French), he invited Craik to go along. They started in October and were gone for nine weeks—a long and dangerous journey on horseback, with three servants—one of the doctor's, Billy Lee (the negro who served Washington so long and so faithfully) and a third man. Lee fell ill and Dr. Craik stayed with him while Washington went on ahead to get information.

They followed the old Braddock Road as far as Pittsburgh, then a village of twenty log cabins, and from that point floated down the Ohio River in a dugout. Their party was larger now—an interpreter, a surveyor, two Indians, and several borderers. Busy days they spent—marking rich bottom lands, fishing, hunting. They shot deer and wild turkey, geese and ducks, cooking them over camp fires—the rough, adventurous, frontier life that both men loved.

Along the banks of the river they saw only scattered wigwam villages.



This is supposed to be the only picture of Dr. James Craik

At one place they met an Indian chief who had been with them on that first momentous expedition to the west. In another they talked with redskins who were at Braddock's defeat, and one old man told of aiming his gun at Washington time after time, till at last he decided the Great Spirit must be protecting him, and desisted. Long afterwards Craik would hearten his comrades, in the darkest days of the Revolution, by telling this story.

"That's why I believe so thoroughly in General Washington's destiny. He was invulnerable to Indian bullets. His life was spared for some great purpose. How do I know about that chief? I heard it from his own lips."

The friendship between the two men grew closer and closer. Craik followed Washington's example and took unto himself a wife—Miss Mariane Ewell, a relative of Washington's mother; so that more ties bound them together. At Mount Vernon when the doctor came for a visit, they talked over past events and discussed the possibilities of another war. For to thinking men war with England was coming nearer and nearer.

When it did come and Washington was made commander-in-chief, he remembered his friend and se-

cured for Craik an appointment in the hospital service of what was called the middle district—all the states from the Hudson to the Potomac. The General himself wrote to offer this place, a letter characteristic of him, showing between the lines how deep their friendship was—personally and professionally.

"You know how far you may be benefited or injured by such an appointment, and whether it is advisable or practicable for you to quit your family and practice at this time. I request you, as a friend, that my proposing this matter to you may have no influence upon your acceptance of it. I have no other end in view than to serve you."

Craik accepted, began as assistant director-general for his district, and was before long surgeon-general in the Continental army. It was he who warned Washington of the Conway Cabal and the plot to oust him and put Gates in his place.

When peace came at last and Washington had another long western trip to make, it was again Dr. Craik whom he invited to accompany him. They started with six horses and more baggage than before; indeed they had to hire pack horses once, to relieve their own beasts. They had a tent, camp utensils (which included silver cups!), fishing tackle, a few medicines, tea and sugar and spices, plus Madeira, port wine and cherry bounce. It was Washington's party and it was he who made all the plans.

"You will have occasion to take nothing from home but a servant to look after your horses, and such bedding as you may think proper to make use of," he wrote to Craik. "I will carry a tent, some camp utensils, and a few stores. A boat will be provided for the voyage down the river, either at my place on the Youghiogheny or Fort Pitt, measures for this purpose having already been taken. A few medicines and hooks and lines you may probably want."

The purpose of this trip was to inspect that western country and to oust squatters who had appropriated Washington's lands. The journey lasted five weeks and they covered nearly seven hundred miles on horseback, most of the way through a wild country of forested mountains, along the remote course of some river. Sometimes they stopped at night and for meals at taverns or the homes of friends; again they camped out as

in the old days when they were serving their apprenticeships in war.

Up the Potomac, through the Shenandoah Valley, to Bath where Washington's nephew Bushrod and Craik's son joined them; then on to Fort Cumberland and the site of the little Fort Necessity (where just thirty years before they had surrendered to the French—now one of them owned the land!) and to Simpson's and Miller's Run and so home again. The last of their long trips together.

But in the next few years they met frequently. Craik was often at Mount Vernon, now as an old and dear friend, now in his professional capacity. He was sent for to attend Mrs. Washington; he came when the General had a fever; he attended a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington's when she gave birth to a daughter, arriving before breakfast and staying on for dinner.

More than once a messenger from Mount Vernon would summon him in the night, and Washington's diary records, "Dr. Craik came early

this morning to Mrs. Washington."

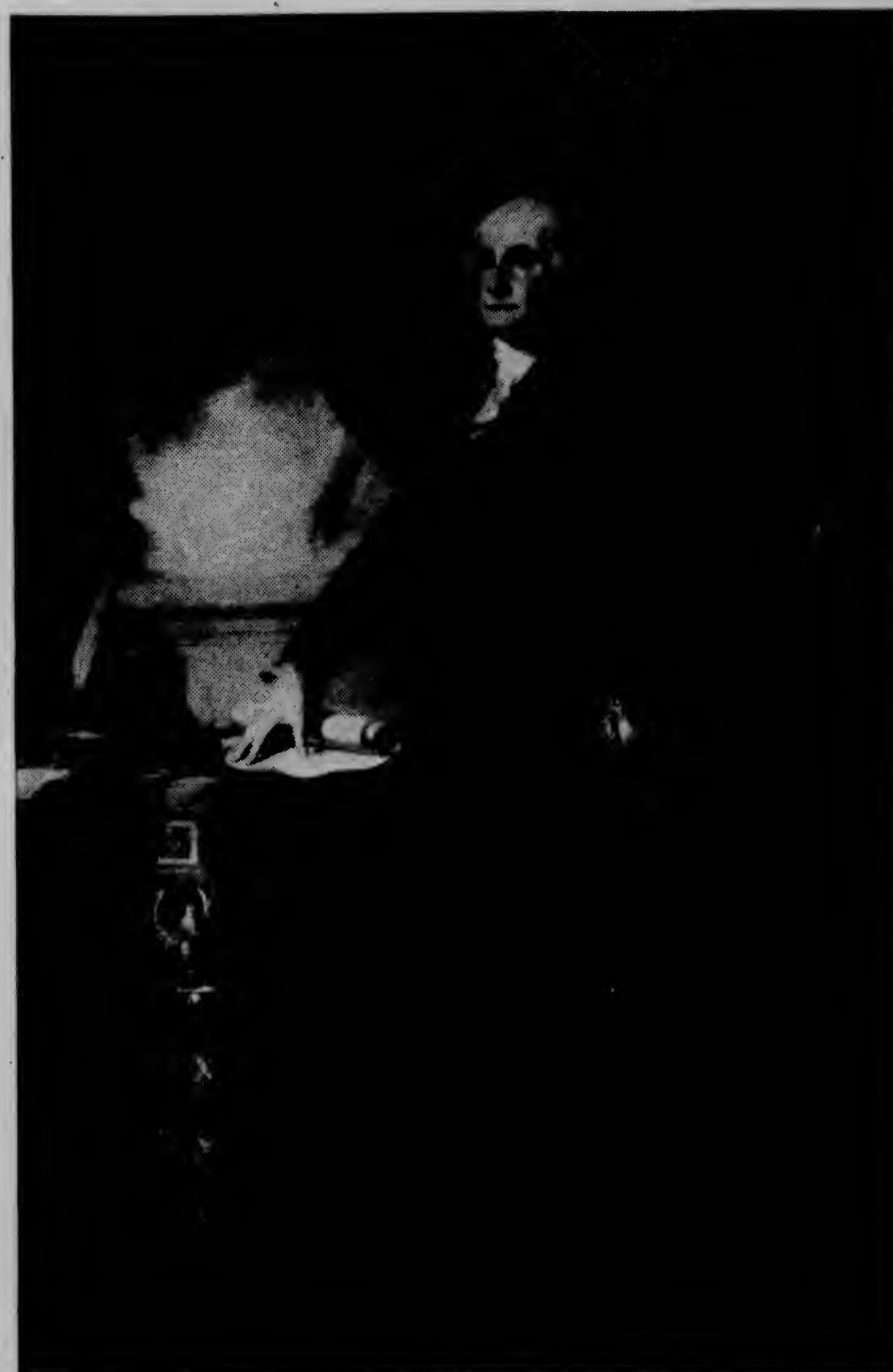
Sometimes Craik looked after a sick slave, though there was a special doctor (Laurie) for this purpose, employed by the year at a salary of fifteen pounds! One page of the diary has this brief record:

"Dr. Laurie came—I may add drunk."

But that time he had been summoned to attend Mrs. Washington, and the next morning used his lancet for her relief; evidently drunkenness was not then regarded in Virginia as a serious matter.

The last years of Washington's diary have constant mention of Dr. Craik. He dines at Mount Vernon, with his son, with other guests, as the sole visitor; sometimes twice in a week. Washington goes to Alexandria and calls on the doctor or dines with him. The whole family from Mount Vernon drives in to Alexandria and have dinner at the Craiks'. Over and over the doctor is overnight at Washington's hospitable home. For the education of his name-

(Continued on page 23)



It's a pity no one ever painted George Washington in sports clothes

VIENNA

(Continued from page 4)

quarters of the American Medical Association of Vienna.

Here, on the second floor, members of the A. M. A. of Vienna meet and—drink coffee. Here also is the office which arranges lectures, hours of instruction and so forth. Courses being offered are posted on bulletin boards and are signed up for. This office is of mutual benefit to the Vienna instructors and to the doctors who come there to take courses or for special work, as all fees are paid to the medical association which in turn pays the professors, dozenten and instructors. Through an auxiliary, the doctor or his wife may obtain lists of pensiones, apartments, shops, theaters and the like, and in conjunction, the association also has a medical library, a fiction lending library, and writing rooms.

Courses are given all over the city; for the most part in the clinics grouped near each other and near the association headquarters. The varied medical and surgical clinics in the enormous four thousand bed Allgemeines Krankenhaus, the clinics in the Polyklinik, the Wenckebach clinic, and in the far out Jubileenspital all offer work. Especially organized courses of ten weeks' to three months' duration are offered in Ophthalmology, Gynecology, Genito-Urinary and possibly additional subjects, being particularly suitable for those who want to do intensive and well-organized study in some special branch in a relatively short time.

holder oneself because it makes the maid delight in having company for tea or dinner, a most unusual circumstance, as may be agreed. But having company in for dinner at all is in the main a foreign custom because if a Viennese invites one to dinner, he generally means for his guest to meet him at a mutually agreeable restaurant where the guest is expected to pay for his dinner while the host pays for his own part and furnishes the frills and furbelows as above.

The restaurant, or perhaps more correctly the café, where only coffee and cakes or simple dishes are served, is perhaps the one most important aspect of Viennese life. Afternoon coffee is never done without, indeed its omission would seem incompatible with life. And there is more basis than fancy for this since, if one is a plumber he has coffee in a café where plumbers congregate, if one is a journalist he frequents a café where journalists abound, if one is a billiard player he drinks coffee with others of his ilk and bask.

The café is at once the guild hall and conference room of the Viennese. Regular patrons have their regular tables, respected by other patrons, meet their business clients there, and transact their business over a cup of coffee "mit schlagobers." Whipped-cream is almost universal and apparently as good for the moustache as beer foam.

Therefore, the cafés being what they are to Vienna, it is not surprising to find, at Alserstrasse 9, the Café Edeson housing the head-

THE MEDICAL VALUE OF FLOWERS

(Continued from page 10)

"Yes," he added, after a moment. "Flowers do you good inside and outside. Look at that graceful larkspur so indispensable from the old fashioned garden and also the delphinium which combines so beautifully with roses and dahlias in bouquets. From them are made mixtures for destroying body vermin. And this lobelia here! It is employed in asthma, bronchitis and other spasmodic affections. The majestic foxglove inclining slightly in the wind seems only a flower, yet from it comes digitalis, the most powerful cardiac tonic of which we know. An-

Membership in these courses is limited so that they are necessarily arranged for some time in advance by correspondence.

The cost of instruction is moderate, though depending largely on the type of work chosen. Individual instruction in surgery and cadaver surgery may be a very large item in the expense of a trip to Vienna for study, but on the other hand, some of the most instructive and fascinating lecturers, notably in pathology, charge a fixed fee of one hundred dollars, for example, for the whole course, which is divided among the members of the class: fifteen or twenty members making the cost of the individual lectures ridiculously cheap.

Vienna as a whole is intimately bound up with medicine and medical tradition: streets are named for doctors, i.e., Skodagasse; and the new two Schilling piece is a veritable medallion of Billoth. Of simultaneous issue is the Franz Schubert two Schilling piece, another happy music-medicine association and a natural one in Vienna.

Whatever the motive in going to Vienna, be it medical or otherwise, the delight of hearing "The Beautiful Blue Danube"—"Die Blaue Donau" of the Strauss waltz enthusiasts—and the experience of seeing that story-book mediæval castle, Kreuzenstein—most perfect of all—these things alone give lasting satisfaction, and it is a little difficult to return from being "Herr Doktor", or even, on special occasions, "Herr Professor Doktor", to being again just plain doctor.

other heart stimulant is made from the gorgeous night blooming cereus. The passion flower, so regal and so colorful is, when reduced to terms of medicine, an aid to epilepsy as well as a sedative and soporific. The poppy is the most valuable and the most deadly. Men sell their souls for it, the doctor would have difficulty in getting along without it, growers make fortunes from it. Opium and all its derivatives such as morphine, codeine, heroine, Dover's powder, laudanum and innumerable compounds are made from it.

"In short," concluded the doctor, "flowers, then, are of infinite value to the physically handicapped."

STRANGE PRESCRIPTIONS—Ancient and Modern

(Continued from page 6)

one portion of England it was believed that warts rubbed with bacon would disappear if the bacon were inserted under the bark of an ash tree. The warts of the victim of course eventually showed up as protuberances on the tree.

Remedies for Rabies and Other Troubles

Before Pasteur invented a universally used cure for rabies, there were many attempts to control or cure it. The hair of the dog that bit the victim was supposed to be efficacious in effecting a cure. Another favorite prescription was the madstone—a sort of bezoar stone taken from the stomach of a deer. The process employed was to immerse the stone in warm sweet milk and then apply the moist stone to the wound with the surety that the poison would be drawn out.

Our grandmothers tell us of dung plasters being used to cure wounds and aches. The spider web applied to stop bleeding is a familiar belief in the rural communities, where quicksilver and old butter are often used to eradicate lice and where tuberculosis sufferers are still subjected to the rigors of boneset tea. A tea made from the rusty nail inflicting the wound is supposed by some credulous persons to cure tetanus while a sty is invariably eradicated by rubbing it with a tom-cat's tail or with a wedding ring!

In certain sections powdered mistletoe in black cherry water drunk during the full of the moon is supposed to help epilepsy. Another 16th Century cure for this affliction was an oil made of hard-boiled eggs mixed with the oil extracted from the skull of an unburied man!

In England many springs and wells

exist which are thought to be efficacious in cases of madness. This is not a surprising belief since Ponce de León thought that he had found the waters of eternal youth and all nations have and still do recognize the curative properties of water.

The list of odd cures is endless and though we may laugh at many of them, the fact remains that the science of medicine is so alive and so constantly advancing that recognized cures today become more or less obsolete tomorrow. No matter how clever and helpful the discovery of the year, there is always the possibility of something much better being worked out next year. This is why no doctor is ever satisfied with his knowledge and pharmaceutical houses maintain laboratories with experts constantly working in order to develop new remedies and helpful ideas.

McKesson's
STANDARD OF QUALITY

ALBOMALT

A pharmaceutically perfect emulsion of Albolene (a genuine Russian mineral oil) suspended in Malt Extract.

OBSTETRICIANS AND PEDIATRICIANS PLEASE NOTE

The importance of Vitamin B has been stressed in recent scientific publications and re-printed by the Dept. of Agriculture, U. S. Government Bulletin #84 under the heading "The Growth Promoting and Anti-Neuritic Vitamin Necessary for Stimulation of Appetite and Growth."

Dr. B. Raymond Hoobler in his paper on the diet for pregnant and nursing mothers

points the need for 3 to 5 times the Vitamin B intake at such times, beyond the requirements for normal maintenance.

In times of pregnancy and lactating periods, when drugs are contra-indicated for constipation, Albomalt is suggested; a combination of Malt Extract—rich in Vitamin B—emulsified with Albolene, realizing a product which acts two ways at once.

Your patients will appreciate your prescription of Albomalt as there is no resistance because of taste.

(The efficacy is increased by dissolving a tablespoonful in a cup of hot water or milk)

McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

NEW YORK

BRIDGEPORT

MONTREAL

JAMES CRAIK

(Continued from page 20)

you would send for Dr. Dick."

One of the consulting physicians arrived at half past three, the other about four. Meanwhile Craik did what he could for his distinguished patient. Two copious bleedings, a blister applied to the throat, two doses of calomel; all this gave no perceptible relief, as his breathing became more and more difficult and distressing. They tried a gargle of sage tea and vinegar, but he could not use it. Then a third bleeding; vinegar and hot water, inhaled from the spout of a teapot; ten grains of calomel and repeated doses of antimony; a poultice of bran and vinegar on his throat. He grew worse and worse.

The three doctors talked over the case. There seemed nothing more to be done. Craik was never absent from the room, but retired from the bedside and sat by the fire, absorbed in grief. Washington was a model patient, though he suffered intensely; he was willing to do all they recommended, not because he felt they

sake, George Washington Craik, the General promised one hundred dollars a year, for as long a time as it should be necessary. Few men were so close to him as this old friend, and professionally Washington put entire confidence in him and declared, "I'd rather trust Craik than a dozen other doctors."

Yet even to him the General could say a decided "No." For a friend Craik asked permission to examine Washington's papers, to enable him to write a memoir. But Washington thought it improper to have such papers made public until Congress opened its archives to the historian.

"I will frankly declare to you, my dear Doctor, that any memoirs of my life, distinct and unconnected with the general history of the war, would rather hurt my feelings than tickle my pride. I had rather glide gently down the stream of life, leaving it to posterity to think and say what they please of me, than by any act of mine to have vanity or ostentation imputed to me."

It was naturally to Dr. Craik that they turned, early on that December morning, for advice in what proved to be the General's last illness. Two days before he had ridden over the estate for several hours in a cold wind, through hail and rain and snow; the next day he complained of a sore throat and hoarseness, but replied to his secretary's suggestion of some medicine, "I never take anything for a cold, but let it go as it came." About two o'clock in the morning he awakened Mrs. Washington, for he had a violent chill; but he insisted it was too cold for her to get up. Not till a woman came in at five to make the fire did they send for the secretary, who wrote a note and despatched it by messenger to Dr. Craik.

When he arrived, shortly before nine, the doctor saw at once that it was a case of quinsy, highly alarming. Seven hours lost—and every hour counted! What had they done already? One of the overseers had bled him—taking about twelve ounces of blood (considered a nominal amount in those days), then Mrs. Washington had begged him to stop, as it had not been ordered by a physician. They had mixed molasses, vinegar and butter, but Washington could not swallow. They had sent to Port Tobacco for Dr. Brown, whom Craik had recommended.

"He may not come in time. I wish

could help him, but because he wished to obey.

At twilight candles were brought into the room. The sick man pressed Craik's hand and whispered, "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go." At half past ten he was gone. He died as he had lived, simply, bravely, without affectation, meeting death with a calm, victorious spirit.

The laryngoscope, which makes possible the examination of the larynx by its reflection in a mirror, was not perfected till the 1850's, when a Budapest man made some changes in an instrument devised by an Italian singing teacher. Ice and the process of intubation known today were not possible in Virginia in the Eighteenth century and bleeding, the great cure-all, was resorted to for sixty years after Washington's death.

Craik was present a few days later at Washington's funeral, and once more spent the night at Mount Vernon. He survived his old friend and patient by fifteen years and died at the ripe old age of eighty-two.

"My compatriot in arms," Washington referred to him in his will, "my old and intimate friend."

DOCTORS' FEES

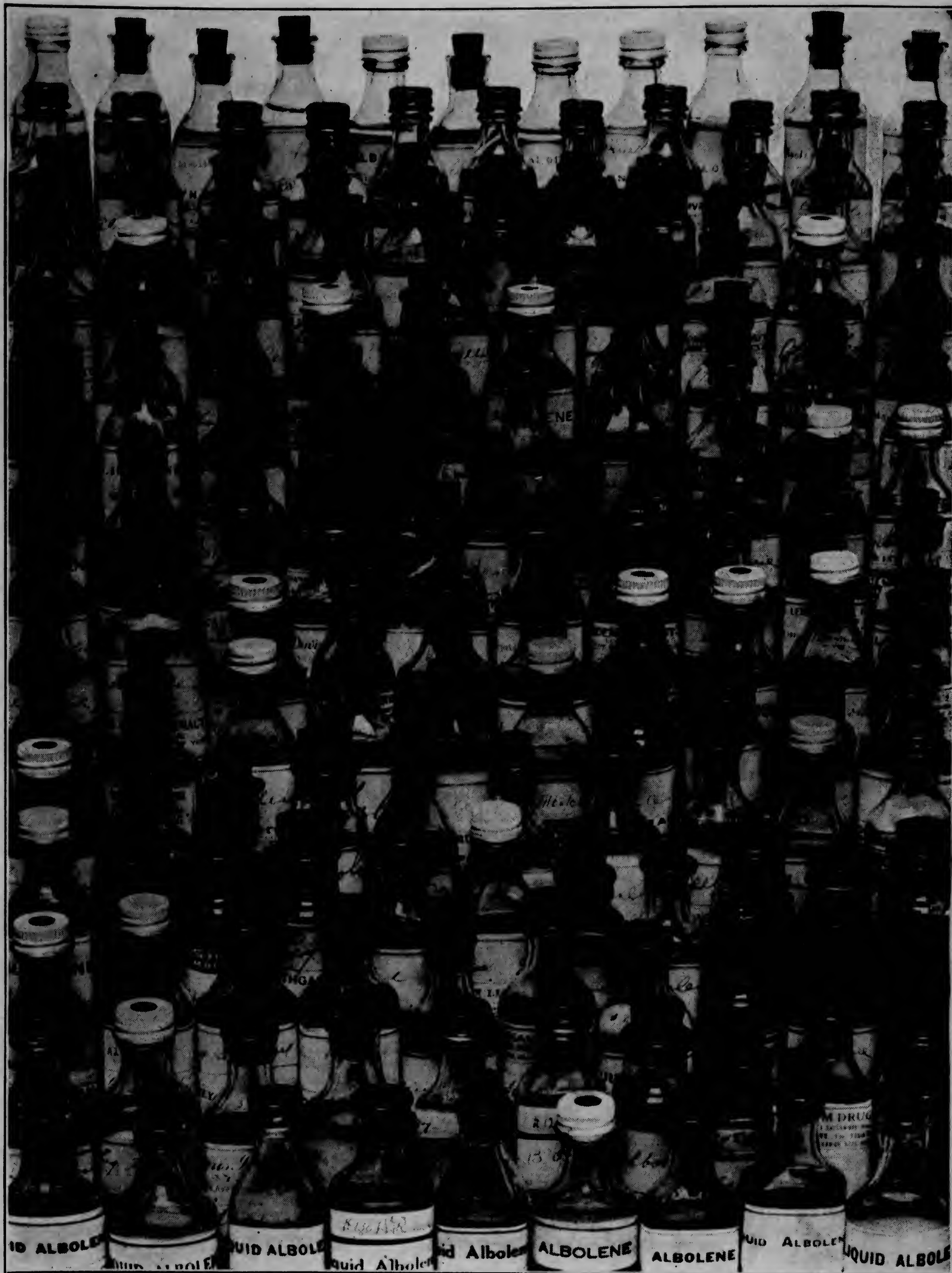
(Continued from page 7)

depends upon his personality, his training, the city in which he is located, his competition, his business sense, the street selected for his office and the class of patients visited, plus unknown quantities such as epidemics and plagues. One city doctor may make \$10,000 yearly whereas the man next to him will report \$60,000. The same is true of a country community where one doctor will be satisfied with \$900 yearly and a few bushels of potatoes when not twenty miles away a competitor will arrive, open a hospital in a small town and have patients coming from four states, eventually reaping a harvest several times as great as that produced by the first man.

There has always been a disparity of fees according to the rank and money of the patient. In 1697, in London, the ordinary physician's fee was ten shillings, although he asked twenty shillings whenever he could. In the same year a surgeon's fee was twelve pence per mile whether

his journey was a long or short one. Ten groats was allowed for setting a bone, one shilling for letting blood and five pounds for the amputation of a limb. We are told of two of England's doctors, viz., John Radcliffe and Sir Richard Mead, that the former made \$20,000 a year and the latter \$30,000. Mead's fee for seeing people at the house was one guinea and two guineas to persons of consequence. When apothecaries came to Mead for prescriptions, which he wrote without seeing the patient, the charge was one-half guinea.

Fees for the same work have differed so much through the ages and now according to the financial status of the patient and the reputation of the doctor that the fee question resolves itself into what every doctor knows, viz., "Not what is the work worth, but what are they willing to pay?" The patient usually thinks that he pays and pays, but the doctor knows that his bills for medical services are always the last ones settled.



A FEW OF THE MISBRANDED BOTTLES
PRESCRIBE ALBOLENE IN ORIGINAL PACKAGES
1 oz., 4 oz. and 16 oz.

(See Opposite Page)

influence of oxygen or its chemical equivalent has not been appreciated, largely because the experimental methods employed have not adequately excluded oxygen from the sphere of reaction. With properly controlled experimental technique it can be shown that oxygen occupies a unique position concerning the oxidation-reduction power of cysteine and glutathione. This action is not concerned with the oxidizing power of oxygen but with the activation of the sulfur atom in the presence of thermolabile oxygen addition products so that the -SS and -SH groups can manifest their latent powers of oxidation and reduction.

EDWARD C. KENDALL

MAYO FOUNDATION

CONTRIBUTIONS OF ANTHRO- POLOGY TO MEDICINE¹

IN the first number of the *American Journal of Physical Anthropology* for this year, I had occasion to point out the intimate and direct relations of anthropology with medicine and to show, briefly, what medical men, more particularly the anatomists, have done for anthropology. On the present occasion I want to call attention, equally briefly, to what anthropology has done for medicine.

The subject will, I think, be at once clearer and more sympathetic to you when I remind you that anthropology, in a large measure, is merely the daughter and a continuation of the medical sciences. The best and briefest definition of physical anthropology that we are able to arrive at to-day is that it is the human *phylology* of the past, the present and the future. More in detail it is, first, the science of human origin and evolution, or of human phylogeny; second, it is the comparative science of the human life cycle from its inception to its end or human ontogeny; and third, it is the science of human variation. All of which means merely that it is human biology, and advanced, comparative, human anatomy, physiology, chemistry and even pathology.

The distinctive feature of anthropology and the one that separates it most from the regular medical sciences is its *comparative* nature. It deals not with the characters and manifestations of an abstract or average human being, as do the medical branches, but studies human groups, whether they be age, sex, racial, social, occupational or even abnormal groups, comparing them with others. As to "practical" application there is the difference that medicine tries essentially to restore the damaged or diseased goods,

¹ Presented as part of a symposium on "The Contributions of Other Sciences to Medicine" at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Nashville, December 28, 1927.

while anthropology endeavors to find and to show the harmful as well as the favorable means for further human evolution. Anthropology, with much justice, could be called the medicine of human groups.

Being what it is, it must be quite plain to all of us that indirectly or directly the bulk of the research in physical anthropology is of more or less value to medicine. That medicine does not or can not as yet make fuller use of anthropological knowledge is quite another matter, related to its similar inabilities in respect to biology, physics and even chemistry; it is the difficulty of assimilation. It may be said at once, however, that medicine is already using many results of anthropological research without being always conscious of the source.

Let us approach the concrete facts. Research in physical anthropology began materially in the fifties of the last century. The register of printed anthropological articles and books since then reaches many thousands.

Taking the card catalogue of these publications in my division, I find that over 50 per cent. of the titles are direct contributions to comparative human anatomy, physiology or pathology. A few examples may elucidate this further. Let us take, quite at random, the three items of "skull," "child" and "pelvis," and see the nature of the anthropological studies under these heads:

Skull	Children	Pelvis
Anomalies	Abnormalities	Age changes
Architecture	Backward	Anomalies and
Asymmetries	Births, multiple,	abnormalities
Capacity	etc.	Anthropological
Capacity vs. sta-	Brains of defec-	differences
ture in defec-	tive	Deformations
tives	Development	Dimensions
Deformations	Dimensions	Evolution in fetus
Development and	Infanticide	and child
growth of dis-	Pathology, com-	Ossification
tinguished men	parative	Sexual characters
and women	Pulse, respiration,	Variation
Evolution	temperature	

Practically every more civilized country has already one or more periodicals devoted largely or entirely to physical anthropology. Let us take the first page or two of the index of the oldest of these journals, the *Bulletin* of the Anthropological Society in Paris, and we find such items as these:

Abdomen: (racial differences in the muscles of);	Agraphy;
Acclimatization;	Albinism;
Accouchement (childbirth), among different peoples;	Alcoholism, and depopulation, criminals, suicides;
Achondroplasia;	Algiers—demography, psychology;
Acrocephaly;	Alienation, mental, and the brain, etc.
Acromegaly;	

A still better illustration, perhaps, may be furnished by our own journal of physical anthropology (*The American Journal of Physical Anthropology*, Wistar Institute) which I had the privilege of founding in 1918. Taking the more formal communications alone, we have the following record for the first ten volumes:

Human Evolution Early man Origin of races	Embryology Childhood and Adolescence Senility Elimination General body proportions	Human Variations; Racial; Individual parts and organs (External parts, internal organs, brain, skeleton, etc.) Teeth	Heredity Eugenics Demography Abnormal Classes	Comparative human physiology Chemistry Pathology Teratology Primitive surgery	The characteristics, morphological, physiological, etc., of the people of the U. S. A.	General, Historical, Methods, Instruments.
(23) Per cent. 13.4	(20) 11.6	(75) 43.6	(6) 3.5	(19) 11	(6) 3.5	(23) 13.4 Total: 172

Another illustration, and one of some interest also to the chemists, may be had by reading the titles of papers published in the first three numbers of the journal just named, of the current year. They are:

- Hrdlička (Aleš): Anthropology and Medicine.
 Manoilloff (E. O.): Discernment of Human Races by Blood.
 Poliakowa (Anna T.): Manoilloff's "Race" Reaction and its Application to the Determination of Paternity.
 Suk (V.): Anthropological and Physiological Observations on the Negroes of Natal and Zululand.
 Davenport (C. B.): Measurement of Men.
 Connolly (C. J.): Relation of the Orbital Plane to Position of Teeth.
 Hirsch (N. D. M.): Cephalic Index of American-born Children of Three Foreign Groups.
 Cummins (Harold) and Midlo (Charles): Dermatoglyphics in Jews.
 McMurich (J. Playfair): The Evolution of the Human Foot.
 Morton (D. J.): Human Origin.
 Hrdlička (Aleš): Anthropology of the American Negro.
 Appleton (Vivia B.): Growth of Chinese Children in Hawaii and in China.
 Larsen (Nils Paul) and Godfrey (Lois Stewart): Sacral Pigment Spots.
 Cameron (John): Cranial Studies.
 Ingalls (N. W.): Studies on the Femur.

- Manoilloff (E. O.): Blood: Species Reaction.
 Scammon (R. E.): The First Serial Study of Human Growth.
 Dodge (C. T. J.): Weight of Colored Infants.
 Hrdlička (Aleš): Quadruped Progression in the Human Child.

Bushkovitch (V. J.): An Automatic Apparatus for the Measurements of Cranial Capacity.

Slome (D.): The Curvature of the Bushman Calvarium.

Bernstein (Morris) and Robertson (Sylvan): Racial and Sexual Differences in Hair Weight.

Cady (Lee D.) and Francis (Byron F.): The Supracondyloid Process in the Feeble-minded.

Ingalls (N. W.): Studies on the Femur in the White and the Negro.

Among the more noteworthy individual contributions of anthropology to medicine may be mentioned—to select only a few of the older names—those of Paul Broca and Gustaf Retzius on the brain; of Manouvrier on brain physiology; of Rudolf Virchow on deformities of the skull; of Quetelet and Vierordt on human proportions; of Galton, Lombroso on human heredity, on men of genius and on the defective classes; those of Sir Armand Ruffer on prehistoric pathology, etc., etc.

Taking the older American anthropologists,¹ we see Samuel D. Morton, as early as 1850, contributing on "the size of the brain in various races and families of man"; Joseph Leidy, in his anthropological work, contributes on acephaly; blood crystals; causes of monstrosities; senile changes in the jaw; reversed viscera in man, and the anomalies of the human skull. J. C. Nott, in 1857, writes on "Acclimatization," or the comparative influence of climate and disease on the races of man; Jeffries Wyman, in 1849, publishes "Twelve Lectures on Comparative Physiology"; in 1854–1862, "Dissections of a Human Fetus, a Chimpanzee, a Hottentot"; in 1864–68, on "Symmetry and Homology in Limbs," and on "Malformations." Henry P. Bowditch, beginning to publish in 1877, gives us valuable papers and memoirs on the growth of children; relations between growth and disease,

¹ See full bibliographies in Hrdlička, A., "Physical Anthropology: Its Scope and Aims; its History and Present Status in the U. S. A." 8°, 1919 (Wistar Inst., Phila.).

and the physique of women in Massachusetts. Harrison Allen publishes (1867–97) on the effect of the bipedal position in man; the Siamese twins (autopsy); edentulous jaws in man; congenital defects of the face; hyperostosis of lower jaw; effects of cretinism on the nasal chambers, and the effects of senility and disease on the teeth. Thomas Dwight, Burt G. Wilder, Dudley A. Sargent, the two Spitzkas, A. F. Chamberlin, Geo. S. Huntington, F. P. Mall left us studies of value on the spine, the appendix and viscera, the brain, the embryo, the child, the college boy and girl. And this by no means exhausts the lists.

Coming to the still living American anthropologists, we find Bean contributing to our knowledge of the weight and size of the internal organs, in health and disease, and to the relation of man's build to pathology. Boas has dealt with growth of children, effects of hybridism and race mentality. Davenport deals with human heredity and the defectives. Hooton has published, among other works, on herbivorous and carnivorous types of man; on the evolution of the human face, and on surgery in ancient Egypt. Terry and his associates, and Danforth, are contributing to our knowledge of the human hair, bone variation, anomalies, and human variation in general. Todd and his students have published on age changes in human bones (pelvis, scapula), on the femur, on structural differences between the white and negro. The anthropologists of the Smithsonian Institution have or are still carrying on researches on prehistoric trephining; on physiological and medical observations on the Indians; on tuberculosis in the Indians; on brain weight, brain preservation, racial brains; on the dental arches and teeth; on the physical and physiological characteristics of the adult white Americans; on ear tumors and other ear abnormalities in prehistoric Indians, etc., etc.

Taking all this impersonally and from a wider angle, we see that anthropology has given medicine, and is now giving, three lines of contributions of both weight and value. The first of these is the ever-growing light on human evolution, and that both in the past and at the present; the second comprises the results of our studies on human variation; and the third is the furnishing to medicine of normal standards.

A knowledge of human evolution, past, present and with indications for the future, is indispensable to medicine if this is to fathom the deeper causes, and the trends, of a large part of human pathology, with its differences according to race and type and group.

Equally indispensable to scientific medicine of the future will be a sound knowledge of human variation. For this teaches that even under the most "normal" or uncomplicated conditions, everything, in our frame,

organs, functions, and even the causes of disease, and the process of the same, is subject to an important range of variation. The medical text-books, your anatomies, physiologies and pathologies, deal not with the realities as they are, but with "workable" abstracts or gists of these realities. Yet without the understanding of the normal variation of every feature, every process, every manifestation of man, normal and abnormal, a true understanding of any part of medicine is not possible.

Here anthropology has been and continues to be a veritable handmaid of medicine. It shows that, for example, the normal weight of the child, at any age, is not just *that*, but between so much and so much. The normal stature of an adult American male is not 5 feet 7½ inches, but anywhere between, say, 5 feet 4 inches and 6 feet 3 inches. The normal male pulse is not invariably 71.5, but ranges between 66 and 78 per minute. The normal pelvis, head, any part or organ may show as much as 10 to 16 per cent. normal variation in size, with a considerable variation in form. The "normal" course of lobar pneumonia or any other affection is not "just so," but will oscillate between such and such limits.

The third main service of anthropology to medicine, the determination of standards, is connected with the preceding. It is self-evident that the medical man to judge properly must have normal standards of the parts in which he is interested at the time, in the particular people with whom he is dealing. And to find these standards (or averages), with their range of normal (non-pathological) variation, is the peculiar function of anthropological endeavor. A concrete example of this may be found in the recently published work, the "Old Americans,"² which brings such data on the principal morphological or physiological characters of the older white American population.

The value of anthropology to medicine is much better appreciated in the Old World, and even in such countries as Japan and China, than it is as yet in this country. There is not a first-class medical school abroad in which anthropology would not have more or less of a part. One of the best examples of this is Great Britain. In our own country, more or less anthropological instruction is given in the medical schools of Johns Hopkins, Harvard, University of Virginia, Western Reserve, Washington University (St. Louis), the University of Chicago and Stanford; the only regular course with a special lecturer in the subject (Professor A. Schultz) being that of the Johns Hopkins.

Many of our medical colleges and graduates, regrettably, do not as yet know sufficiently of this source of

² Large 8°, 1926, Williams and Wilkins, Baltimore, Md.

helpful knowledge. Our anthropological journals have less subscribers and readers among the medical men, even the medical teachers, than they have among, for instance, the dentists, and the vast collections of both normal and pathological material in our osteological, brain and other collections are not used nearly so much as they should be by the medical man and the surgeon. All of which is due essentially to a lack of mutual contact and understanding. An improvement in these conditions is not merely desirable but necessary, and the anthropologist therefore welcomes the occasion of this symposium where he may point out some at least of the advantages of medicine and anthropology getting closer together.

ALEŠ HRDLÍČKA

U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM

EDWARD SANDFORD BURGESS

DR. EDWARD SANDFORD BURGESS, for thirty years professor and head of the department of biological sciences and for a time acting president of Hunter College, New York City, died after a brief illness on February twenty-third. He was born in 1855 at Little Valley, New York. His father, the Reverend Chalon Burgess, D.D., was long the pastor of the Presbyterian church at Silver Creek and was one of the most scholarly of the clergymen of western New York. His mother was Emma Johnston, daughter of the Reverend Charles Johnston, of Ovid, Seneca County.

Professor Burgess graduated from the State Normal School at Fredonia and later in 1879 with high distinction from Hamilton College. For two years he held a graduate fellowship in Greek, under the eminent scholar, Professor Gildersleeve, at Johns Hopkins. But because of his ardent love of nature and his habit from early boyhood of scientific observation, he decided to make the teaching of science his life work. In 1899 he received the degree of doctor of philosophy at Columbia University. Hamilton College, wishing to honor him for his distinguished work as a teacher and his contributions to scientific research, conferred upon him, in 1904, the degree of doctor of science.

He was for thirteen years professor of botany in the Central High School of Washington, D. C., and, during the same period, at the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute. He taught also at Johns Hopkins (1885) University. In 1895 he was called to the professorship in biological sciences at Hunter College. His special spheres of labor were: (1) Botany, especially in asters; (2) botanical names, Indian names; (3) paleontology, anthropology, evidences of human descent.

Among his published works are the Chautauqua Flora (1877); botanical descriptions in the Century dictionary; the asters of the northern United States (in Britton and Brown's "Illustrated Flora"—with Dr. N. L. Britton (1898)); the asters of the southern United States (in Small's Southeastern Flora (1903)); history of Pre-Clusian botany (1902); species and variations of biotian asters (1906); essays on Indian lore, and poems. His unpublished manuscripts include a work on anthropology and research material in several fields.

Dr. Burgess was a member of Phi Beta Kappa; the American Association for the Advancement of Science; the New York Academy of Sciences; the Torrey Botanical Club, of which he was at one time the president; American Anthropological Society and American Folklore Society.

Professor Burgess is survived by Mrs. Burgess and his sister, Miss Julia Burgess, professor of English in the University of Oregon. His brother, Dr. Theodore C. Burgess, was for many years professor of Latin and Greek at the State Normal School at Fredonia and later the president of Bradley Institute, Peoria, Illinois.

At the time of his retirement from the professorship the following tribute was offered to him:

A TRIBUTE

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF THIRTY YEARS OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO SCIENCE, TO THE CAUSE OF HIGHER EDUCATION, AND IN PARTICULAR TO HUNTER COLLEGE, NEW YORK CITY, AND TO THE THOUSANDS OF YOUNG WOMEN WHO HAVE STUDIED THERE, THIS TRIBUTE IS OFFERED TO

DOCTOR EDWARD SANDFORD BURGESS

PROFESSOR AND HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF BIOLOGY
AND SOME TIME ACTING PRESIDENT.

AN ORGANIZER AND EXECUTIVE OF MARKED ABILITY, A GIFTED AND INSPIRING TEACHER, A MODEL OF DEVOTION TO DUTY, A MASTER OF HIS SUBJECT AND A THOROUGH SCHOLAR IN MANY OTHER FIELDS, A MAN INSPIRED BY THE HIGHEST IDEALS AND RESPONSIVE TO ALL THE FINER AND NOBLER THINGS OF LIFE, BELOVED AND ADMIRER BY HIS PUPILS AND ASSOCIATES, HIS SERVICES CAN NOT BE MEASURED, FOR THEY HAVE BECOME A PART OF THE LIVES OF ALL WHO KNOW HIM. HE HAS GIVEN OF HIS BEST, AND A BEST FAR ABOVE THE AVERAGE, AND HE ALSO RECEIVES OF THE BEST—THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF HIGH SERVICE NOBLY DONE. COULD ALL THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN MADE BETTER BY HIS PRESENCE, INFLUENCE, AND EXAMPLE GIVE ADEQUATE EXPRESSION TO THEIR APPRECIATION, IT WOULD BE AS A FADELESS GARLAND IN WHICH THE LAUREL OF VICTORY IS ENTWINED WITH THE ROSES OF LOVE.

THEODORE E. HAMILTON

this method were generally adopted, the industrial problem, which is now engaging the attention of almost the whole world, would soon be satisfactorily and completely solved."

DIE HYPERTONIEKRANKHEITEN. Von Dr. Eskil Kylin, Direktor der inneren Abteilung des Allgemeinen Krankenhauses zu Jönköping. Second edition. Paper. Price, 22 marks. Pp. 270, with 28 illustrations. Berlin: Julius Springer, 1930.

This is an extensive monograph dealing with various hypertensive states. All the factors dealing with normal and abnormal hypertension are considered in a clear and orderly fashion. The author quotes extensively from the literature and gives his own opinion, which may or may not agree with other opinions. The method of taking blood pressure, the factors influencing the normal reading, physiologic variations dependent on age, posture, time of day and the taking of food, the changes due to physical and psychogenic stimuli, and the rôle of the blood vessels and heart, are carefully covered in two sections. The author believes that a chemical study of the blood should be included in examination of hypertensive diseases. Exogenous factors are almost as important as the endogenous factors in elevation of blood pressure. The endocrine glands probably have some influence in elevating blood pressure but just how much is not definitely known. Heredity is of course important. Essential hypertension is the result of functional disturbances in the blood vessels and leads to contracted kidneys. The author states that all attempts at ascribing hypertension to disease of the kidneys have met with poor results. Experimental work has not yielded as much as hoped for. Because of the association of hypertension with certain forms of acute nephritis and all chronic forms, the author devotes considerable space to a discussion of renal lesions, especially those complicated with arteriolar and capillary changes. The subjects of diagnosis and treatment are covered fairly well. This book should be of especial interest to one who is making a study of hypertension.

THE BIOLOGICAL BASIS OF HUMAN NATURE. By H. S. Jennings, Henry Walters Professor of Zoology and Director of the Zoological Laboratory in the Johns Hopkins University. Cloth. Price, \$4. Pp. 377, with 51 illustrations. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1930.

The introductory portion, which is about half of the book, consists of a presentation of the laws of heredity as determined by genetics, explaining both the mendelian theory of inheritance and the inheritance of characteristics governed by the x-chromosome. Professor Jennings points out that behaviorists and eugenicists are equally in error; that heredity and environment both are needed to explain the mutations to which species are subject. His speculations as to the method, the desirability and the results of controlled inheritances in controlled environments, and other effects on the individual and on society, are amazingly interesting.

DIE KNOCHEN- UND GELENKTUBERKULOSE: KURZE DARSTELLUNG DER PATHOGENESE, DER ALLGEMEINEN DIAGNOSTIK UND DER BEHANDLUNG. Von Dr. Rudolf Nissen, Privatdozent f. Chirurgie, Oberarzt der chirurgischen Universitätsklinik der Charité, Berlin, und Dr. Paul Meyer-Ruegg, Assistent der chirurgischen Universitätsklinik, Zurich. Tuberkulosebibliothek, Beihefte zur Zeitschrift für Tuberkulose, Nr. 36. Herausgegeben von Prof. Dr. Lydia Rabinowitsch. Paper. Price, 7 marks. Pp. 54, with 30 illustrations. Leipzig: Johann Ambrosius Barth, 1930.

This treatise covers in a concise manner the origin, pathology and course of bone and joint tuberculosis. Treatment and diagnosis are also given due attention. The work is well adapted to the needs of the student and practitioner because of the terse style and clearness of expression. The authors quote freely from other writers, giving full credit in the appended index.

DOSAGE TABLES FOR RÖNTGEN THERAPY. By Professor Friedrich Holtz, Head of the Radiological Department, University Clinic for Women, Munich. Translated from the second German edition. Cloth. Price, \$2.50. Pp. 120, with 21 illustrations. New York: Oxford University Press, 1930.

This valuable and thorough work is quite technical in description but at the same time is arranged in such a manner as to be readily understandable. The arrangement of the table dosages makes a handy reference. The description of the manner of obtaining these dosages indicates exhaustive work by the author. The book should be of great aid in accomplishing the desired result in roentgen therapy.

Miscellany

THE SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC AMONG THE MANDAN INDIANS IN 1837

WILLIAM ALLEN PUSEY, M.D.

CHICAGO

In the Mississippi Valley Historical Review, September, 1930, Dr. M. M. Quaife, the eminent historian of the Northwest, has printed the part of the journal of Francis Chardon in which is included Chardon's record of the epidemic of smallpox among the Mandans and other Indians of the upper Missouri River in 1837. The journal is a striking narrative of the hardships and dangers endured by those pioneers of the West, the fur traders, and of the resourcefulness and courage that were required to meet them. It is a brief document, which would be in its entirety interesting to any one; but the peculiar interest for the physician, of course, lies in the vivid impression that the entries in the journal concerning the smallpox give of the ravages of an unfettered smallpox epidemic among a primitive people. It is a picture merely in outline, but in bold vigorous outline, of the stark, hopeless terror of a people in the presence of a hideous disease against which they were helpless. Chardon and the few other whites who were involved in the situation naturally denied that they had anything to do with the introduction of the disease, but the Indians forced this charge on them and, as Quaife says, "They were correct in this belief; the steamboat *St. Peters*, whose arrival at Fort Clark on June 28, on the return voyage from Fort Union, as noted by Chardon, introduced the epidemic to the Indians."

The epidemic has been mentioned, according to Quaife, in numerous journals. One of the descriptions is by Audubon, but Audubon's description is taken from this same Francis Chardon. Chardon's journal is preserved in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress.

Chardon was a fur trader in the upper Missouri region for at least twenty years preceding 1848, when he died. There is other evidence besides his journal to indicate the excellent quality of the man. He was in charge of the fur post, Fort Clark, 55 miles above the present-day Bismarck, North Dakota, on the Missouri River, where his only communication with civilization was the annual boat from St. Louis. Chardon's journal throughout indicates the painstaking care on his part. At the beginning of each month he set down the month and, after it, the number of days in it, as, for example, "June 30 days." At the end of the month there is always the entry showing the number of rats killed. Thus, at the end of the notes, on Monday, the 31st, is the entry "killed 61 rats this month—total 1,778." He was a careful recorder, whose entries are to be respected. The diary was written at Fort Clark and parts of it, from which the selections are reprinted, were dated in July, August and September, 1837.

As Quaife says, "The Mandan tribe, like the army of Sennacherib, was practically blotted out, and the sufferers on the upper Missouri knew as little of the nature of their affliction as did the ancient Assyrians."

The account begins with Chardon's entry, "Wednesday, 28 (June). The S. B. [steamboat *St. Peters*] arrived from above at 6 a. m.—and started 7 a. m.—The agent distributed out the few presents to the Rees and gave them a few words of good talk, and departed." From here on, I have selected only references in the journal that have to do with the smallpox.

"(July) Friday 14. A Young Mandan died today of the Small Pox—several others has caught it.

"Monday, 17. An other Case of small pox broke Out to-day at the Village.

"Tuesday, 25. Several young Men Arrived from the dried Meat Camp. . . . They say that the small pox has broke out at the Camp [the meat camp.]

Book Notices

HANDBOOK OF PEDIATRIC PROCEDURES. By Francis Scott Smyth, M.A., M.D., Pediatrician-in-Chief, University of California Hospital, and Edith I. M. Irvine-Jones, M.B., Ch.B., Assistant Physician, St. Louis Children's Hospital. Cloth. Price, \$2.50. Pp. 212. New York: Macmillan Company, 1930.

This small but concise volume contains brief descriptions in outline and didactic form of the various methods emphasized in routine pediatric procedures. The authors have divided the book into two main sections, the first dealing with diagnosis and the second with therapy. After a detailed scheme for a complete history and physical examination is given, the common laboratory examinations of the blood, stool and urine are detailed. Then follow outline enumerations of the more special laboratory procedures, references being included to the original descriptions of the tests in the literature. The second part of the volume, dealing with therapy, considers first dietetic procedures. In measuring the quantities of various substances used in infant formulas, the metric system is followed. In the diets for children aged 1 year and over which follow, ounces and kilograms are quite freely mixed. In a practical book of this type it would be better to accept and employ throughout the more commonly used avoirdupois system. Under biologic therapy, the authors state that the final reading in the Schick test should be made after forty-eight hours. It is generally accepted that this final reading be made ninety-six hours after the test was performed. The methods given for smallpox vaccination are the multiple puncture and the intradermal methods. No mention is made of the scratch method, which is undoubtedly by usage and general acceptance the standard method for vaccination. Under drug therapy, a table for dosage of the most common drugs at various ages is given. The dosage for codeine, one-eighth grain at 6 months; from one-fourth to one-half grain at 2 to 5 years, is dangerously high. The same is true of the dosage for thyroid, 1 grain at 6 months and from 2 to 4 grains at 3 to 5 years. In describing the therapy of acute and subacute pyelitis, the authors recommend hexamethylenamine, 4 grains three times daily, for a child of 5 years. This dosage is high and might produce hematuria. This book contains a vast amount of valuable material in concise form and should prove a handy reference for both the student and the practitioner.

UNTERSUCHUNGEN ÜBER DAS PERIPHERE NERVENSYSTEM. Serie A. Heft 1: Die Injektion des Nervensystems. Arbeiten aus der dritten Abteilung des anatomischen Institutes der Kaiserlichen Universität Kyoto. Herausgegeben von Prof. Dr. Seigo Funaoka, Vorstand der Abteilung. Paper. Various pagination. Kyoto: Anatomical Institute of Kyoto Imperial University, 1930.

Funaoka and his collaborators successfully inject peripheral nerves with fluids which are not soluble in water (benzene, chloroform, toluene, aniline, liquid petrolatum, olive oil), and which can be colored. Funaoka prefers a colored oil, ultramarine, dissolved in decalene, benzene or a similar chemical (carbohydrate) substance. Injected into a peripheral nerve, sciatic or peroneal, for instance, with an ordinary glass syringe, the fluids spread easily through the length of the nerve, from which they extend into the central nervous system. On microscopic examination a dyed mass is found not only in the epineurium and perineurium—the connective tissue membranes of the peripheral nerves—but also in the subarachnoid and subdural spaces of the brain. On intradural injection of lampblack suspended in machine oil, coal particles are found within the cerebral ventricles and at the base of the brain. When the sediments of lampblack are especially abundant around the medulla oblongata, an internal hydrocephalus is inevitably produced. By injecting a 0.2 per cent solution of cocaine or procaine hydrochloride, also suspended in machine oil, it was possible to obtain analgesia of the opposite extremity, while injection of the nervus mentalis resulted in an anesthesia, of forty minutes' duration, of the whole area innervated by the trigeminal nerve. Other experiments convinced the Japanese investigators that the entire central nervous system may be injected from the peripheral nerves. The nerves themselves when injected with colored fluids could be traced to their finest ramifications and, when such fluids as methylodide and

ethylodide were used, it was possible to obtain roentgenograms of the injected nerve. It was also possible to prove that caffeine, strychnine and picrotoxin injected into the peripheral nerves exert a direct physiologic action on the central nervous system, similar to the one exerted by the drugs when injected intravenously or subcutaneously. These few instances may give an idea of the originality and importance of the work done by Funaoka and his collaborators. One may say that it solved definitely, among other problems, the one pertaining to a communication between the cerebrospinal spaces—subarachnoid and subdural—and the perineural tissue spaces, a view long ago advocated by Key and Retzius. Also the experiments with the production of hydrocephalus are of great value, for they prove that the blocking of the area around the medulla is a necessary factor in the causation of this condition. The issue consists of twelve contributions with excellent photographs, one beautiful colored picture and a rich bibliography.

J. GEORGE ADAMI, VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL 1919-1926, SOMETIME STRATHCONA PROFESSOR OF PATHOLOGY MCGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL. A MEMOIR. By Marie Adami, together with contributions from others, his friends. And an introduction by Sir Humphry Rolleston, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., M.D. Cloth. Price, \$3.50. Pp. 179. New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc., 1930.

Professor Adami taught at McGill University for more than twenty years. He contributed greatly to the literature of his subject. He realized the important part that pathology must play in the growth and the application of medical science, and toward the end of his life he edited "The War Story of the Canadian Army Medical Corps." He was unanimously elected vice chancellor of the University of Liverpool in June, 1919, and he carried on his work in this field until his death in 1926. The memoir is presented chronologically in relationship to the cities and the educational institutions with which he was associated. It includes also a list of his publications and estimates, by his colleagues, of his work. Pathologists, and all of those whose lives brought them into relationship with this distinguished man, will surely find in the volume much of interest.

HANDBOOK OF THE VACCINE TREATMENT OF CHRONIC RHEUMATIC DISEASES. By H. Warren Crowe, D.M., B.Ch., M.R.C.S., Director of the Chatterhouse Rheumatism Clinic. Paper. Price, 80 cents. Pp. 52. New York: Oxford University Press, 1930.

The author assumes that all rheumatic diseases are bacterial in origin. He recognizes three types: fibrositis, osteoarthritis and rheumatoid arthritis. From the standpoint of treatment he considers a differential diagnosis of no especial importance, as the same treatment is given to the various forms. Streptococci derived from the intestinal tract are responsible for fibrositis and osteoarthritis, and a white staphylococcus, which he designates *Micrococcus deformans*, the etiologic factor in rheumatoid arthritis. In the light of blood culture by Cecil and joint culture by Shand in rheumatoid arthritis showing *Streptococcus viridans*, and the negative blood culture obtained in osteoarthritis, it would appear that the author is somewhat confused in his statement. A vaccine is made from each of these germs and given separately to all rheumatic patients. He ascribes his good results to the use of small doses given subcutaneously. The initial dose is from 50,000 to 100,000 killed organisms. The treatments are given daily. The indications for modifying the dosage for the subsequent injection savors of magic rather than of science. He stresses the importance of avoiding a general reaction. The streptococcal vaccine contains 155 strains, "containing all varieties found in chronic rheumatism." The source of these various strains is not clear, but presumably it is the intestinal tract. The treatment in some cases is continued for years. He admits that there is a marked tendency in his cured cases to relapse. The fact that rheumatoid arthritis is characterized by remissions and recurrences may account for some of his apparent cures. This book cannot be recommended. While knowledge of chronic arthritis is limited, some things apparently are fairly clear, and many of the statements made in this treatise indicate that the author has not kept in touch with the literature on this subject. One must, however, admire his faith in his treatment as shown by the last sentence of his book: "I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the only universally successful treatment for rheumatism is by vaccine, and that if

"Thursday, 27. The small pox is Killing them off at the Village, four died to day.

"Friday, 28. The Mandans and Rees gave us two splendid dances, they say they dance; on account of their Not having a long time to live, as they expect to all die of the Small Pox.

"Sunday, 30. An other report from the GrosVentre to day say, they are Arrived at their Village, and that 10 or 15 of them have died, they threaten Death and Distruction to us all at this Place, saying that I was the Cause of the small pox Makeing its appearance in this Country—One of Our best friends of the Village (The Four Bears) died today, regretted by all Who Knew him.

"(August) Saturday, 5th. News from GrosVentre. . . . a Great Many of them have died of the Small Pox—several Chiefs Among them, they swear vengeance against all the Whites, as they say the small Pox Was brought here by the S. B.

"(August) Monday 7. Six more died to day.

"Tuesday 8. Four more died to day—the two thirds of the Village are sick. . . . The small Pox has broke Out at the Little Mandan Village, three died yesterday, two chiefs.

"Wednesday 9. Seven more died to day.

"Thursday 10. All the Rees that were encamped in the Mandan lodges, except a few that are sick, Moved down to the Island hoping to get rid of the small Pox.

"Friday 11. Mandans all crossed to the other Side of the river to encamp—leaving all that were sick in the village, I Keep No A/c of the dead, as they die so fast it is impossible—

"Sunday 13. An Old fellow who has lost the whole of his family to the Number of 14, harranged today, that it was time to begin to Kill the Whites.

"Monday 14. The Wolf chief An other dog from the Little Village, came to the Fort Naked With his gun cocked, to Kill one of us, We stopped him.

"Tuesday 15. . . . it appears that the small Pox has broke Out Amongst the Sioux, As Some of the Party, on their way back Was taken sick at Grande River, having Caught the disease from those that they butchered.

"Wednesday 16. Several Men, Women, and children that has been abandoned in the Village Are laying dead in the lodges, some Out side of the Village, others in the little river Not entered, which Creates a Very bad Smell all Around us—A Ree that has lost his wife and child threatened us to day—We are beset by enemies on all sides expecting to be shot every minute.

"Thursday 17. The Indians lying off every day—W[h]ere the disease will stop, I Know Not—A Young Ree for several days has been lurking around the Fort, Watching a good opportunity to Kill Me, but not finding a good chance, this morning he Came, full intent, he sit himself down in front of the Fort gate, on the Press, and Waited a few Minutes for me to go Out, in the Mean time one of My Men a Dutchman, John Cliner—stepped out and sat himself down a long side of the Indian, after setting a few Minutes, he got up to Come in the Fort, he only Made five paces When the Indian shot him in the back bone and Killed him instantaneously, he Made Off Immediately—We pursued him after shooting at him, but Without effect—got as far as the little river, . . . on Arriveing there he Made a stop, and hollowed to us that, that was the place he wanted to die. Garreau *Cesar* like approached in 15 paces of him and shot, the contents knocked him Over. . . . The Mother of the fellow We Killed Came to the Fort crying, saying that she wanted to die also, and wished for us to Kill her. Garreau stepped up, and With his tomahawk would have Made short of the Old Woman, but was prevented.

"Saturday 19. A Mandan And his Wife Killed themselves yesterday, to Not Out live their relations that are dead. . . . I was in hopes that the disease was almost at an end, but they are dying off 8 and 10 every day—and new cases of it daily—W[h]ere it will stop God only Knows—

"Sunday 20. Three more died in the Village last Night. The Wife of a Young Mandan that caught the disease Was suffering from the pain, her husband looked at her, and held down his head, he jumped up, and said to his wife, When you Was Young, you were handsome, you are now ugly and going to leave me; but No, I will go With you, he took up his gun and shot her dead, And With his Knife ripped open his Own belly

—two young men (Rees) Killed themselves to day, one of them stabbed himself With a Knife, and the other with an arrow. . . . A young Ree that has been sick for some time with the small pox, and being alone in his lodge, thought that it was better to die, than to be in so much pain, he began to rub the scabs untill blood Was running all over his body—he rolled himself in the Ashes, Which almost burnt his soul Out of his body—two days after he was perfectly Well, it is a severe operation, but few are disposed to try it—however it proved beneficial to him—

"Monday 21. . . . An Indian Came and told Me to be on My guard—as the fellow above mentioned, is determined to Act as his brother, to Kill One of us, And then die, . . . May he change his notion is the wish of your Humble Servant.

"Tuesday 22. The disease still Keeps ahead 8 and 10 die off daily, thirty five Mandans (Men) have died, the Woman and Children I keep No Account of.

"Thursday 24. Seven More died at the Village last Night, and Many More at the Ree camp at the point of Woods below. The fellow that we Killed on the 17th all his band Came to day to smoke With us and Make Peace, how long it will last I Cannot tell, however We Must put up With it, good or bad—

"Friday, 25. An other Mandan chief died to day—(The Long Fingers) total Number of Men that has died—50, I have turned Out to be a first rate doctor St Grado, an Indian that has been bleeding at the Nose all day, I gave him a decoction of all sorts of ingredients Mixed together, enough to Kill a Buffalo Bull of the largest size—I done it out of experiment And Am Content to say, that it proved effectual, the Confidence that an Indian has in the Medicine of the whites, is half the Cure.

"Saturday 26. A young Ree that has the Small Pox, told his Mother to go and dig his grave, she accordingly did so—after the grave Was dug, he walked With the help of his Father to the Grave, I Went Out With the Interpreter to try to persuade him to return back to the village—but he would not, Saying for the reason that all his young friends Were gone, And that he wished to follow them, towards evening he died—

"Monday 28. Three More fell sick in the Fort to day—My Interpreter for one, if I loose him I shall be badly off, the bad Weather continued all day—and no Prospects of Clearing off—

"Tuesday 29. An Indian Vaccinated his child, by Cutting two small pieces of flesh Out of her Arms, and two on the belly—and then taking a Scab from One, that Was getting Well of the disease, and rubbing it on the Wounded part, three days after, it took effect, and the child is perfectly Well—

"Thursday 31. A Young Mandan that died 4 days ago, his Wife having the disease also Killed her two Children, one a fine Boy of eight years, and the other six, to complete the affair she hung herself.

"Month of August I bid you farewell With all My heart, after running twenty hair breadth escapes, threatened every instant to be all Murdered, however it is the Wish of [your] humble Servant that the Month of September Will be More Favorable, the Number of Deaths up to the present is Very Near five hundred. The Mandans are all Cut off except 23 young and Old Men.

"(September) Sunday 3. A Young Mandan came to pay us a Visit from the Little Village, he informes us, that they are all Most all used up, and that it is his opinion that before the disease stops, that there will not One be left, except 8 or 10 that has Weathered out the Sickness—

"Tuesday 19. I was Visited by a Young fellow from the little Village, he assures Me that there is but 14 of them living, the Number of deaths Cannot be less than 800—What a bande of rascals has been used up—

"Thursday 21. The Mandans fearing their Allies, the Rees should unite With the Sioux, have all fled to the Opposite Side of the river, what their intention is I know Not, but the few that are left (41), Are Miserable, surrounded on all Sides."

The miserable wretches for the most part were voiceless and could only indicate their abject wretchedness and hopelessness by committing atrocities on themselves and their people. But they had one spokesman, 4 Bears—a chief to whose good character Chardon gives testimony in this diary—who was able to describe the calamity in words that enable us to realize the awful anguish of the Indians. Of this, Dr. Quaife, in a personal com-

munication, says, "I should like also to call your attention to the speech of 4 Bears, printed on page 299. It seems to me an unusual example of Indian eloquence." It is recorded at the end of Chardon's journal.

"SPEECH OF THE 4 BEARS, A MANDAN WARRIOR, TO THE ARRICAREES AND MANDAN—30TH JULY, 1837"

"My Friends one And all, Listen to what I have to say—Ever since I Can remember, I have loved the Whites, I have lived With them ever since I was a Boy, and to the best of My Knowledge, I have Never Wronged a White Man, on the Contrary, I have always Protected them from the insults of others, Which they Cannot deny, The 4 Bears Never saw a White Man hungry, but that he gave him to eat, Drink, and a Buffalo skin to sleep on, in time of Need, I was always ready to die for them, Which they Cannot deny, I have done everything that a red Skin could do for them, And how have they repaid it! With Ingratitude! I have Never Called a White Man a Dog, but to day I do Pronounce them to be a set of Black harted Dogs, they have deceived Me, them that I Always Considered as Brothers, has turned Out to be My Worst enemies, I have been in Many Battles, and often wounded, but the Wounds of My enemies, I exhalt in, but to day I am Wounded, And by Whom, by those same White Dogs that I have Always Considered, and Treated as Brothers, I do Not fear Death My friends, You Know it, but to die With My face rotten, that even the Wolves will shrink With horror at seeing Me, And say to themselves, that is the 4 Bears the 4 Bears the Friend of the Whites—Listen well what I have to say, as it will be the last time you will hear from Me, think of your Wives, children, Brother, Sisters, Friends, and in fact all that you hold dear, are all Dead, or Dying, with their faces rotten, caused by those dogs the whites, think of all that My friends, and rise all together and Not leave one of them Alive, The 4 Bears Will act his part."

To find as poignant a description of overwhelming grief as this, one must go to the Greek tragedies.

Medicolegal

Sale of Drugs by Itinerant Vender Prohibited

(*J. R. Watkins Co. v. Brown et al. (La.), 126 So. 587*)

Section 12 of the medical practice act of Louisiana, provides as follows:

That any itinerant vendor of any drug, nostrum, ointment or application of any kind, intended for the treatment of disease or injury, or who may by writing, print, or other methods, profess to cure or treat disease or deformity by any drug, nostrum, manipulation, or other expedient in this state, shall, if found guilty, be fined . . . or shall be imprisoned . . .

The J. R. Watkins Company entered into a contract with one Robert Lee Brown, one of the defendants in this case, to sell to Brown certain drugs, or medicines, on the condition, among others, that he make at least four times a year "a thorough and personal canvass" of the territory assigned to him for the purpose of selling these medicines. Brown was unable to fulfil the terms of the contract and suit was instituted against him, and his sureties, by the Watkins Company. The lower court gave judgment for Brown, apparently on the ground that the contract was illegal as proposing the itinerant vending of drugs in contravention of the section quoted, and the Watkins Company appealed to the Court of Appeals of Louisiana, First Circuit.

The object of the medical practice act, said the court, was to regulate the practice of medicine by competent physicians or surgeons and to prevent its practice by unauthorized or incompetent persons. The attempt made in section 12 to suppress itinerant venders of drugs was obviously incorporated in the statute for the prevention of the practice of medicine by quacks and mountebanks and such incorporation does not render the act unconstitutional. Counsel for the company contended that there was no penalty imposed for the mere vending of drugs, ointments and nostrums. The contention was that the only offense denounced is professing to prescribe for or treat. The section, said the court, denounces the vending of drugs or nos-

trums by itinerant venders as a crime. It also provides against the professing, by printing or writing, to cure disease or deformity by manipulation or other expedient. The penalty prescribed against the offender who violates the provisions of the section in either of the ways stated. The words "profess cure," continued the court, apply also to the mere vending of the drugs, since no sales of the nostrums would be possible unless the purchaser was promised a cure. Of necessity, such an affirmation by the itinerant vender must be implied in every sale. The word "profess," taken in its general sense, means "acknowledge," "to avow," "to affirm." Every sale must necessarily carry an "avowal" or "affirmance" of the curative virtue of the nostrum. While section 12 of the act is not perfect point of diction or grammatical construction, the court said, the foregoing construction carries out the legislative purpose, which was to prevent the practice of medicine by the unqualified and the unauthorized.

The Watkins Company contended, finally, that the section in question interfered with interstate commerce and was therefore void. This section, the court said, was enacted for the protection of the public health of the state as a police regulation and is not subject to the objection made.

The appellate court could find no error in the record and the judgment of the trial court was affirmed.

Refusal to Accept Treatment in Compensation Case

(*Hudyck v. Wyoming Shovel Works (Pa.), 149 Atl. 312*)

Hudyck, while an employee of the defendant company in 1917, lost the sight of his left eye in an industrial accident and was awarded compensation for partial disability. He returned to work for the defendant company and so continued until 1919, when he lost the sight of his right eye, as a result of sympathetic infection developed from the eye first injured. He then petitioned the compensation board to review and modify the compensation awarded him in 1917. The referee to whom the petition was referred awarded him compensation for total disability. The compensation board upheld the award and the action was affirmed by the court of common pleas, Luzerne County. The employer and its insurance company thereupon appealed to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, contending that no additional compensation should have been awarded by the referee. They alleged, among other things, that the employee failed to follow the advice of his physician, in 1917, to have his left eyeball removed to prevent infection of the other eye; that that failure created "the equivalent of a refusal to neglect to accept reasonable medical treatment" and resulted in a forfeiture of compensation under section 306(e) of the workmen's compensation act.

Section 306(e) does not apply to this particular situation, said the Supreme Court. A forfeiture of compensation can follow only, in the words of the act, "if the employee shall refuse reasonable surgical, medical, and hospital services, medicine and supplies, tendered to him by his employer." The record does not disclose tenders of that nature by the employer, and the physician who attended the employee was not provided for or secured by the employer. The physician whom the employee consulted in 1917, and who testified at the hearing before the referee, recommended the removal of the blind eye; but, as the evidence discloses and the referee found, it does not appear that the employee was made to understand that failure to remove the eye would result in loss of sight in the other eye.

The judgment of the court below was accordingly affirmed.

Society Proceedings

COMING MEETINGS

- American Orthopsychiatric Association, New York, February 20-21. George S. Stevenson, 370 Seventh Ave., New York, Secretary.
- American Society for the Study of Disorders of Speech, Chicago, December 30-January 1. Dr. Sara M. Stinchfield, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., Secretary.
- American Society of Tropical Medicine, Cleveland, December 27-30. Edwin Peterson, U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., Secretary.
- American Student Health Association, New York City, December 28-29. Dr. D. F. Smiley, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., Secretary.
- Society of American Bacteriologists, Boston, December 29-31. Dr. J. M. Sherman, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., Secretary.

RED MAN'S REMEDIES

By **KERRY WOOD**

A School of Medicine and Surgery.
Odd Extracts From Tree and Shrub,
With Hypnosis As An Anaesthetic.



AN Indian has been in our town's hospital these last ten days, rushed in from the west country suffering a ruptured appendix. The operation was successful, and Jim is now ready to leave for his log cabin home again, a wonderful constitution helping him make a quick recovery.

His name is Jim Yelloweyes, a non-treaty Cree Indian who lives in the back-bush country south-west of Rocky Mountain House, Alberta. A pretty fine type of redman, Jim, well educated and thoroughly independent and proud of it. Good friends of his at the Mountain House town had heard of his sickness and called a doctor, and the doctor's diagnosis made them rush him in to our hospital for the necessary operation.

With his dark head silhouetted against the white linen of the hospital bed, Jim stared around with eager eyes and asked many questions. All this was new to him. As friendship grew, we asked questions in return, and we learned many things about Indian methods of treating sickness.

Jim had been waiting the arrival of his chief when the doctor visited his cabin.

"The chief is our medicine man," Jim explained.

"Yes, but a medicine man couldn't have cured you of this sickness, could he?"

Jim smiled and shook his head.

"Maybe not the present day medicine man," he answered. "Today, our chiefs tell us to listen to the white man doctor when it is a sickness like this one. But in the old days, the old-time medicine man would have looked after me all right."

"But this was a serious sickness you had, Jim — a ruptured appendix always requires an operation."

He smiled again.

"In the old days before the white man came, we had medicine men who were wise about these things too. They kept small sharp knives, and sometimes they would cut away sick parts when a man got bad sick."

This amazed us, for we had not heard that the old medicine men were capable of understanding the intricate details of a major operation. Jim assured us that it was true, however, and so we had many more questions to ask. For instance, what did the patient do during the course of the operation — suffer the pain consciously?

"Our doctors give an anaesthetic, Jim; that is, they put you to sleep so that you will not feel the pain. What did the old Indians do?"

Jim was silent for a little while, wondering how he could explain himself to us so that he would be understood.

"My father told me these things about the old-time medicine men," he said. "And my father told me that when they used their knives on a man's body to cure sickness, the man did not feel pain. Before they cut, the medicine man looked a long time into the sick man's eyes, and he spoke quiet words, and sometimes he put a hand on the sick man's head and rubbed it gently. Then when the time came for the medicine man to take his knives and cut, the sick one felt no pain. Maybe you cannot understand, but it was so." Hypnotism? What else?

Then we asked Jim about other sicknesses, and about the methods used by the medicine men today. He gave us a long list, and told us about the uses the people of his tribe make of barks and roots found in the mountain country. Outdoorsmen will find these remedies interesting, and it may be that some of them will prove useful when someone falls sick in camp.

A common nose-bleed, for instance, can be instantly stopped by the simple process of breathing a little of the powdery dust of a dry puff-ball up the nostrils.

For a sore throat or a cough, the inner bark of chokecherry provides a fine medicine. Two big handfuls of the inner bark is placed in a sizeable pot of water and soaked overnight, and then boiled hard for two hours. A large spoonful three times daily will soon clear up the throat condition.

"It is good, too, for sicknesses in the chest," Jim said. "In my language, we call it the lung medicine."

Saskatoon bark also has good medicinal qualities. The whole bark is used, placed thickly in a pot of water and boiled until the water is colored. This water is then used to wash wounds, Jim claiming that it hastened healing. It soothes pain in a bruise, too, and is generally useful in the treatment of all cuts, aches, or bruises.

Another wound dressing that Jim thought outstanding was the pitch from the balsam spruce that grows in the heavier mountain forests. This pitch is used directly on the wound without any preparation, as a natural salve. Jim believed that Indians of the mountain country made more use of this balsam pitch than of any other Indian medicine. If a man knifed his finger or got a rope burn or had his leg skinned against a tree while riding, he simply smeared the sore spot with the balsam pitch and let it go at that.

"It is a strong cure," Jim said. "It keeps the wound clean, too, and keeps away any poison."

The balsam pitch is also used for sex ailments, taken internally.

SIR HENRY GRAY'S COMMENTS

EDITOR'S NOTE:

WHILE reading Mr. Kerry Wood's article on Indian Medicine, it occurred to the Editor of 'Forest and Outdoors' that a professional comment on the efficacy of the Red Man's Remedies would be interesting and valuable. Sir Henry M. W. Gray, of Montreal, eminent in the field of surgery, was appealed to and his characteristically vigorous and frank observations are given in the following letter. While Sir Henry takes a sporting shot at the author, Mr. Wood, it is reassuring to know that the narrative was derived actually from 'Jim Yelloweyes' without the aid of Mr. Wood's predilections, if he has any, towards any school of medical thought. R.B.

Montreal, June 11th, 1934.

Dear Mr. Robson Black:

I am very interested in Mr. Kerry Wood's article on "Indian Medicines" which you have sent to me.

Although I am a mere surgeon, not so deeply conversant with the attitude of apostles of the "modern school of medicine" as perhaps I ought to be, I feel that your courteous request merits an attempt on my part to please you, even by merely giving you my personal impressions.

When one reads Mr. Kerry Wood's account of conversations with Jim Yelloweyes, one wonders (a) whether Mr. Wood is "putting it over" his readers, (b) whether he has been studying the origin and history of some still widely used present day drugs and treatments and has put the story into Jim's mouth and (c) whether he deplores the apparently increasing preference of modern pharmacists and physicians for the use of artificially manufactured (synthetic) drugs as against those derived more or less directly from natural sources and is putting up a plea for retention of the latter.

Such thoughts are stimulated by the amount of what might be termed scientific accuracy of Jim's

RED MAN'S REMEDIES

(Continued)

Fevers have a medicine that is nearly always available — willow bark. The bark is ground to a pulp and soaked overnight in a pot of water, then boiled down to a third of its initial quantity. This brew is taken four times daily, a large spoonful at a time. Roots of the "Red Willow" or shrub variety of dogwood that grows in most parts of the west provide another good fever cure. The roots are carefully cleaned and then boiled in a large amount of water and used hot. Chills, severe colds, and bad fevers are among the sicknesses treated with these two remedies.

The white part of poplar bark makes a strong laxative. It is pulped and then boiled for three hours hard and the brew taken in small spoonfuls sparingly.

Jim even had a sure-fire Spring Tonic to tell about.

description of the sources and uses of the medicine man's remedies and of their similarity to the decoctions and extracts which were in such general use before this artificial age developed artificial drugs.

It is questionable whether the general public is better off under treatment by the multifarious patent medicines, pills, tablets, liquors and so forth which are forced by high-pressure salesmen on doctors who too often feel compelled to use them because of a dread of being regarded as not up to date or which are swallowed by a gullible public in response to flaunting advertisement. In many cases sufferers, in imagination or in reality, would be safer were they to use "cures" as simple as those used by the Indian and other supposedly uncultured races. It is remarkable that Jim Yelloweyes' list of remedies do not include anything resembling some of the loathsome concoctions which our forefathers were compelled to swallow — not so very long ago, even when their civilization was regarded as being advanced! It says much for the sanity of bygone Indian experimenters and observers that the medicinal remedies they evolved and handed down are of such safe and reliable quality — to say nothing of the use of hypnotism in such surgical work as they undertook! It may be pointed out that in these modern days the effects of newly discovered remedies have to be tested on human subjects in a manner comparable to what the Indian had to do.

While highly scientific laboratory workers can claim to have introduced some astoundingly efficient methods of treatment evolved from experimentation on lower animals, their remedies have had to be carefully tested in their effects on human beings before issued, so to speak, to the general public of medical men. Departure from this rule, in impetuous pursuit of notoriety, has led and will lead to "grave" danger.

HENRY M. W. GRAY.

A couple of generous handfuls of black alder bark is used to make a tea, boiled until one fourth of the original water amount is left. A half cupful of this concoction three times a day will do wonders in the springtime when pimples and skin eruptions tell that there is an unhealthy condition existing in the body. It is good for the whole system, Jim avowed.

As a last remedy, Jim spoke of the Juniper berries that are so easily gathered on the mountain slopes. A few dozen of these, brewed in tea form, make a powerful medicine to be used by those suffering with kidney troubles.

This had a familiar sound. Most of our Kidney medicines have a good touch of juniper extract in them, and this was told to Jim.

"Sure!" said he, smiling. "Wise whitemen know that the Indians know what's good!"

A NOTED AUTHOR'S VIEWS

(Name withheld by request)

on "RED MAN'S REMEDIES"

(June issue, Forest & Outdoors)

A GREAT doctor, unacquainted with Indian customs, might perhaps wonder where Indian medicine men obtained their knowledge, or at least that part of it that was genuine. Likewise the builder of ocean liners might express some surprise at the seaworthiness of a bark canoe.

The art of healing is as old as the human race, and it is not reasonable to suppose that a race of people who have always been remarkable for their adaptability to their environment and the expert use they made of the materials provided by Nature, should have overlooked the healing properties of the vegetation by which they were surrounded.

Savage and other races in all parts of the world have used different kinds of herbs effectively for medicinal purposes. That some drugs in common use by modern practitioners should be derivatives from

these medicinal roots and barks, simply proves that these old herb doctors knew their stuff.

Civilized society improved on the knowledge of its own ancestors, who probably used the very same remedies that Indians use today.

There is plenty of evidence of the efficacy of these simples. Far from doubting the veracity of Mr. Kerry Wood's statements, I can say in support of them, that nearly all the remedies are known to me, who am no medicine man or chief, as well as to the majority of Indian people still living in a semi-primitive state. Those mentioned are the most common kinds. There are many others not so well known.

Hypnotism was practised extensively in a medical way, as well as for other uses not so worthy, and is still in use among the Ojibways.

"Is The Wolf a Plain Coward"

(May issue)

and "The Scourge of Poison Bait"

(April issue)

WHILE it may perhaps be considered presumptuous on my part, I cannot refrain from passing some comment on two articles by Axel Nielsen that appeared in the April and May issues of 'Canadian Forest and Outdoors'.

Usually, those who have real practical experience in bush craft cannot, or will not, come out into the open and express, themselves on subjects that are of the first importance to conservation, and on which they are the only competent authority. Thus the truth seldom gets a hearing, and misinformed though often well-meaning legislators struggle along, trying to cope with a situation on which little or no expert information is available.

While the woodsman cannot perhaps prescribe a cure-all, he is in a position to form a pretty accurate diagnosis, and Mr. Nielsen shares with Tony Lascelles the rather unusual distinction of being able to put his finger unerringly on the weak spots and fallacies in both legislative and popular conception of wilderness affairs, and of speaking out about them without either fear or favour. Mr. Nielsen's article on wolves, alone, establishes him at once as a man who knows very well what he is talking about, and I might say here that the wolf is no more of a coward and a poltroon than some of those who have built up such fantastic yarns about him. He is only as nature and environment have made him, and cannot be blamed for not being endowed with an excess of courage that would only result in his extermination;

and we have yet to see what effect the entire removal of predatory animals might have on the balance of nature.

Mr. Nielsen's condemnation of the use of poison is a crushing indictment of the apathy which allows us to permit the further use of this destructive agency, that has laid waste thousands of square miles of our beloved Northland that was once teeming with all forms of life, so that much of it remains only as a sepulchre for the remains of countless numbers of victims, the largest percentage of which are never recovered, and are destroyed to no good purpose.

I cannot say more without reiterating much of what Mr. Nielsen has written in "The Scourge of Poison Bait", save to urge that poison should be made absolutely inaccessible to all unauthorized persons (for any purpose whatsoever). The ease with which this dangerous drug can be obtained, and the carelessness with which it is handled, are alike appalling, in view of the ignorance and negligence of a large proportion of those who make use of it.

The article in question is a frank and truthful denunciation of a traffic that bids fair to bring about the extermination of nearly every living creature in large areas of the Northern Wilderness, and which, if continued in, will not only put the genuine, honest and law-abiding regular white trapper out of business entirely, but will render destitute those bands of our native population that are entirely dependent on the hunt for not merely their well-being, but for their very existence.

INDIAN MEDICINES MADE FROM TREES

BY HU MAXWELL

COMMON tradition attributes to the Indian doctors a wide acquaintance with medicinal plants and a profound knowledge of the curative qualities of herbs. That notion was held by some people who knew the Indians in pioneer times, but usually such persons were not competent judges of a physician's abilities, and an opinion from that source was not worth much. There is no question that some Indian doctors met with considerable success in curing the sick when dealing with simple diseases only; but accounts of Indian doctors curing cancer, tuberculosis, hydrophobia, and cholera, should be accepted with caution. The outstanding fact of greatest significance was the redman's usual willingness to risk a white physician in preference to one of his own race, when he had the privilege of choosing between them. He had no supreme confidence in the savage doctor with his combination of good medicine and deceptive jugglery; for the two usually went together in the redman's medical practice. For that reason it is difficult for investigators of the present time to arrive at a just estimate of the real merit in the Indian's medicines and methods of applying them. This observation is intended to apply more to the tribes which occupied the eastern part of the United States from one hundred to three hundred years ago than to those which still live in the western part of the country.

Within the past forty or fifty years, studies of Indian medicines have been made by competent scientists who have sojourned among the western tribes, gained their confidence, and learned what medicines the half-savage doctors use and for what purposes and with what effects they are employed. The United States Bureau of Ethnology has compiled and published valuable bulletins on Indian medicines of modern times. In these bulletins the botany of plants is correctly given and the methods of preparing medicines are set forth in detail. But information of so accurate and satisfactory a character was very scarce in early years in the eastern part of the United States. It is greatly to be regretted that competent scientists did not collect and preserve Indian medical knowledge in early years when there was so much that might have been learned. Intelligent writers on the frontiers were few then, and a great deal of interesting and perhaps valuable information concerning the Indian doctors and

their medicines has been lost beyond recovery. The best that can now be done in the way of preserving some of the fragments of Indian medical practice in the forested regions of eastern North America is to search through the books of early travelers, traders, missionaries, hunters, and adventurers. A scrap is to be found here and there which throws a little light on the subject; but such mention nearly always seems to have been accidental. There is no lack of books, and it is remarkable that so

much could be written and so little be said on the subject of Indian medicines. Many a frontier writer dwelt at great length upon the practices of Indian conjurers who pretended to cure the sick by beating drums, shaking rattles, and dressing in bear skins and buffalo horns, and dancing before the patient; but few and short are the actual accounts of the preparation and administering of medicines, though that must have been of common occurrence in the Indian camp and village. It is highly probable that the conjurer and his tricks were called upon in those cases only where the disease was not understood, and that medicines were administered in other cases

It is pretty certain that the Indian doctors, deficient though they were in scientific knowledge, did not receive justice from the pens of most early writers. In most cases the redman's shortcomings as a doctor are magnified and his virtues belittled, or the subject is entirely ignored. The most notable instance of this is found in a series of books known as

the "Jesuit Relations," by French missionaries who, during one hundred and fifty years, wrote voluminously of life among the tribes from Nova Scotia to Hudson Bay and New Orleans, and had scarcely a word of commendation for Indian medical knowledge or practice. Those missionaries were learned men, and they wrote with the force and fire of the Apostle Paul; but in vain may their seventy-three volumes, which they wrote in French, Italian, and Latin, be searched page by page without so much as one page being found that describes the medicines used by the Indian doctors. The missionaries wrote of things spiritual rather than of those things which appertain to this life and things temporal. This instance is cited merely to emphasize the fact that what is known of Indian medicines has come down from the past as detached fragments.



LEAF OF BEECH TREE

Northern Indians made poultices of beech leaves which adhered to the twigs all winter and were easily procurable in time of deep snow. They were a frostbite remedy.

Among the scores of men who wrote of Indians and of the frontiers, there were a few who gave more or less information relative to the redman's medicines. One of these was Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and who was the foremost physician of his time. Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton, of Philadelphia, was another, whose works were published considerably more than a hundred years ago. Peter Smith, a practicing physician on the early Ohio frontier and who said that he "had read some medicine," frankly stated in his book: "I learned some of my remedies from the Indians, or learned them in the same way that the Indians learned them." He called himself "a home

old man or Indian doctor." His unique book was long out of print but a new edition was issued a few years ago in Cincinnati. Johann David Schoepf, a Hessian army surgeon who fought against the Americans in the Revolution and afterwards traveled extensively on the western frontiers, left a work in Latin descriptive of American medicinal plants, and another in



ARBORVITAE

Indians placed leaves and twigs of this cedar in their beds for the purpose of keeping snakes at a distance. Modern campers use it for decorations and like its odor.

German descriptive of his travels, and he threw much light on the Indians' practice of medicine. John Lawson's "History of Carolina," written two centuries ago, deals with some of the Indian remedies derived from the forest. Peter Kalm, a Swedish naturalist, writing about 1749 from observations made while traveling through the eastern United States and Canada, gave much interesting information on the same subject. C. F. Volney, a Frenchman who traveled through Indiana and Illinois soon after the close of the Revolution, wrote many careful observations of Indians, including their diseases and cures. Information comes from many other travelers who have left books dealing with phases of Indian life.

Men who were of the medical profession and were personally acquainted with Indian doctors and their medicines have not left wholly favorable accounts of the redman's proficiency as a physician. His knowledge of certain remedies has been admitted, but his skill in administering them has been called in question. That was the view held by Dr. Rush, while the following summary shows Dr. Barton's opinion:

My inquiries concerning the diseases and remedies of our Indians has convinced me that among these people the art of medicine is truly in a shapeless and embryonic state. It is, nevertheless, certain that some of the rudest tribes are acquainted with the general medicinal properties of many of their vegetables. Medicines of savages are in general medicines of an active kind. The Indians of North America are in possession of a number of active and important remedies. They do not always apply their remedies with judgment and discernment.

Volney reached his conclusions from observations of Indians of the Middle West, and his summary follows:

They are afflicted with diseases of the stomach, intermittent and bilious fevers, consumption, and pleurisy. Fractures and dislocations are not rare among them, but they are pretty dextrous in reducing them. They would suffer more from rheumatism if they did not practice fumigation by means of hot stones.

Schoepf's opinion of Indian medicine and practice was given in these words:

Most of the diseases for the healing of which the skill of the Indians is specially praised, are simple, those in which nature may work actively and effect most salutary changes. The observers and panegyrists of the so much belauded Indian methods of therapy are commonly ignorant people who find things and circumstances wonderful because they cannot offer explanations from general principles. The medicines of which they make use are few and simple, potent naturally or through the heaviness of the dose.



BUTTERNUT OR WHITE WALNUT

Indians cured many ailments with this tree's bark, and white men learned its use from them. Modern drugstores keep the bark for sale.

Indian doctors seldom compounded medicines. Each was complete in itself. If they used cherry bark, they mixed nothing with it; if dogwood flowers, they were used alone; if beech leaves, they alone were employed. The old medical books called such remedies "simples," because only one ingredient was present.

After the Indian came in contact with white men he speedily acquired most of the diseases of civilization, but while he lived in his natural environment his ailments were fewer in number. Judging from statements in old books dealing with the matter, Indians suffered chiefly from four classes of complaints, but the classification here given is not scientific.

The first may be defined as aches for which the Indian could discover no visible cause, such as rheumatism, toothache, and headache. There is no question that the savages suffered severely from these.

Fevers constituted the second class, and all accounts agree that Indians suffered from that cause. It may not be possible to diagnose the cases sufficiently to deter-

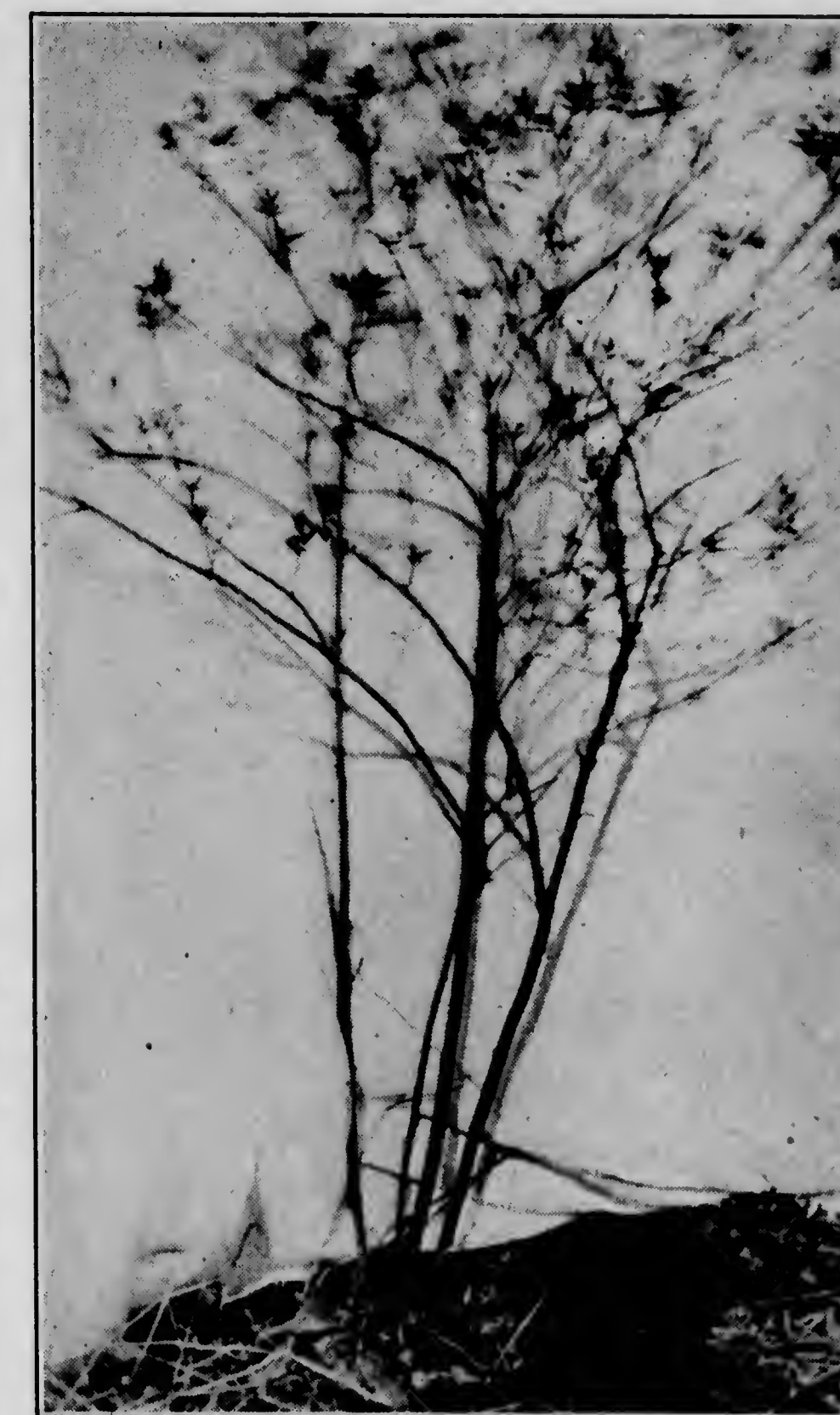
mine at this late date what kinds of fevers prevailed, but the old-fashioned "fever and ague" was common. It could not have been otherwise, for mosquitoes were swarming in the woods, and among them doubtless were numerous anopheles, the species which transmits the germs which cause ague. Naturally Indians would suffer greatly from the bites of these germ-carrying insects, and chills and fever would develop. Contemporary writers bear abundant testimony that malarial sickness was common among the Indians, and the red doctor knew what medicines the forest afforded for the cure of intermittent fevers.

Wounds constituted the third class of sickness calling for cures. The most usual wounds were cuts, bruises, sprains, fractures, burns, and frostbite. The savage's mode of life made these hurts of frequent occurrence.

The fourth class might be listed as a subclass of the third, but it was

so common and so distinct that it properly stands separate from others. It was the wound caused by the bite of a poisonous snake. Every part of the United States was infested by venomous serpents, and the bare-legged savages, walking through weeds and among rocks, were peculiarly liable to attack. The Indian doctors ransacked the American forests for snake-bite remedies, and no fewer than 35 separate cures, or alleged cures, were known and used, but not all in the same regions. All of these were derived from trees and herbs. Several plants known as "snake root" have come down to the present day. Two of the best known are "Virginia snake root" (*Aristolochia serpentaria*) and "Seneca snake root" (*Polygala senega*). The Virginia snake root was so highly valued by the Cherokee Indians that they placed an embargo on its export, with the death penalty for any one attempting to carry the forbidden root out of the country.

Quinine was unknown to the Indians who inhabited this country in early times, but they sought out the best obtainable substitutes for it and used them as medicines

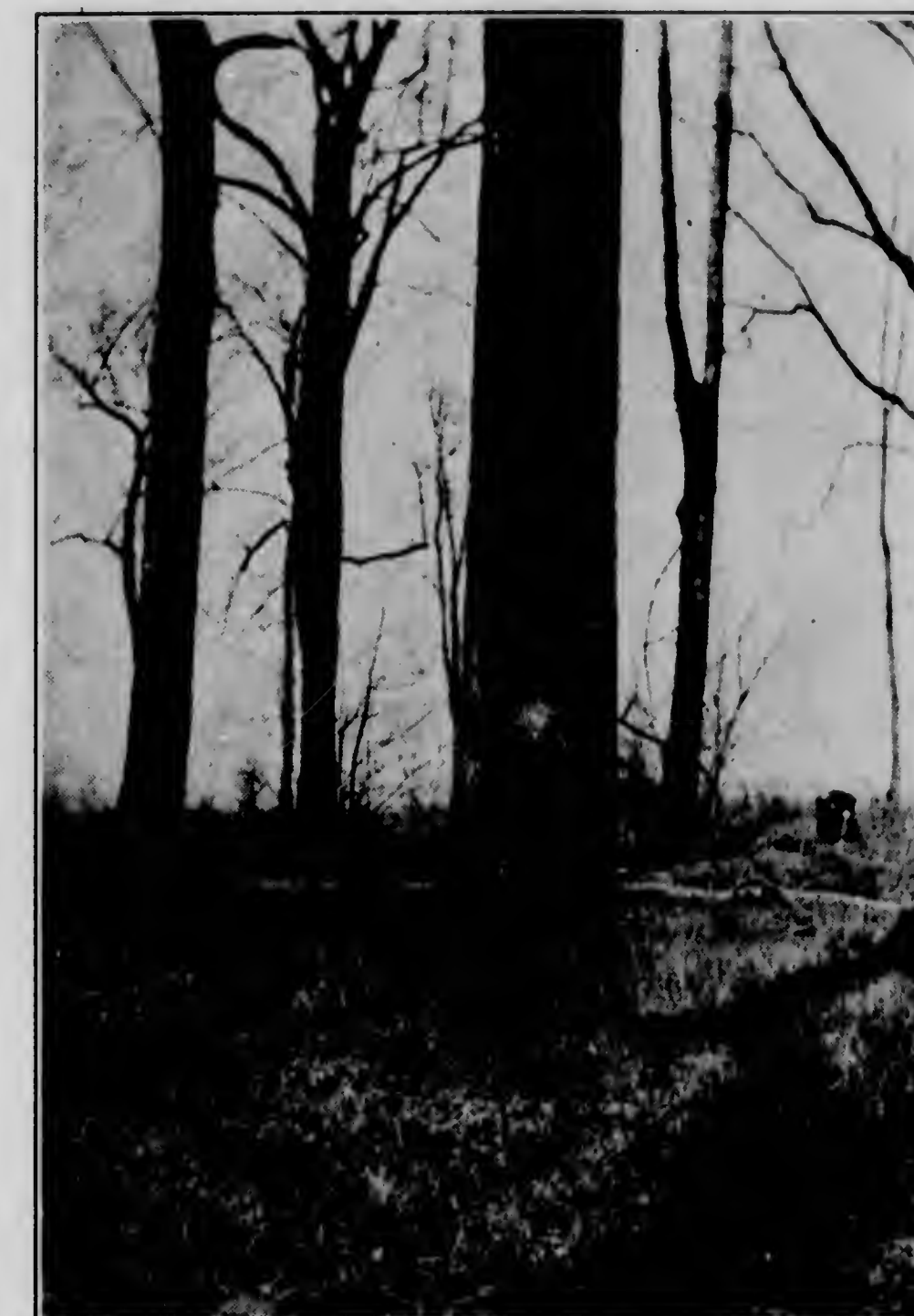


COMMON ELDER

The bark was beaten to a pulp by Indian doctors and was applied as a poultice to relieve toothache. It was afterwards used extensively by civilized physicians. The bark contains hydrocyanic acid and is poisonous.

in treatment of fevers. Several native trees yielded bark, flowers, or fruit so bitter in taste that they filled the place of quinine. Some of those remedies were adopted by civilized physicians as treatment for intermittent fevers.

One of the most widely used fever medicines employed by the Indians was dogwood (*Cornus florida*). The tree grew in nearly all forested regions east of the Rocky Mountains, and other species very similar were found in some parts of the United States, so that Indians in widely separated regions could procure it. Flowers,



WHITE ASH TRUNK

From this bark the Indians manufactured one of their thirty-five recorded snakebite cures. Most ash lumber is cut from this species.

fruit, and bark were steeped in water and were thus made into an intensely bitter drink which was administered in large doses. White physicians who learned the remedy from the savages used whiskey or gin as the fluid part of the medicine, and it has remained in use to the present day, though it is not so popular as it once was. It was the "bitters" formerly prescribed by many a country doctor for "fever and ague," just as the Indians administered it.

Yellow poplar (*Liriodendron tulipifera*) was as bitter as dogwood and Indians administered it for the same purpose. They preferred bark from the roots, but the inner bark of the trunk and even the green fruit, were given as a chill and fever remedy. The white man adopted that remedy from the Indians and occasionally he still employs it.

The angelica tree (*Aralia spinosa*) supplied a fever medicine which enriched the savage doctor's pharmacopoeia. The inner bark was used. It is less bitter than dogwood and yellow poplar, but it possesses a peculiar acrid taste which commended it to the barbarians; for the more disagreeable the taste, the greater virtue in the medicine, according to their opinion.

Greasewood (*Covillea tridentata*) was a medicine formerly in use among the Indians of the southwestern arid region of the United States. The leaves and twigs were boiled and the resulting tea was drunk. It is not very bitter and its efficiency as a fever medicine is doubtful. It is not a tree but a shrub. It is the purpose to restrict this article pretty closely to medicines derived

from trees; but it may be allowable to include this species of greasewood. It is one of a group of related species of which some of the western Indians made arrows, and in so doing they had their mouths constantly filled with the bark, because it was their custom to strip off the bark with their teeth from the young shoots in the process of arrow making. Small crooks in the stems were straightened by using the teeth as a vise. The arrow maker pronounced the bark "good medicine for the stomach," and that may have led to the use of greasewood tea as a medicine by those who felt the need of it. The Pima Indians were still using this remedy a few years ago.

Indians had as much toothache and rheumatism as the less barbarous people, and they suffered from headache, and had remedies for these and kindred pains. They were able to extract their own teeth by attaching a sinew or cord to the aching member, tying the other end to the limb of a tree, and allowing their weight to give the necessary pull. But they had cures without surgery.

Writing about the year 1794 Loskiel, a German traveler, said in his "History of the Missions of the United Brethren Among the Indians of North America" that the Indians applied the bark of the "toothache tree," or prickly ash, as a cure. That tree was the same as the angelica tree referred to above as a fever cure. It was also known as Hercules club, which name it still bears in some regions. There are two species known as toothache tree and Hercules club in this country; both of which were used as medicine by the Indians. The northern species to which Loskiel referred was *Aralia spinosa*. The southern species which is known by the same English and Indian names, is designated by botanists as *Xanthoxylum clava-hercules* and is wholly different from the northern tree which it so closely resembles.

Butternut (*Juglans cinera*) was another toothache remedy among the Indians, and was likewise employed to relieve headache and rheumatism. Loskiel refers to it in his book as follows, speaking of the savages which at that time inhabited Ohio and Pennsylvania:

For rheumatism some apply the bark of the white walnut to the part affected, by which the pain is frequently removed and an eruption produced in some parts of the body. It is extremely acrid and

occasions a pungent pain on the part of the skin to which it is applied, which afterwards appears as if it had been scorched. For the headache they apply a small piece of the bark to the temples, and for the toothache on the cheek near the tooth affected.

Butternut bark, and also the bark of the angelica tree, have been in use as medicine by regular physicians ever since the secret was learned from the Indian doctors, but no longer as toothache remedies.

The common elder (*Sambucus canadensis*) is still another addition to American medicine learned from the Indians. Peter Kalm said in 1749 of this elder as a toothache cure:

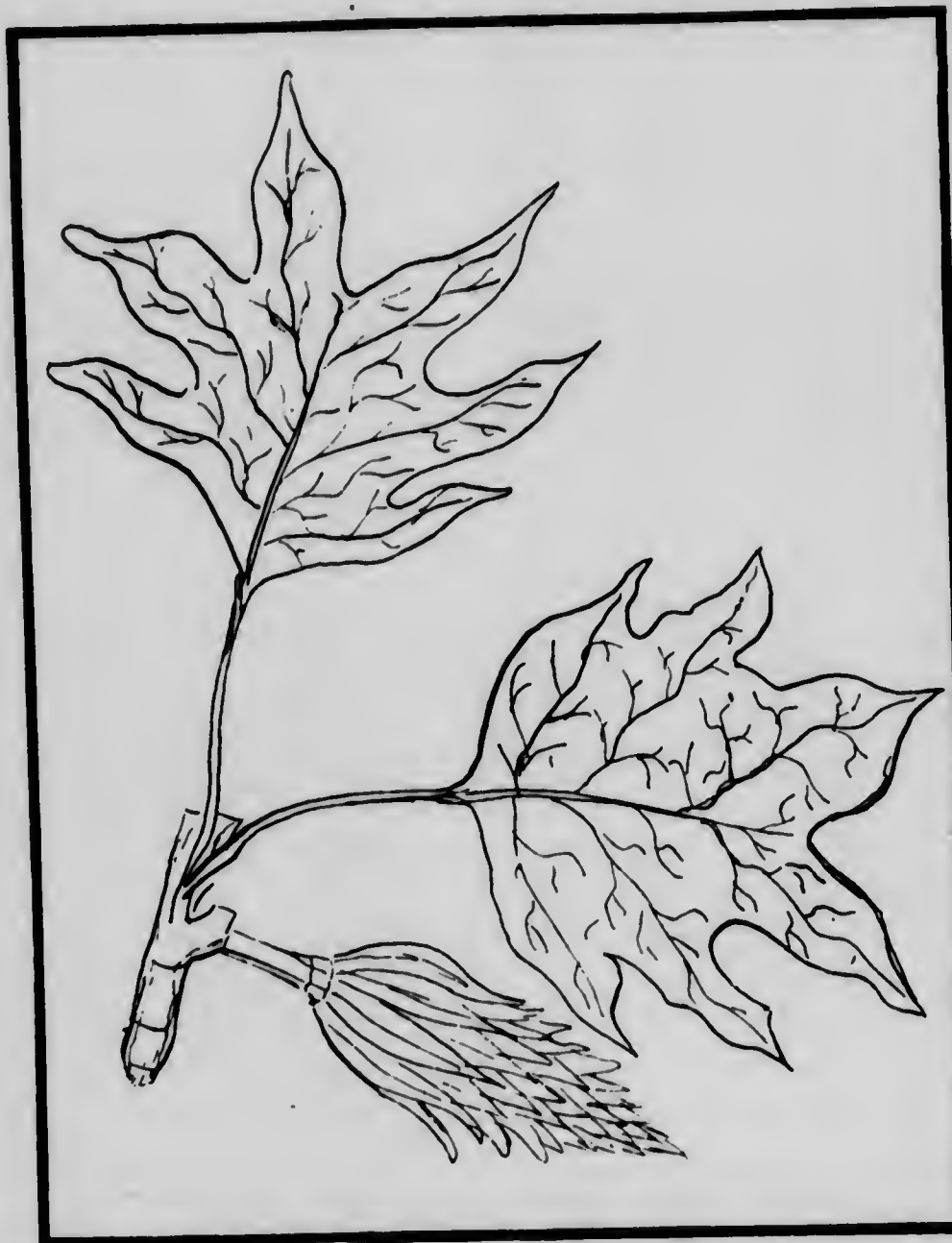
I have seen the Iroquois boil the inner bark and put it on that part of the cheek in which the pain was most violent. This, I am told, often diminishes the pain.

Early American doctors laid great stress on the elder as a source of medicine, and they used every part of it, flower, fruit, bark, root, and pith. Some parts of it are still for sale in drugstores, but elder does not enjoy the reputation it once had. Fortunately the Indians who suffered from toothache applied the elder bark to the outside of the cheek in-

stead of the inside of the mouth, for elder bark is a deadly poison, due to the hydrocyanic acid it contains, and it has been known to cause death almost instantly when swallowed. Who knows how many Indians were fatally poisoned before they learned to apply the elder tooth-

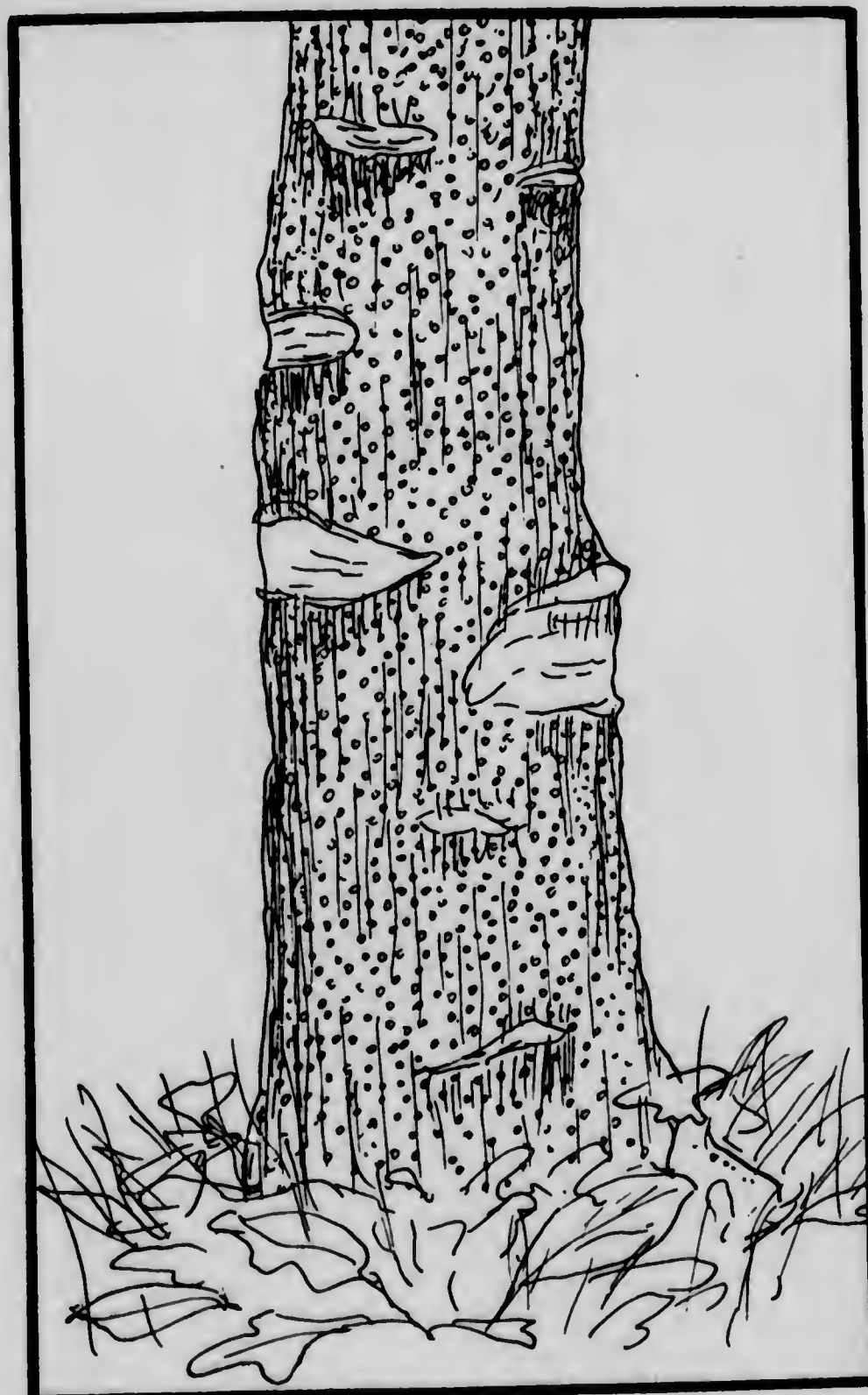
ache remedy externally instead of internally? The Indian's usual treatment for rheumatism was a steam bath in an airtight hut; but he had remedies of other kinds, chiefly drinks made from bark and roots. One of the Indian's favorite cures for rheumatism and valued higher than probably any other tree, so far as it was known, was the umbrella tree (*Magnolia tripetela*). This is known also as cucumber tree, magnolia, and elkwood. It is found among the Appalachian Mountains of Pennsylvania and southward, and in some localities as far west as the Mississippi River. The grouping of the leaves on the outer ends of the branches, in the form of a parasol, gives the name "umbrella tree." In Dr. Barton's "Collections," published in 1798, he speaks thus of the umbrella tree:

The bark of this tree is celebrated among the western Indians as a remedy in rheumatism and fevers. The tree grows in great profusion upon the River Kanawha (Kanawha) whither the Indians resort for the purpose of procuring



YELLOW POPLAR FRUIT

The savages of eastern United States made medicine of bark, buds, and fruit of yellow poplar or tulip tree, and white settlers learned its use from them. It was a fever remedy as well as an external application for sores.



UMBRELLA TREE

The bitter bark of the *Magnolia tripetela* (umbrella tree) was diligently sought by the red doctors as a cure for chills and fever. It was an article of commerce with them.

the bark which they carry off in great abundance. It is known as elkbark and Indian bark.

Barton must have had in mind a period much earlier than his book, 1798. The Kanawha river is in West Virginia, and the Indians were driven from that region by Gen. Andrew Lewis in 1774, and they never returned. The bark-gathering expeditions spoken of must have belonged to a much earlier date. It is worthy of note, too, as a record of forest change, that though the umbrella tree may once have existed "in great profusion" in that region, it is difficult to find a single tree of that species in all that country at the present time. The report on the trees of West Virginia, prepared by A. B. Brooks for the state geological survey, makes no mention of this species, and it is presumed that it was not met with in the region where it was formerly abundant.

The Indians made an oil from hickory nuts and black walnuts and used it as a liniment "to supple their joints," according to the testimony of an old writer. That remedy was employed frequently by Indian fishermen who waded much in the water along the tidal rivers of Virginia and Maryland where half the savage population lived by fishing. Rheumatism and stiffening of the joints, due to exposure, were common complaints, and the frequent application of nut oil gave relief. It seems probable from early accounts that hickory trees were more plentiful than any other forest tree species in the Virginia coastal region at that time, which was the period of first exploration by white men. At that time the loblolly pine (*Pinus taeda*) was confined chiefly to tracts near the mouths of rivers and had not yet spread inland as it has since done, and hickory held chief place in the forest's makeup in that part of the country.

Most of the cures for snakebites, which the Indians made use of, were annual plants and therefore do not fall within the scope of this article which deals with trees only; but the white ash (*Fraxinus americana*) was employed as a remedy, according to Loskiel, who says in speaking of the bite of snakes: "A decoction of the buds or bark of white ash, taken inwardly, is said to

be a certain remedy against the effect of this poison."

Indians of the Lake States and of parts of Canada placed much reliance on arborvitae (*Thuja occidentalis*) as a protection against snakes, though it does not appear that they actually applied it as a medicine. They went on the theory that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. It is written in volume 3 of the "Jesuit Relations":

In the forests (of the Huron country) are seen abundance of cedars. The odor of the tree is disliked by serpents, and on this account its branches are used for their beds when on their journeys.

Arborvitae possesses a camphor-like odor which is very perceptible when the leaves and twigs are bruised. The present day camper in the country north of the Great Lakes is glad to furnish his camp bed with arborvitae boughs, which he calls "spruce feathers." The odor might have kept snakes out of the wigwams of the Huron Indians two hundred years ago in the palmy days of the Jesuit missionaries; but at the present day the camper regards the delicate odor as one of the luxuries of forest life, and it is that which now

gives the boughs their value, and no one regards them as protection against serpents. In fact, it is doubtful if snakes shun this tree, for they hide in arborvitae hedges as readily as in any other hedge.

Indians had no infallible snakebite cure. An early traveler in Florida asked whether an Indian when struck by the large, black rattlesnakes of that region ever succumbed, and he received the answer: "I never knew of one so bitten that did not succumb." The blunt, thick rattlesnake of Arizona, known locally as the "sidewinder," is reputed to cause sure death when it strikes an Indian; but that point does not seem to have been investigated scientifically. So far as the writer of this has been able to ascertain from reports of the Bureau of Ethnology, the only case reported of an Indian bitten by a rattlesnake in Arizona was one that proved fatal, but it was assumed in that instance that death resulted because the victim was unable to apply a remedy promptly. Indians of Arizona and surrounding regions made themselves leggings of hard leather as a protection not only against snakes, but also against the fierce thorns which bristle on every leaf and stem



LEAF OF SLIPPERY ELM

No tree has a smoother inner bark and a rougher, harsher leaf than slippery elm. The bark was made into poultices by Indians. White settlers learned the art, and all drug stores sell the bark. The ground article is often adulterated with wheat flour.



FLOWERING DOGWOOD

The bark of dogwood was the best substitute for quinine the Indians had. It was one of their remedies for chills and fever. White people long used bark, flowers, and fruit as fever medicine.

of the desert vegetation. Prevention was easier and safer than cure. To this day if an Indian of certain California tribes is bitten by a rattlesnake and cannot get aid from white people, he gives up to die, believing that there is no hope. Such a bite is not, however, necessarily fatal.

Cuts, bruises, sprains, burns, frostbites, and many other injuries of a like nature, were common among the



ANGELICA TREE

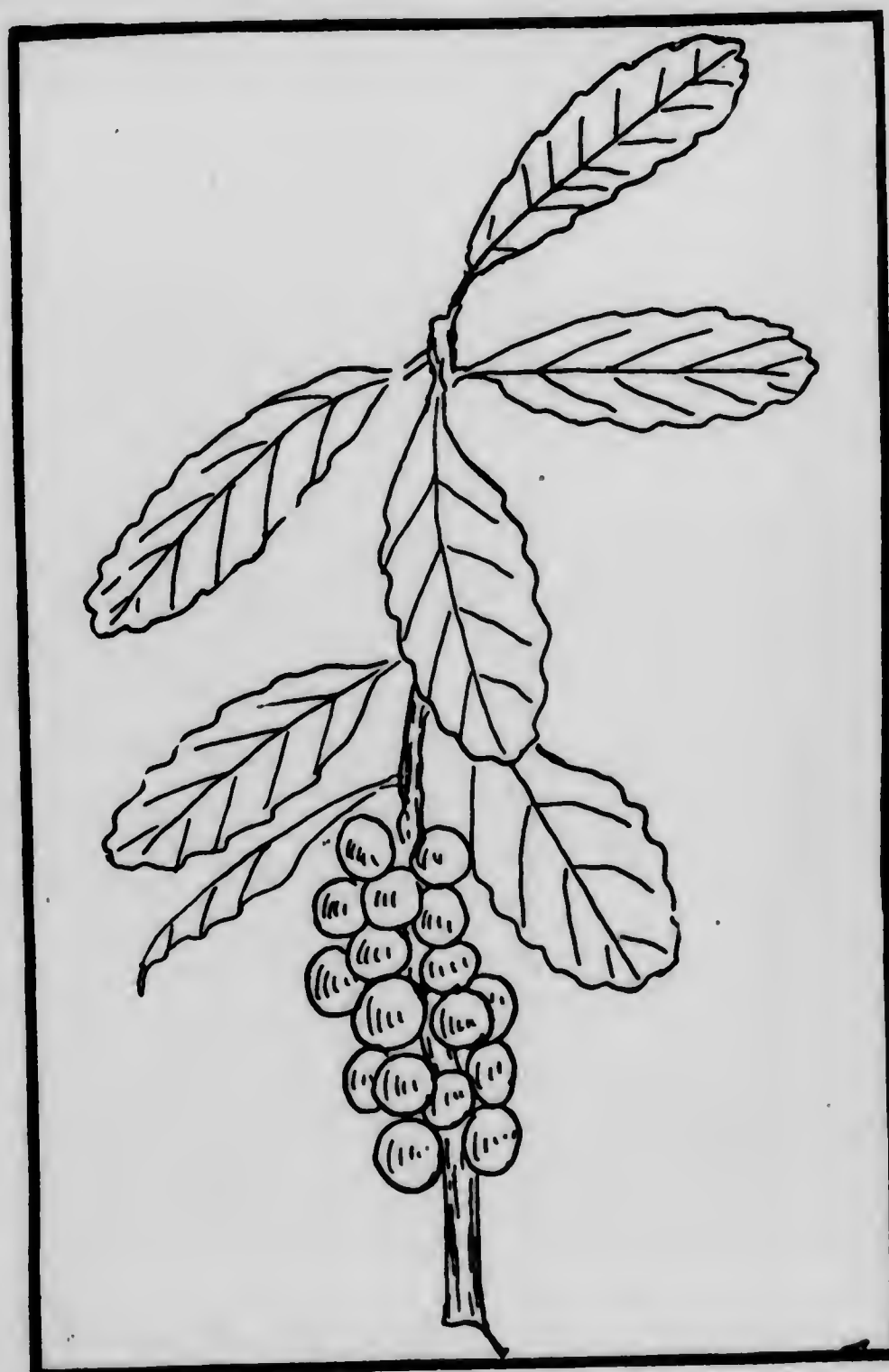
Indians called this the toothache tree (*Aralia spinosa*) and made poultices of its bark which served as a counter irritant in toothache. It was a fever medicine also.

properties of this bark. John Lawson, who has been already quoted, wrote of this remedy as follows more than two hundred years ago:

The Indians take the bark of its roots and beat it whilst green to a pulp and then dry it in the chimney where it becomes of a reddish color. This they use as a sovereign remedy to heal a cut or a green wound.

One hundred and forty years after Lawson's time, one of the foremost physicians of America, Dr. Wooster Beach, paid the following high compliment to elm bark, the use of which had been learned from Indian doctors:

It quickly and powerfully allays inflammation, promotes resolution, also suppuration, and heals speedily. We make extensive use of the flour of the bark in the form of poultice, for every variety of inflammation, wounds, and ulcers. In point of utility, it



YAUPON HOLLY

The notorious "black drink" of the southern Indians and the Spaniards in Florida was brewed from the roasted leaves and twigs of yaupon holly. It was a remedy for anemia and was taken once a year.

is of far more value than its weight in gold; and, therefore, whoever has a tree on his farm should never permit it to be cut.

Slippery elm is easily distinguished from the four other elms of this country by its thick mucilaginous inner bark, but its leaf assists frequently in identifying it. Its apex is usually longer and narrower than the apexes of the leaves of other elms, and the leaf feels rough and harsh, no matter in what direction it is rubbed. When the leaves are crushed in the hand they give a crackling sensation.

The fruit of yellow poplar, beaten, boiled, and made into salve, was an Indian remedy of which an early traveler wrote: "The buds, made into ointment, cure scalds, inflammations, and burns. I saw several bushels thereof."

Indian doctors were able to do more with the leaves of the common beech tree (*Fagus atropunicea*) than modern doctors are doing, for current dispensaries do not mention beech leaves. John Carver, who traveled on the head waters of the Mississippi river at a time when the region was practically unknown to white men, thus wrote of the medicinal value of beech leaves in winter:

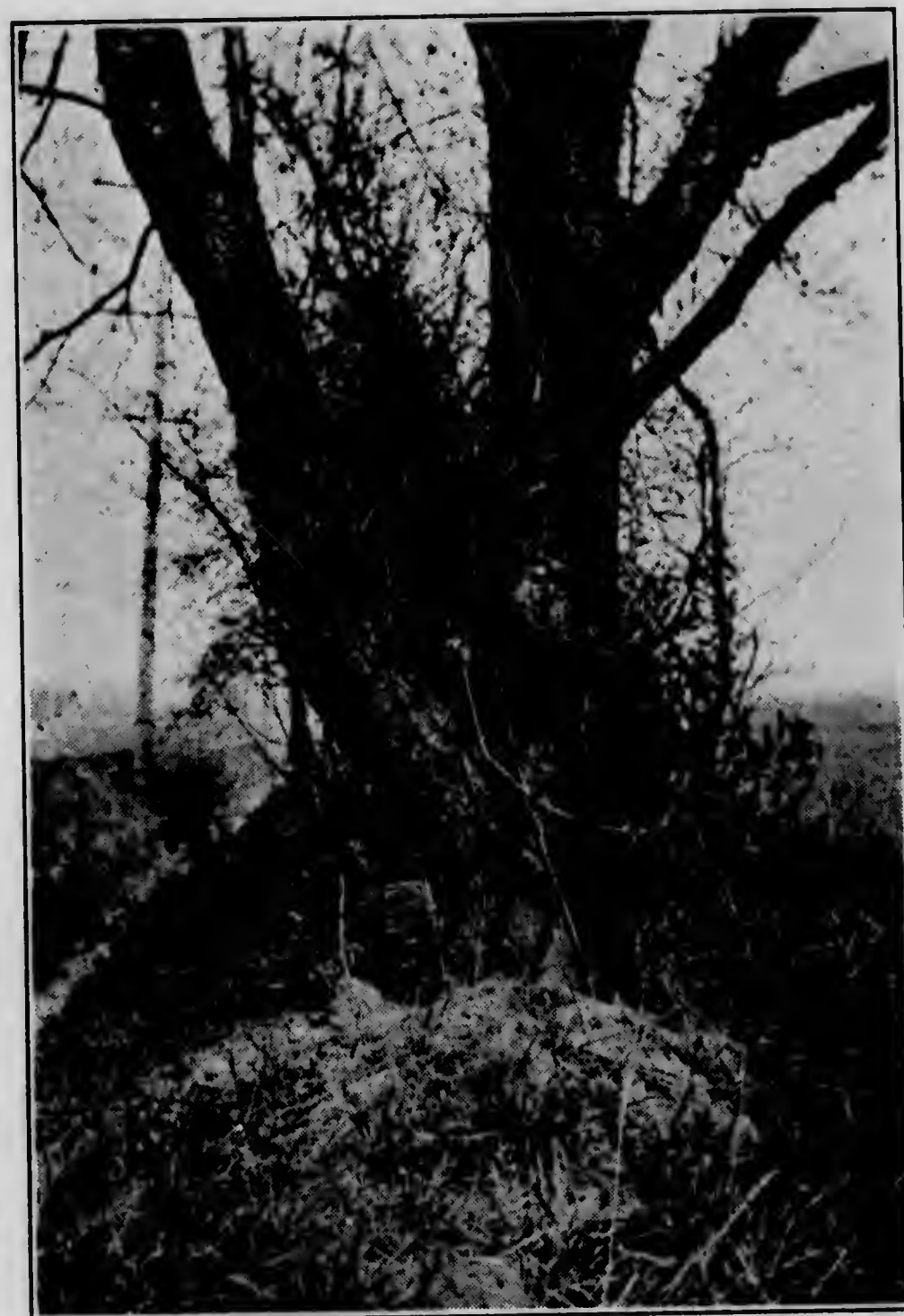
The leaves which are white, continue on the tree during the whole winter. A decoction made of them is a certain and expeditious cure for wounds which arise from burning or scalding, as well as a restoration for those members that are nipped by frost.

Beech is one of the few deciduous trees whose leaves remain on the twigs during the winter and they are thus preserved against decay. That fact probably suggested their use to the Indians.

The bark of white pine (*Pinus strobus*) was made into poultices for burns and other sores; and this pine bark has come down to the present time, and this pine bark is still in the market. It runs high in tannin and resin.

The Indians administered tea made from the bark of sassafras roots, also from buds and flowers, as an internal remedy for wounds. The tea is in wide use yet, as a popular blood purifier, and is drunk in early spring by many a person who does not know that it is an Indian medicine handed down from past centuries.

Mesquite (*Prosopis juliflora*) supplied the great eye lotion for the Indians of the Southwest. The glare of the sun in that hot, arid region, is severe on the eyes and is apt to produce chronic inflammation of the lids. The



WILD CHERRY

This tree's bark furnished tonic to Northern Indians and was likewise employed in fevers. It is still considered valuable as a medicine.

Indians concocted an eye wash from the mascerated leaves of mesquite by squeezing the juice through a cloth to rid it of solid particles. The eyelids were bathed in the liquid. The savages made use of the white inner bark of mesquite, beaten into powder and boiled, in preparing a medicine which they administered internally for a number of real or imaginary diseases.

The wild Indians had no such classic name as "anemia" for that "run-down feeling" which comes in the spring and early summer; but they had the malady and they had the remedies. In the North they drank tea made from wild cherry bark, and in the southern coastal region of the United States they imbibed enormous quantities of their famous "black drink" which they brewed from the leaves of yaupon holly (*Ilex vomitoria*). They journeyed from far inland to the Carolina coast to procure it. The roasted leaves, made ready for brewing, were an article of commerce between, the coast Indians and those of the interior. One of the earliest and best descriptions of the brewing of the drink



SHELLBARK HICKORY

Oil made from hickory nuts was used as liniment by Indians to "supple their joints." Mayapples, also used as medicine by the savages, are seen growing near the base of the tree. This is the *Podophyllum peltatum* of the modern drugstore.

was published in 1716 by John Lawson. It follows:

Cattle and sheep delight in the plant very much, and so do the deer, all which crop it very short, and browse thereon whensoever they meet with it. This plant is the Indian tea, used and approved by all the savages on the coast of Carolina, and from them sent to the westward Indians and sold at a considerable price; all which cure after the same way as they do for themselves, which is thus: They take the plant (not only the leaves but the smaller twigs along with them) and bruise it in a mortar until it becomes blackish, the leaf being wholly defaced. Then they take it out and put it in one of their earthen pots, which is over the fire, until it smokes, stirring it all the time until it is cured. Others take it after it is bruised and put it in a bowl, into which they put live coals and cover them with yaupon till they have done smoking, after turning them over. After all, they spread it upon their mats and dry it in the sun and keep it for use. The Spaniards have the plant very plentiful on the coast of Florida and hold it in great esteem. Sometimes they cure it as the Indians do, or else beat it to a powder, so mix it as coffee; yet before they drink it they filter the same.

The yaupon drink was a violent emetic, and the Indians used to imbibe so long and in such amounts that they were scarcely able to walk, continuing the process during several days. They then departed for their homes, feeling certain that they had been fortified against disease for another year.

MARYLAND FORESTRY ASSOCIATION

THERE has been recently organized, along unique lines, a Forestry Association in Maryland. Forestry in Maryland, as a State activity, is nearly twelve years old, and during that time has made steady progress. Incident to this progress has been the enlisting of the support and active participation of an increasingly large number of people, which would naturally form the nucleus of a Forestry Association.

Membership is restricted to those who have rendered some definite service to Forestry in Maryland, and therefore constitutes an honor class. There are two classes of membership—Annual and Life. It is intended to make the Yearly Membership a distinction of merit, and of the Life Membership a mark of distinguished service. There are no limitations of age or sex, and no dues.

The objects and purposes of the Association are expressed in the published preamble:

"In beginning and organizing this honorary body, it is the intention and wish of its officers and the members already admitted to build up a great State body of men and women who have in the past been enough interested in these and kindred things to actually do something for them; and not only those who have already done something, but to encourage doing among those who may have the chance, or will find it, to extend efficient aid to for-

est protection, natural conservation, and rural, public benefits in Maryland. Initial plans for formation and membership, with by-laws, rules and regulations for the personnel, officers, and work of the Association have already been made, and the task of permanently forming this honorary body of 'forestry assistants' in Maryland will proceed at once.

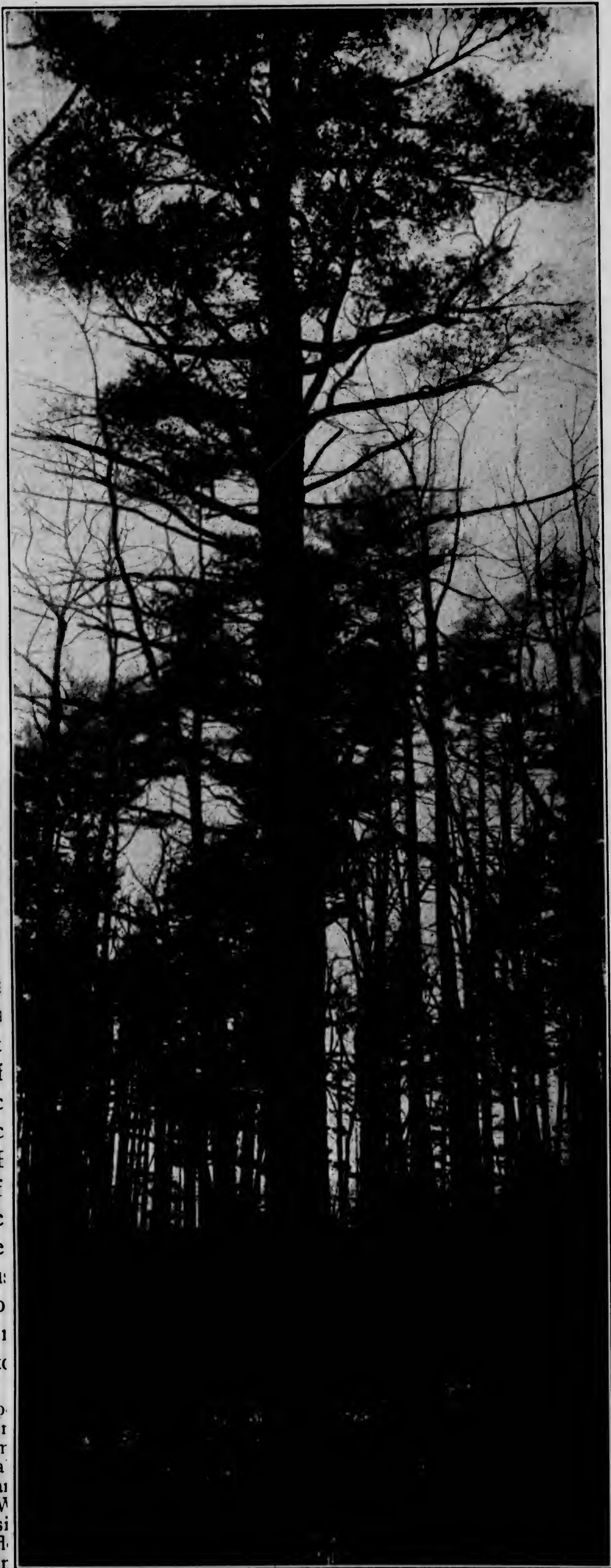
"Officers of the first Maryland Forestry Association, all of whom firstly are members because of service rendered, and secondly officers because of ability to carry out the work, have been proposed as follows: For President, Hon. W. McCulloh Brown. For Vice-Presidents, Bernard N. Baker, Mrs. Austin Gallagher, Dr. H. J. Patterson. For Secretary, F. W. Besley. For the Board of Directors and Committee on Membership Qualifications, Robert Garrett, Dr. Edward B. Mathews, Dr. A. F. Woods, Miss Catherine Lurman and Richard Norris.

"Lists of the Life and Annual Members of the Maryland Forestry Association will be published annually or oftener."

RAPHAEL ZON, of the United States Forest Service, has been appointed a member of the Executive Committee of the Division of Agriculture and Forestry in the Natural Research Council. Mr. Zon and Dr. I. W. Bailey, of Harvard, will represent the forestry interests of the country.

THE FALL OF RHODE ISLAND'S MONARCH PINE

BY JESSE B. MOWRY



THE GREAT WHITE PINE

SOMETIME near the first of March, the great White Pine, at Spring Grove, one of the chief attractions at that summer resort, fell with a mighty crash—victim to a southwest gale—destroying surrounding timber and startling wild life in the vicinity. So far as I know, it was the largest White Pine on earth, and was owned by Andrew J. Steere, of Chepachet, whose father, one hundred years ago, was offered \$100 for the tree to make a big mill shaft.

So great was the general interest in this veteran of the woods that several years ago the following letter, giving dimension measurements and other information, was published in the *Pascoag Herald*:

"In response to inquires which from time to time come from far and near relative to the White Pine standing near Spring Grove, its measure was taken with forest instruments on this date. Diameter, breast high, 45 inches; circumference, breast high, 12 feet; total height, 111 feet; merchantable log length, 85 feet; contents of the trunk, 500 cubic feet equal to 3000 board feet more or less. For trees of its class, it has a quick taper. Its age no man can now tell. The Maine Log Rule for edged inch boards and one-quarter inch saw kerf gives the yield of its 12-foot butt log, 1,051 board feet.

"This tree stands in a ravine near the border line between two well known types of soil—the Alton stony loam and the Glocester stony loam. A rivulet running through the gravel near its roots emits a strange gurgling sound. This year it produced a large quantity of seed eaten by that testy little shade-tail—the red squirrel. This is one of the largest trees of the species in North America today, and the few remaining veterans of the forest primeval will soon be gone and gone forever.

"Several years ago a White Pine cut in Pennsylvania was 351 years old. Its diameter breast high was 42 inches; total height, 155 feet; length of log used, 114 feet; total volume of stem 574 cubic feet which scaled 3,335 feet of merchantable lumber.

"Some of the log rules in use make such large discounts for waste in milling and defect in logs that they fall far short of the mill tallies for single sound logs. But for native pine logs less than 20 feet long the Maine rule is fairly accurate, having been carefully tested many times at the saw. Sawyers not familiar with the methods of constructing log rules sometimes think the rule inaccurate because it does not happen to agree with the actual cut of some particular log—for example—a cut of 310 feet from a 12-foot log of 23 inch top diameter, for which the Maine rule gives 300 feet. But the average cut from 10 or more fairly straight sound logs of those dimensions would prove the general correctness of the rule.

"The cut of logs of the same dimensions is varied by many factors such as thickness of saw, thickness of boards, thickness of sawyer, waste in slabbing, trueness in set-up, defects in logs, rate of taper, shrinkage, etc."

For many years the pride and boast of Rhode Island. Strangely enough, it fell in March, in the year of "falling monarchs."

is apt to produce chronic inflammation of the ribs. The

Memorial to American Indians

1913

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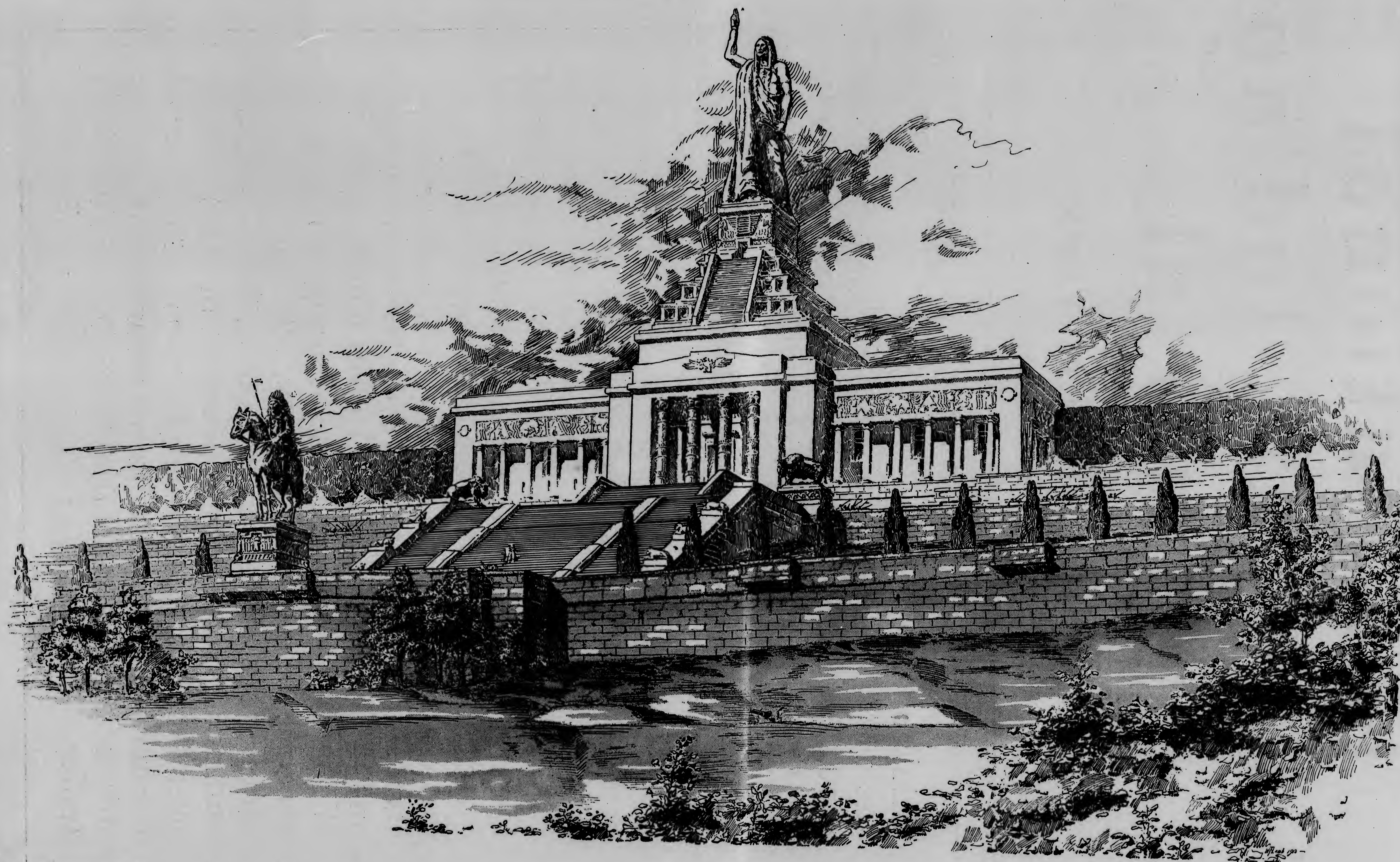
Memorial to American Indians 1913

The National American Indian Memorial

Harbor of New York

Being an account, as voiced by the Press of the whole country, of the official opening of the ground at Fort Wadsworth, Harbor of New York, by the President of the United States, for the National Memorial to the North American Indian. There were present: the President of the United States; Members of his Cabinet; Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs; the Governor of the State of New York; the Mayor of the City of New York; the Governors of several States, or their Representatives, besides many Distinguished Citizens; a Naval Escort; a Battalion of United States Troops, under the command of Major-General Barry, together with his Staff; Military Bands; the United States Dispatch Boat "Dolphin"; and Thirty-two Eminent Indian Chiefs from the Western Reservations. The program, as reprinted, was carried out in its entirety. So imposing and momentous was the event, and so important and enthusiastic the pronouncement of the Press all over the land, that a reproduction is here given of the many notices and editorial comments regarding this nation-wide memorial to the North American Indian.





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NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN

The Evening Sun.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 22, 1913

GUNS BOOM AS PRESIDENT DIGGS FIRST SPADEFUL

Breaking Ground for Indian
Memorial at Fort Wadsworth
worth Impressive.

CHIEF HOLLOW HORN BEAR
REPLIES TO ADDRESS

City Officials, Indian Chiefs
and Others Assist at
Ceremony.

With President Taft's arrival in New York at 7.13 o'clock this morning there began his last official visit here. He opened the day with breakfast at his brother's house and then followed a very full schedule, including the breaking of ground for the National Indian Memorial at Fort Wadsworth, the opening of the new Lighthouse for the blind, an informal visit to Faunce's Tavern, and in the evening a banquet at Sherry's. This trip, it may be remarked, is the final lap of the 115,000 miles covered by the President during the past four years.

The Presidential party left Washington this morning at 12.30 o'clock. It includes Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Thomas Laughlin, sister of Mrs. Taft. The private car in which the party traveled was sidetracked at the Pennsylvania station to give the President the opportunity to sleep as late as possible.

The President and members of his party arose at 8.30 o'clock and took two automobiles for the home of Henry W. Taft, at No. 36 West Forty-eighth street, where they had breakfast. At 10.30 o'clock they proceeded to the New York Yacht Club's pier at the foot of East Twenty-third street and boarded the yacht Dolphin for Fort Wadsworth.

At noon today the President broke the ground for the memorial to the American Indian, which is to be built on one of the heights of Fort Tompkins, Staten Island. A delegation of thirty-three chiefs from many Indian tribes came to town and took with Mr. Taft the most prominent part in this ceremony.

The Presidential party arrived at Fort Wadsworth at 12.15 P. M. The exercises were begun a few minutes later. The speakers other than the President were Chief Hollow Horn Bear, who participated under Sitting Bull in the annihilation of General Custer's forces, and Dr. Joseph Cossuth Dixon, head of the Wanamaker educational department, who was instrumental in bringing East the Indian delegation which was present at the ceremonies. Dr. Dixon spoke on "The Purpose of the Indian Memorial."

In breaking the ground where the Indian memorial is to stand the President used an Indian stone hammer that was dug up at Tottenville, S. I., and a silver-tipped spade. At the same time the Dolphin fired a Presidential salute of twenty-one guns.

Besides the members of President Taft's immediate and official families there were present Rear Admiral Osterhaus, Borough Presidents Miller, of the Bronx; Steers, of Kings, and Cromwell, of Richmond; Thomas Hastings, the architect of the memorial; General Nelson Henry, Surveyor of the Port of New York; Congressman R. E. Diefenderfer, of Pennsylvania; German Consul General Falche, General H. D. Hamilton, representing Governor Sulzer; S. S.

Johnson, the representative of Governor Oddie, of Nevada, and J. S. Carr, representing Governor Hanna, of North Dakota.

Impressive Ceremony.

This simple but impressive ceremony marked the breaking of ground for the magnificent national memorial to the American Indian, which is to tower 165 feet above the highest point of land on this section of the Atlantic coast.

President Taft then addressed the gathered warriors, many of whom had fought in the most famous Indian campaigns of the West. He reviewed in part the history of the American Indian as it is known to the white race, and spoke feelingly of the gradual passing of the greater warrior race.

President's Address to Chiefs.

"During the past two centuries," said the President, "the American Indian has won the right no longer to be regarded as a relic of prehistoric man, but to be recognized as an existing force, with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races and upon the course of historic events."

It is more appropriate that this race, which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came and

which had so much to do with the country since his advent, should have a memorial in this, the great sea entrance of the North American continent."

Sioux Warrior Responds.

The President's address was responded to by Chief Hollow Horn Bear, who was one of the leaders of the Sioux hordes that massacred General Custer and his men in the valley of the Little Big Horn.

As the Dolphin with the President aboard steamed past the Mayflower, anchored off the Brooklyn Navy Yard, she received the Presidential salute of twenty-one guns. This salute was repeated by the guns of Fort Wadsworth when the President and his party landed.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon the President planned to be present at the opening of the new Lighthouse for the Blind, at No. 111 East Fifty-ninth street, and in the evening he will attend the dinner of the American Peace and Arbitration League at Sherry's.

President Taft and his party boarded the Dolphin at the foot of East Twenty-third street at 11 o'clock to start for the Fort Wadsworth ceremonies. In the President's party were Mrs. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Taft, Mrs. Thomas Laughlin, Mrs. Taft's sister; Secretary Hilles and Major Rhoads.

End of the President's Day.

After attending the dedication of the Lighthouse for the blind the President and his party planned a visit to Faunce's Tavern, at No. 101 Broad street, in an upper room of which George Washington bade farewell to his officers at the end of the Revolution. Secretary Hilles announced the prospective visit to the historic building late in the morning. It was said that it would be entirely informal, as no exercises of any sort were scheduled for the old house today.

President Taft planned to return to his brother's home in West Forty-eighth street after his strenuous day for a little rest before going to the peace dinner tonight. He was informed that a committee of police lieutenants would wait on him there to ask him to look in on their dinner at the Waldorf in the course of the evening. No announcement was made early in the day as to whether the President would be able to accept the invitation.

MEMORIAL TO INDIAN HIGH ABOVE THE HARBOR

Heroic Figure to Greet Travelers
on Incoming Ships.

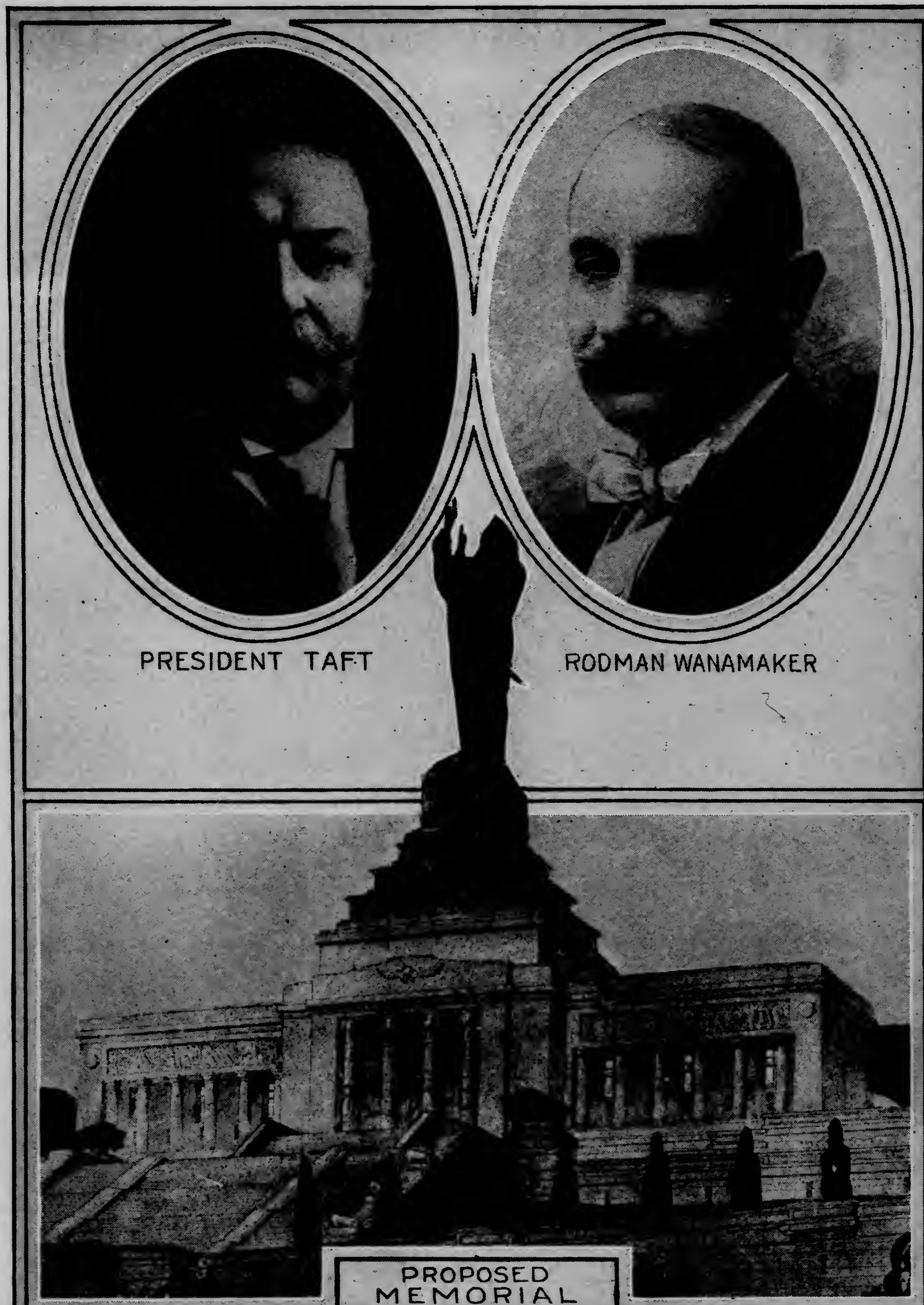
The upturning of a spadeful of earth by President Taft at Fort Wadsworth today marks the breaking of ground for a magnificent and impressive granite and bronze memorial soon to be erected there to the memory of the rapidly passing tribes of the North American Indian. Rising more than 300 feet above the waters of the Narrows, the memorial, which is to take the form of a granite museum topped by the erect bronze figure of an Indian, will in years to come be the first to greet incoming travelers, emblematic in a way of the Indian natives' greeting when Columbus first landed. Congress already has authorized the erection of the memorial and has granted as a site the highest elevation of what used to be old Fort Tompkins.

Thomas Hastings, the architect, has prepared the plans, and the Indian figure to form the most impressive part of the memorial has been modeled by Daniel C. French, the sculptor. The form of the bronze Indian is still tentative, and definite decision as to its final form will be made later.

The movement to raise a suitable and fitting memorial to the American Indian is the conception and project of Rodman Wanamaker. Mr. Wanamaker has long believed that this race, whose practical disappearance from the continent can be but a matter of a few more years, should be perpetuated at least in memory.

The memorial will face the lower bay, looking seaward. The point of the fort set apart for the site is 168 feet above the bay. A winding roadway, lined with rows of fine shade trees, will rise with a gradual slope to the front of the memorial. There will be a pier at the foot of the roadway, which will afford a landing for both small and large boats.

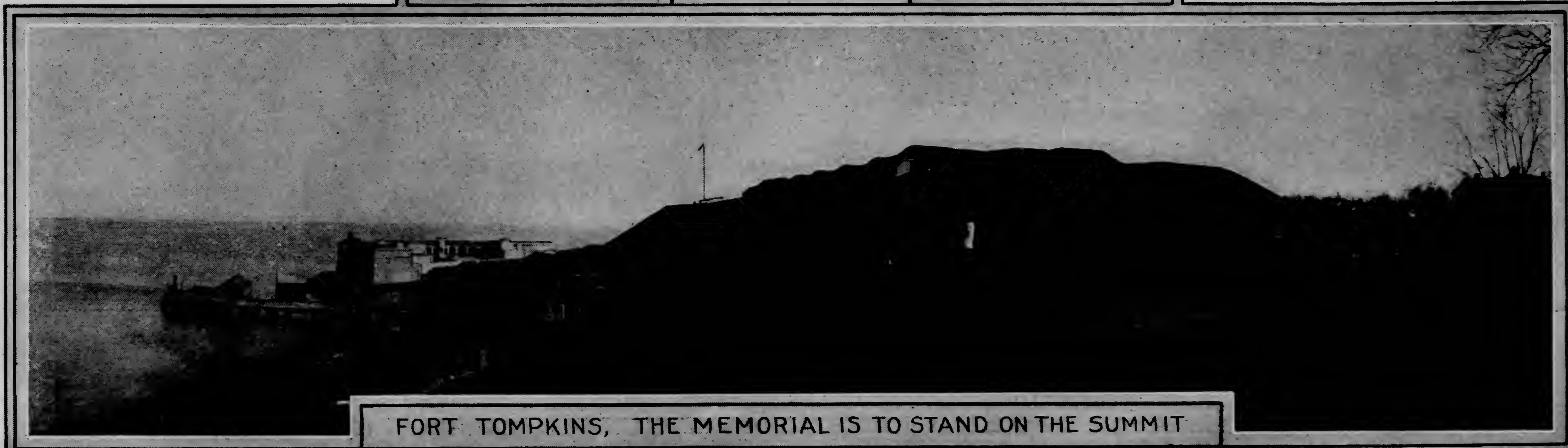
Rugged gray granite is to be used in the museum pedestal and construction. This will be 35 feet high, and the front will have a row of plain round columns supporting a frieze in carved relief depicting scenes from the life of the Indian. Inside the museum there will be several rooms fitted up similar to the dwellings of the distinctive Indian tribes. The cliff dwellers will have a room; in another there will be a reproduction of the interior of the tepee, while another will be of the bark lodge type common to



PRESIDENT TAFT

RODMAN WANAMAKER

PROPOSED
MEMORIAL



FORT TOMPKINS, THE MEMORIAL IS TO STAND ON THE SUMMIT

BREAKING OF GROUND FOR NATIONAL INDIAN MEMORIAL AT FORT WADSWORTH



© RODMAN WANAMAKER, 1913
THE LAST OUTPOST

THE NATIONAL
AMERICAN INDIAN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

*extends a cordial invitation to
Dr. George Frederick Kunz
to participate with
The President of the United States
Members of the Cabinet
and other distinguished guests
in the ceremonies attending the official inauguration
of the work in connection with the erection of the
National American Indian Memorial
at Fort Wadsworth, in the Harbor of New York*

*Authorized under an act by the Sixty-second Congress and approved by
President Taft on the eighth of December, One thousand, nine hundred and
eleven and under the provisions of said act - The site at Fort Wadsworth
was approved by the Honorable George Von Lengerke Meyer, Secretary of
the Navy and by the Honorable Henry Lewis Stimson, Secretary of War
on the twenty-sixth of June, One thousand, nine hundred and twelve*

*The ceremonies will be held at two o'clock
on Saturday, the twenty-second of February
One thousand, nine hundred and thirteen*

the Iroquois tribes of the East. Indian relics will be gathered in these rooms and books dealing with Indian subjects are to occupy shelves of a library room. Then there will be rooms in which animals of the chase will be exhibited, together with Indian weapons and costumes. In fact, everything that an Indian had to do with will have its place in the museum.

Over the museum building, in granite, the pedestal will stand 70 feet high. The bronze Indian, towering 60 feet aloft, will surmount all. The figure will carry a bow and arrow, the implements of the chase, in one hand. The other hand will point heavenward, with two fingers extended, in token of the universal peace sign of the Indian. The face will gaze toward the sea.

Of Aztec Architecture.

In selecting the design of the memorial, which doubtless will be the final selection, the desire was to obtain something that would typify the Indian as much as possible. It was felt that a memorial of modern architecture would not be fitting, while something modeled on lines of pure Indian architecture might be too crude. Hence a type of Aztec architecture was hit on. The plans of the museum call for lines in which the Aztec type predominates. This is true particularly of the pedestal on which the bronze Indian will stand.

A series of steps are to lead to the entrance of the museum from the roadway, and on each side will stand two life-size buffalo. At the foot of the same stairs the statue of an Indian astride a horse, bareback fashion, will be placed in front of the memorial. The roadway leading up the incline from the water will turn sharply twice and at each turn a broad plaza will be laid out. The first plaza is to be 40 feet above the bay and the second 80 feet higher.

Relics in the Museum.

"The collection of Indian relics in the memorial museum," says Dr. Dixon, "will be such that 500 years from now historians of that period will be able to write a history of the then extinct American Indian. It will add another educational feature to New York city, standing as it will on the frontier of the greatest city in the world. It will serve, too, to balance the city, with this great Indian standing at one end and St. John's Cathedral and Columbia University at the other end."

With Mr. Wanamaker, Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, of Philadelphia, leader of the Rodman Wanamaker Indian expeditions of 1908 and 1909, undertaken for the purpose of making a careful study of the American Indian in his present condition, has been instrumental in bringing the memorial movement to a focus. Dr. Dixon says they are to let the bronze Indian of the memorial preside over all that the Indian presided over in the days when he roamed the country as his own.

Mr. Wanamaker and those others interested in the project have felt that the memorial should be national in spirit as representing and perpetuating the memory of a virile and picturesque people which at one time overran the entire continent. To this end the National American Indian Memorial Association was organized, with Rodman Wanamaker president, Joseph H. Choate vice president, Dr. Joseph K. Dixon secretary and J. P. Morgan & Co. treasurer. President Taft is president ex-officio. The honorary vice presidents embrace the Cabinet members, the Governors of the States and the Mayors of two of the largest cities in each of the States. The Advisory Committee consists of Dr. G. F. Kunz, J. Frederick Tams, Herman Ridder and Dr. J. Fairchild Osborne.

Indian in History.

"The Indian in history," says Mr. Wanamaker, "showed one of the greatest moral traits that mankind has—strength of character—and as a race they had more of this same strength of character than any other people that ever existed since the world began. Don't you think such a race deserves to be remembered by their successors to the wealth and resources of America?"

"The Indian was lazy. He was content to take what fortune gave him. He was but a child of civilization. This is all, and he has gone. The tramp of civilization has trodden him under. Shall we forget him entirely, to meet him later on over the Great Divide and have to make accounting to him for our perfidy and cruelty?"

Indians Rapidly Passing.

Statistics show that the Indians as a race have decreased 65 per cent. since the coming of the whites. When Columbus landed there were about 1,200,000 Indians of all tribes. Today they number not more than 350,000. Where the early whites found a race of full-blooded natives, the term Indian now embraces the half-breed as well as the full-blooded types. Those of the ancient Iroquois League, with the larger tribes of the Gulf States, seem to have formed an exception to the general history of aboriginal extermination. The chief destruction has come from changed conditions, new diseases and forms of dissipation introduced by the white man. In the words of Dr. Dixon, who is an authority on all things Indian, the race is going fast and will soon become extinct.

The Sun.

TAFT OFFICIATES WITH BIG CHIEFS

Strikes Hands With Custer's Foes at Wanamaker Indian Memorial.

PICTURESQUE SCENES

Chiefs in War Paint Give Their Dance and Chant Weird Hymns.

ONE APT AT REPARTEE

"Some Bridge, Isn't It?" He Says, When Instructed by Change Acquaintance.

New York Sun, Sunday, February 23, 1913

With a "How!" that sounded like the grounding of a musket butt, Chief Red Hawk, who led the Ogallala Sioux against Custer, struck hands with President Taft yesterday above a spade of earth which marked the beginning of the National Indian Memorial on the heights of Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, and pledged the friendship of the tribes to the Great Father and the nation.

A few minutes earlier the President, standing beside Rodman Wanamaker, the donor of the memorial, and surrounded by 33 Indian chiefs, had spoken of the part the Indian had played in the country's history and had broken ground for the memorial with a silver spade.

Then Chief Wooden Leg, leader of the Northern Cheyenne, had deepened the hole, using an Indian stone axe found in the Tottenville hills.

When President Taft lifted the first spade of earth the guns of the lower batteries of the fort and on the gunboat Dolphin cut the fog that shrouded the shore with sharp flashes, firing 21 shots, the national salute.

The Indian chiefs, gathered from distant reservations by Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, of the Wanamaker historical expedition, reached the fort some time before the President, who came on the Dolphin. They were drawn up at the landing to greet Mr. Taft, who was escorted by Rodman Wanamaker as president of the memorial association; Dr. George Frederick Kunz, of the Executive Committee; Major General Thomas H. Barry, Major Rhoads, the President's aide, and Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus. Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Thomas Laughlin came with the President.

Several companies of the Coast Artillery Corps from Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth were drawn up at the wharf to salute the party and sentries lined the long winding road leading up to the heights. Many of the officers from near-by army posts had come to attend the exercises, and there was a big crowd of civilians. The gold lace of the officers was hidden under capes and overcoats as it began to rain, but the Indian chiefs, in full ceremonial dress and war paint, provided plenty of color.

When Mr. Taft had arrived at the platform, at the base of a flagpole put up to mark the cornerstone of the memorial, Dr. Dixon spoke briefly of the purpose of the memorial. He said that never before had a monument been "erected to a race of people," and added that it was fitting that the President should meet with the Indian chiefs "on the birthday of our first President to establish a memorial to the first American."

When Dr. Dixon had finished, he introduced the President to the chief as "the Great White Father." President Taft said:

"We are met today to lay the cornerstone of a monument which it to have artistic beauty and historical significance. It is a monument to the race of American Indians who occupied this country before the European white race came here to settle and people it as it is peopled today. The history of the race which occupied the continent of North America is varied and difficult to follow. The differences in the matter of civilization and culture between the tribes were very great, some showing very little advance from the lowest human type and others having a degree of civilization, art and culture that make their history full of interest to the present-day historian."

History of Indian Tribes.

"The part that the Indians of the Great Lakes and the Atlantic slope played in the contest between the English and the French in the eighteenth century for Colonial supremacy is a most important one. The issue between the Algonquians, who sided with the French, and the Iroquois, who sided with the English and planned their campaigns in

the council of the Long House, all make a history revealing a statesmanship among the leaders and a persistence of purpose and policy that showed the advancement of the Indian in practical government far beyond a point generally supposed. Hendrick Hudson and his Dutch followers who founded this great country came immediately in contact with the Indians and found them the chief force to be reckoned with. Indeed, for two centuries the North American Indian has a right to be treated not as a relic of a prehistoric race, but as an existing force with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races.

"It is appropriate, therefore, that this race which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came and that had so much to do with the country since his advent should have a memorial in this great sea entrance to the North American continent. Few harbors in the world are more beautiful than that of New York, and here between the upper and the lower bay will stand this monument to the red man, recalling his noble qualities, of which he had many, and perpetuating the memory of the succession from the red to the white race in the ownership and control of the Western Hemisphere.

"We are indebted to the beneficence of a fellow-citizen, Rodman Wanamaker, through whose generosity this beautiful memorial is to be erected. No monument has a more conspicuous place in the world. At the gate of the new world and facing the old it tells the story of the march of empire westward and the progress of Christian civilization in its advance toward the uttermost limits."

The President then stepped aside, giving place to Chief Wooden Leg. As the chief hacked at the soil with the stone axe the guns of the fort barked a salute to the red man.

Indians Chant Weird Hymn.

From the flagpole marking the spot where the memorial is to stand many halyards depended, and now the chiefs, each grasping a rope, began slowly to hoist the Stars and Stripes, while the army band played the Indian requiem, the "Vanishing Race," composed by Dr. Irving J. Morgan.

The white man's instruments did not disguise the weird plaintiveness of the Indian music. When the flag had reached the truck the band switched into "The Star Spangled Banner," and Chief Red Hawk, after greeting the President and Mr. Wanamaker, began to speak. He paused frequently for Chief Swan to interpret, and emphasized his words with many signs and gestures. He said:

"I am very glad to meet the ladies and gentlemen gathered on this occasion. I am an American Indian. I wish to ask the ladies and citizens and fellow-members of the tribes one question. Did the white man come over with the American Indian when the white man discovered this country? My strong belief is that we were created by the Great Spirit to live in this country. You white men found me here and I am here today."

"I was the ruler at that time, and when you first crossed the great ocean I thought you came here merely as visitors. From that time to this day you have improved our country. You have had me as a part of this country. You have helped me to uplift the flag of the glorious United States today and I will consider myself from now on a member of a universal brotherhood."

"The dress that you see me wear today I have given up long ago by your advice, but I have put on these things today to show you they are of the past. My son and my grandchildren have been taught to follow your ways, and I am here to show you that I will encourage them to do so to the end of their days. We have been taught in our Indian way to love one another as brothers. I hope you all have been taught so. Therefore, let us join in hands and minds to help us to get out of the rut for the rest of our lives."

Dr. George Frederick Kunz, president of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society, told the history of the stone axe which Chief Wooden Leg had used. He said that, through the courtesy of Director Roberts, of the Mint, he had been able to make the inauguration of the monument the occasion for distributing the first examples of the new five-cent pieces, which bear an Indian head and a buffalo. The first of the new coins was handed to President Taft and then a bagful was distributed among the Indians and the official guests.

Dance of the Chiefs.

At the close of the ceremonies the chiefs, led by Mountain Chief, of the Blackfeet, danced about the flagpole, beating tom-toms and chanting a war song.

Before leaving their hotel in New York to go to the fort the meaning of the memorial and the ceremonies attending the breaking of ground was explained to the chiefs by Indian Commissioner F. H. Abbott. He asked them to say what they thought, and the chiefs drew up three statements, which Mr. Abbott put together, keeping as nearly as possible to the exact language used. The chiefs called their statement a "declaration of allegiance." It said in part:

"We, the representatives of various Indian tribes, through our presence and

the part we take in the dedication of this memorial to our people renew our allegiance to the glorious flag of the United States and offer our hearts to our country's service. Though a conquered race, with our right hands extended in brotherly love and our left hands holding the pipe of peace, we hereby bury all past ill feeling and proclaim abroad to all the nations of the world our firm allegiance to this nation and declare that henceforth and forever in all walks of life and every field of endeavor we shall be brothers, striving hand in hand, and we will return to our people and tell them the story of this memorial and urge upon them their continued allegiance to our common country."

Every chief was dressed in full ceremonial costume when they started for the fort and early holiday makers on a Sixth avenue elevated train seemed to be somewhat startled when the cars were invaded by what appeared to be a war party. Eagle feather headdresses that swept down almost to the moccasin top, beautifully dressed buckskin shirts embroidered with the dyed quills of the porcupine, fringed leggings of buckskin or gayly-colored blanket stuff, wonderfully beaded footwear and fantastically decorated tomahawks, pipes and pouches made up the costumes of the chiefs. They are very valuable, those tribal dresses, but it did look funny to see the deckhands of the General Johnson, which carried the Indians to the fort, escorting the big red men on board with umbrellas as the rain set in.

On board the boat the chiefs held a council in the cabin and then when it cleared up went up on deck to rehearse their songs and dances and have explained to them the wonders of the great bridges. Most of them had never seen salt water before or been on board a steamboat. But you couldn't always be sure about your savage. One self-appointed guide joggled the elbow of a chief whose face, streaked with vermilion and yellow, looked very wild indeed, and, pointing to the Williamsburg bridge, tried to call the chief's attention by signs and grunts to its size.

The chief glanced up and without a smile replied:

"Yes, it's some bridge, isn't it?" He was Keginal Oskosh, chief of the Menomnees, one of the first Carlisle students, a man of wealth and culture, who speaks several languages and knows the white man's world.

Blind Chief Who Fought Custer.

Perhaps the most interesting of the chiefs was Two Moons, who led 900 braves of the Northern Cheyennes against Custer at the battle of the Little Big Horn. He is blind now and feels his way or is led by a staff wound with strips of beaver skin. He speaks a little English, and when some one asked him about the Custer fight he said:

"My white Father told me to fight no more and I fight no more. I am a very old man. At the Little Big Horn it was fight, fight, fight all the time and now the white man and the Indian smoke the pipe of peace and will never fight again."

Then there was Chief Red Cloud, son of the famous warrior of the Ogallala Sioux and himself once a "hostile."

Major John Burke, the old Indian agent who acted as mediator between the soldiers and the Indians after Wounded Knee, showed Red Cloud a picture of his father. The chief seemed much affected. When he said it was the only picture of his father he had ever seen the Major gave him the photograph.

Three of the most picturesque of the chiefs were White Man Runs Him, one of Custer's scouts; Medicine Crow and Plenty Coups, all of the Crow-Apsaroka tribe.

After the ceremonies at the fort the chiefs were taken to the Wanamaker store, where pictures of themselves and their kindred taken by Dr. Dixon on the Wanamaker historical expedition were shown to them. Last night the Indians were entertained at the Hippodrome. On Monday they will visit the Wanamaker store in Philadelphia, and they will be in Washington March 4 to attend the inauguration of President Wilson.

The monument which these Indians came so far to help break ground for will stand on the highest point on the coast between here and Florida. It was Mr. Wanamaker's idea not only to build a statue to the Indian, but to perpetuate all that the Indian was—his manner of life, his costumes and his customs. So the monument will comprise a small museum, 35 feet high, to contain the various styles of Indian homes, an art gallery for all prints and paintings that may be procured of Indian life, a section giving a collection of his weaponry, a costume section and several others devoted to Indian exhibits, and a library containing books of Indian lore.

Above this on a pedestal 70 feet high will stand a mammoth bronze figure of an Indian. The bow and arrow in the left hand hanging at arm's length indicates that he is through with his weapons of war, while the uplifted hand with the two fingers extended toward the open sea is the universal peace sign of the Indian.

The figure of the Indian shown in the illustration of the memorial is tentative. The statue will be designed by Daniel Chester French, the sculptor. Thomas Hastings is the architect.



THE NEW YORK HERALD.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1913.

Last of Great Indian Chiefs to Gather for Memorial

Thirty-Three Warriors Who Have Participated in Hundreds of Battles Will Arrive in This City Tomorrow For Ceremonies on Staten Island.

Bedecked in eagle feathers, won by deeds of valor, bearing bows and arrows and carrying long-stemmed pipes, 33 Indian chiefs from Western reservations will march up the hill at Fort Wadsworth tomorrow at noon. They will participate in the most impressive and characteristic ceremonies which will mark the breaking of ground for the National Memorial to the American Indian, to be erected by Rodman Wanamaker. The Great White Father, President Taft, will be there and many of his official family, while there will be representatives from the army and navy.

It will be the most truly typical gathering of Indians in the Eastern part of the country recently, and probably the last time that these chiefs, who are the last of the pure type of their race, ever will be seen together again. Most of them are from 75 to 85 years old, but some of the most aged are magnificent specimens of the native North American race. Many of them fought against General Custer. There will be Chief Hollow Horn Bear, of the Yankton Sioux, who stands 6 feet 4 inches, and who is to be the Indians' orator for the ceremonies.

Perhaps the most interesting physical specimen in the ceremonies will be Chief White-Man-Runs-Him, of the Crow-Apsaraka tribe. He is more than 70 years old, tall and straight as a pine tree, and is said to be the finest specimen of the Indian alive today. His face is typical of the profile on the one-cent piece. White-Man-Runs-Him was chief of the Custer scouts, and he it was who led General Custer's men into the valley of the Little Big Horn, where they were annihilated.

Other Big Chiefs to Be There.

Other most important Indians who will be at the ceremonies are Chief Two Moons, Chief Little Wolf, Chief Black Wolf, Chief Wooden Leg and Chief Shoulder Blade, of the Northern Cheyenne tribe; Chief Little White Man and Chief Little Low Land, of the Arikaras; Chief Young, Chief Old Dog, Chief Drags Wolf, Chief Wounded Face and Chief Rustler, of the Gros Ventres; Chief Joseph Packeneau, of the Mandans; Chief Plenty Cups and Chief Medicine Crow, of the Crow Apsarakas; Chief Swan, of the Miniconjou Sioux; Chief Red Cloud and Chief Red Hawk, of the Ogallala Sioux; Chief Pretty Voice Eagle, Chief Runs-the-Enemy and Chief Hollow Horn Bear, of the Yankton Sioux; Chief Ghost Bear, of the Crow Creek; Chief One Feather, of the Standing Rock Sioux; Chief Mountain, Chief Big Spring, Chief Black Weasel and Chief Little Dog, of the Blackfeet; Chief Brave Bear, of the Southern Cheyenne; Chief Nethia, of the San Carlos Apaches; Chief Lone Wolf, of the Kiowas, and Chief Red Blanket and Chief Gay-she-geor-ar-sh, of the Chippewas.

Nearly every one of these chiefs has a history carrying him through many sanguinary battles. Chief Two Moons, who is 80 years old and nearly blind, led the Cheyennes against General Custer, and Chief Runs-the-Enemy, of the Yankton Sioux, led 152 Two-Cattle Sioux under Sitting Bull. Chief Red Cloud was in the Custer fight and Chief Medicine Crow was a scout for the United States forces. Chief Mountain, of the Blackfoot tribe, is foremost in the councils of the tribe and his father signed the treaty with Franklin Pierce. Chief Bear Ghost has appeared in Washington many times to argue the cause of his race.

Took Part in Seventy Battles.

Chief Pretty Voice Eagle is a warrior with an enviable record. He is past 70 years old and has taken part in 70 raids and battles, most of them against United States troops and against neighboring tribes of Indians. He carries in his body 21 bullets as souvenirs of his affrays. Chief Brave Bear, of the Cheyennes, was the one who chased Geronimo out of Oklahoma and Arizona, and Chief Goes Ahead was an old Custer scout.

With the Indian delegation from Washington will come President Taft, Mr. Stimson, Secretary of War; Mr. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior; A. H. Abbott, Indian Commissioner; the Speaker of the House and Senator Bacon, Admiral Dewey, Rear Admiral Osterhaus, General Wood, Chief of Staff, and his aide, Major General Barry and staff, and a battalion of troops and band from Fort Hamilton. All the representatives of the

administration and the Indians will go on board a war ship in the Hudson River on Saturday morning and then proceed down the bay to the Narrows, where they will debark.

President Will Break Ground.

President Taft will turn the first spadeful of earth, and as he does so a national salute of 21 guns will be fired. Following this ceremony Chief Hollow Horn Bear will turn the second bit of earth with a buffalo bone and make a speech in reply to the Great White Father. The Indians will hoist the Stars and Stripes to the rhythm of Indian music composed especially for the service by Dr. Irvin J. Morgan. As the flag goes to the top of the pole the band will play "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Remarkable Scene at Beginning of Work on National Indian Memorial.

WARRIORS RAISE STARS AND STRIPES

Token of Loyalty to Government of Race That Has Conquered Them.

(Sunday Morning, February 23, 1913.)

Clasping hands with the President of the United States and with distinguished representatives of the army and navy, the chieftains of a vanishing race took picturesque part yesterday in the official beginning of the erection of the National American Indian Memorial which is to crown Fort Wadsworth. At the close of the ceremony the Indians themselves hauled aloft the Stars and Stripes in token of their allegiance and loyalty to the government of the race that has conquered them.

Such a scene has never before been witnessed, and in the course of nature its like will never be seen again. Nearly all the greater chieftains were aged men. Among them were braves who had met the troops of the United States in deadly combat. They bore scars and they cherished memories. A few years more and the last of these will have been

gathered to his fathers. Another generation and the full blood American Indian will be little more than a memory.

A welter of fog and humid mist blanketed the Narrows when the Dolphin, feeling her way through the upper bay, sent President Taft ashore at the Fort Wadsworth landing. The forts on the opposite shore of the Narrows shot 21 flashes through the fog blanket—the tribute of the national salute—and then the President and his party were escorted to waiting automobiles for the run up the winding roadway to the summit of the fort. Two companies of the coast artillery, drawn up under the command of Captain Embick and Captain Smith, presented arms as the President stepped ashore.

Mrs. Taft Accompanies President.

Accompanying Mr. Taft were Mrs. Taft, who had braved the unpleasant weather, and her sister, Mrs. Thomas Laughlin, who was the only other woman in the President's party. Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, donor of the Indian memorial, walked with Mrs. Taft, while the President was attended by his military aide, Major Rhoades, and the usual detail of two Secret Service men. The navy was represented by Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, late commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet, and the army by Major General Thomas H. Barry, commanding the Eastern division, as well as by many officers of lesser rank.

Sentries lined both sides of the road from the landing to the highest point on the summit of the fort, where the pedestal of the memorial is to rest on ground 350 feet above tidewater, commanding a superb view down the bay. The final stage of the journey from the wharf had to be accomplished afoot up the rising slopes to the fort's crest. The turf was trodden into soft mud in spots and Mr. Taft felt the hard going. He halted for a breathing spell several times and laughed good-naturedly and lifted his hat as the crowds that lined the path behind the saluting sentries clapped their hands and cheered him.

At the summit a small platform had been placed directly over the site of the monument. Above it towered a tall new flagstaff from the halliards of which branched 30 separate ropes like the ribbons around a Maypole. Here had been assembled the Indian chiefs and other guests who had made the trip aboard the army quartermaster's boat, the General Joseph E. Johnston.

Adorned by Paint and Feathers.

Every chieftain was resplendent in aboriginal full dress. Their faces were daubed with bright pigments of yellow, red and blue. Above their hawklike profiles waved the chieftain's headdress of eagle feathers. From stalwart shoulders to moccasined feet their deerskin garbs were brilliant with head embroideries and belts of wampum, necklaces of bones and teeth and all the gaudy paraphernalia of the primitive savage.

Suspended from their bodies or car-

ried in their hands, many bore gayly decorated peace pipes or Indian tom-toms, upon which they had solemnly beaten a weird accompaniment, while the chiefs amused the other passengers with their buck dances as the Johnston plodded down the river through the fog.

Arrived at the platform, the President greeted the tribesmen with his best smile. Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, leader of the Wanamaker historical expedition to the North American Indian and the Secretary of the Memorial Association, outlined the purpose of the monument after an army band had played the national anthem.

"It is the supreme struggle of humanity," said Dr. Dixon, "to survive the past—to gather up the ashes of yesterday and to pour them into the urn of today—to perpetuate and memorialize heroism and valor, the dignity and glory of the consummate achievements of men and the age in which they have lived.

"So far as can be learned, never before in the history of mankind has a monument been erected to a race of people. The ceremonies inaugurating this memorial to the North American Indian are, therefore, pregnant with significance. Over this ground he once roamed, the sea, the sky, the land his patrimony.

Perpetuates History of Red Man.

"For long years this spot has been dedicated to the bulwarks of armed defense. Today, by official act, the President of the United States consecrates this hilltop to the perpetuation of the life and history of the red man.

It is fitting that President, Cabinet, Senators and Congressmen, Governors and Mayors, eminent citizens, soldiers and marines, together with noted Indian chiefs from the Western reservations, should assemble on the birthday of our first President to establish a Memorial to the first American. The voices of the past, voices from out the primeval forest, voices from the far stretches of the Western plains have been heard—and we are now to realize in granite and bronze an expression of the life of the American people.

"Posterity will applaud the honor we do ourselves in gathering up the life story of this virile and picturesque race, while yet the rays of the setting sun fall upon their departing footprints.

"This gigantic bronze figure that will surmount the splendid pedestal will face the sea, extending the universal peace sign of the Indian, giving welcome to the nations of the earth as they pass through this greatest gateway to the New World. A lonely, lofty figure, where the sea will forever moan a dirge for a vanished race, where sun and stars and wind and thunder, the gods of his great world cathedral, may utter the speech of his soul—while a child of the woods and plains—but now to fall upon unheeding ears of bronze."

Dr. Dixon introduced the President as "William Howard Taft, the Great White Chief," and the circles of chieftains, seated as if in council, bent forward eagerly to listen, although only a few of them understood the words Mr. Taft spoke before they were interpreted to them in their native tongue. The President said:

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History of Race Varied.

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"The part that the Indians of the Great Lakes and the Atlantic slope played in the contest between the English and the French in the eighteenth century for colonial supremacy is a most important one. The issues between the Algonquins, who sided with the French, and the Iroquois, who sided with the English, and planned their campaigns in the councils of the Long House, all make a history revealing a statesmanship among the leaders and a persistence of purpose and policy that showed the advancement of the Indian in practical government far beyond a point generally supposed.

"Hendrik Hudson and his Dutch followers who founded this great Commonwealth came immediately in contact with the Indians and found them to be the chief force to be reckoned with. Indeed, for two centuries the North American Indian has had a right to be treated, not as a relic of prehistoric men, but as an existing force, with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races.

Editorial—New York Herald

A NOTABLE EVENT AND THE LESSON IT SHOULD TEACH

"It will be worthy of a free, enlightened and at no great distance a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence."

On this one hundred and eighty-first anniversary of the birth of the Father of His Country, it would seem most appropriate to recall these words of his, so expressive of what should ever be the ideal of the American people.

In no other connection can they be more appropriately applied than as a means to awaken the national conscience to the manifest injustice that has been, and is being, done to the nation's wards—the Indians.

A notable ceremony will be the chief feature of to-day's celebration of Washington's Birthday. At Fort Wadsworth, the President of the United States, in the presence of the most prominent of living Indian chieftains and other representatives of their race will break the ground for the foundation of the memorial monument to the Indian, the gift of Mr. Rodman Wanamaker to the nation.

Prompted by noble sentiment, this monument will stand as mute but eloquent expression of the ideal of justice to the Indian embodied in Washington's words. It is right that in to-day's ceremony the people of the United States should be represented by the President, members of his Cabinet, Senators and Representatives in Congress, officers of the army who participated in frontier warfare against Indian tribes, eminent citizens in all walks of life. It may, in a sense, be said to typify the last burial of the "tomahawk."

Significant as the event is in itself, it will assume a far greater importance if it serves—as it should serve—to drive home to the citizens of this Union the fact that in the treatment accorded the Indian of to-day there has been little of the "justice and benevolence" which should be the foundation of American policy in all things, and particularly toward the nation's wards. They have strong claim to both, but ask only justice.

President Taft, Aided by Thirty Indian Chieftians Consecrates Hilltop to Memory of Red Man



An Appropriate Memorial.

"It is appropriate, therefore, that this race, which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came here and which has had so much to do with the country since the white man's advent, should have a memorial in this, the great sea entrance to all the North American Continent. Few harbors in the world are more beautiful than that of New York, and here, between the upper and the lower bays, will stand this monument to the red man, recalling his noble qualities, of which he had many, and perpetuating the memory of the succession from the red to the white race in the ownership and control of the Western Hemisphere.

"We are indebted to the beneficence of a fellow-citizen, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, through whose generosity this beautiful memorial is to be erected. No monument has a more conspicuous place in the world. At the gate of the New World and facing the Old, it tells the story of the march of empire westward and the progress of Christian civilization in its advance toward the uttermost limits."

Mr. Wanamaker handed to the President a silver spade, and the photographers and motion picture men crowded forward so aggressively that they threatened to break the military lines and overwhelm the circle of Indian chiefs. Dr. Dixon exchanged a few words in a loud tone with one of the Coast Artillery officers, and commanded him to have the crowd held back out of the line of fire of the motion picture machines.

A Historic Incident.

"Patience, patience," said President Taft, soothingly. "We'll get through this in time. I'm glad to take the spade from Mr. Wanamaker."

"But this is historic, Mr. President," said Dr. Dixon, "and we want a perfect record of it."

"Yes," replied the smiling President; "everything is historic." Then, bending his broad back to his task, Mr. Taft added: "Now, gentlemen, look out for your shoes!"

Officers of Army and Navy Take Part in Picturesque Ceremony.

MR. TAFT USES SPADE AND STARTS DIGGING

Tells of the Meaning of the Great Monument to Be Erected on Staten Island.

Plunging the spade into the soggy soil the President lifted a liberal shovelful and laid it aside. He was going on digging just as though he liked it, but the master of ceremonies relieved him and called upon Chief Wooden Leg, of the Northern Cheyennes, who shuffled forward and took out another section of the fortress. The same process was then repeated with a primitive stone hatchet—an Indian implement which was dug up on Staten Island and is supposed to be a relic many centuries old.

Dr. George Frederick Kunz, president of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society, presented the bronze tablet marking the site of the memorial and also distributed, beginning with President Taft, two hundred and fifty of the newly-coined five-cent pieces,

bearing on one side the head of an American Indian and on the reverse the American bison. These had been obtained through the courtesy of the Director of the Mint. They were the first of the new coins to be placed in circulation and each of the Indian chiefs took one with him.

"How?" Says President Taft.

Chief Red Hawk, an Ogallala Sioux from the Standing Rock reservation, was the Indian orator of the day, taking the place of Hollow Horn Bear, one of the principals in the Custer fight at the Little Big Horn. Hollow Horn Bear was unable to attend. When Red Hawk was introduced he stepped forward and, grasping the outstretched hand of President Taft, he grunted: "How?"

"How?" came the President's cordial response, and then Red Hawk made his speech in his native dialect, a fellow-Indian interpreting for him sentence by sentence. "This is what the Sioux Chief said:

"I am glad to meet you on this occasion. I am an American Indian. When the white man first came over here and discovered this country we were here already and I am here now. It was our belief then and it is my strong belief now, that we were created to reside in this country. I, being one of the rulers of this country at the time you came across the ocean, thought you came here only as visitors. But from then on you

INDIANS RAISING THE FLAG

Photos copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

have greatly improved our country, and here today you permit me to help raise the glorious flag of the United States. So I shall consider myself from now onward one of your citizens.

"As you see me dressed today I gave that up long ago, on your advice, and I now dress like the white man, but put on these skins and feathers only for this holiday occasion. My children and my grandchildren are being taught to follow the white man's way, and I am glad, though as yet we Indians are not able to manufacture even the poorest kind of calico. But we have been taught in our Indian way to love one another as brothers, and I think that you have been taught to love each other, too. Therefore, let us join hands in brotherhood and so you will help us get out of the rut of the past."

The Indian's Requiem.

After Red Hawk's speech had been applauded the band began the slow strains of Dr. Irving J. Morgan's original Indian music, entitled "The Indian's Requiem." It is a dirgelike composition of sweet harmonies, typifying the vanishing race. To the rhythm of the slow music the 30 chiefs, each holding one of the cords attached to the halliards, raised the Stars and Stripes to the top of the pole, where the ensign fluttered lazily in the murky air. As the colors reached the truck and a sergeant of Coast Artillery made fast the halliards the dirge ceased and the combined bands rendered "The Star-Spangled Banner," while the civilian guests stood uncovered and the army and navy officers at attention.

To close the ceremonies the Indians, who were in charge of F. H. Abbott, Acting Indian Commissioner, and Major James McLaughlin, an inspector of the Interior Department, executed a fantastic dance around the flagstaff.

One of the most picturesque members of the party is Two Moons, a venerable chief of the Northern Cheyennes, who says he does not know how old he is. Two Moons is almost totally blind as a result of trachoma. He had to be led ashore and was carried up the hill in one of the vehicles provided for the older chiefs.

Was in the Custer Fight.

In the fight that resulted in the annihilation of Custer and his command Two Moons says, he led more than nine hundred Cheyenne warriors. He was one of several of those who helped raise the flag yesterday who had been in the thick of the fighting on the Little Big Horn a generation ago.

"After that fight," said Two Moons, commenting on the battle, "the Great White Father said to me, 'Fight no more,' and then after that I fight no more. Indian too old to fight now. In the old time Indian and white man fight all the time—now Indian better smoke peace pipe." The old chief's strong, mobile face relaxed in a smile, and suiting the action to the word, he fumbled in a beaded tobacco pouch slung from his girdle, filled his long-stemmed pipe and began to smoke contemplatively.

Moving pictures of the ceremonies were made by agents of Rodman Wanamaker, who will preserve them for his library.

Of the 30 Indian chiefs who participated, 20 wore "full dress" war costumes and 10 were in citizens' clothes. Most of the chiefs are comparatively young men. One of the chiefs is "Old Man" Two Moons, 71 years old, a Cheyenne. He is totally blind. He led the attack on Custer, but he said yesterday, "Me fight no more."

Red Hawk, the Indian orator of the day, is a chief not only in name but in fact, and is so recognized by his tribesmen. He is a member of the tribal business council and has continually represented his tribe at Washington. He also took part in the fight against Custer.

Most of the chiefs are well educated, and many of them admitted they felt out of place in tribal costume. Chief Black Mantle, of the Montanas, known as Flatheads, is part Scotch, and also bears the name of Angus Piedmont McDonald. He wore Scotch plaids together with his Indian regalia. He gave the sightseers some interesting information about the Indian costumes. They cost from \$350 to \$500 a suit. Forty white eagle feathers with black tips cost exactly \$200. That is the number on the average headdress.

Returning to New York, the Indians went as specially invited guests to the Wanamaker store to see pictures of themselves taken several years ago for the Wanamaker collection.

THE EVENING MAIL

New York City, Feb. 22, 1913

GUNS ROAR AS TAFT HONORS THE RED MAN

President Turns First Spadeful of Earth for Indian Monument at Fort Wadsworth.

Thirty-two gaily-bedecked fullblood Indian chiefs from Western reservations marched stolidly up the hill at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, today to await their "Great White Father," President Taft, and members of his official family.

At the crest of the hill, one of the highest points on the Atlantic coast between New York and Florida, they formed a silent group as the President upturned a spadeful of earth, breaking ground for the National American Indian Memorial, a 60-foot bronze statue of an Indian warrior, which will tower 165 feet above the highest elevation around New York harbor, a tribute to the vanishing race.

Guns Roar Salute.

The guns of the fort roared a national salute of 21 guns at the moment the President placed his foot on the spade. As he stepped back, Chief Red Hawk, a very old Indian, came forward and upturned a second bit of earth with the thigh bone of a buffalo.

President Taft's address was brief. "For two centuries," he said, "the North American Indian has had a right to be treated, not as a relic of prehistoric man, but as an existing force with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races."

"It is appropriate, therefore, that this race which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came here should have a memorial in this great sea entrance to the North American continent."

In his reply, Red Hawk said that he and his companions considered themselves from this day forward citizens of the United States.

"To the end of our days," he said, "we will encourage our children to take the advice of the white men. We ask him to join us and help us get out of the rut in which we have existed so many years."

"We thought that when the white man came he came as a visitor; but we found he came to rule us. We see now that he was fated to come and to improve our country and teach us civilization."

All the Indians signed an oath of allegiance to the United States.

Many Aged Chiefs.

The gathering of the Indians marked the last time, perhaps, that so many native chiefs will assemble in the East. Most of them are between 75 and 80 years old. Some of them fought against Custer, among them being Chief Hollow Horn Bear, who is six feet four inches tall, and Chief White-Man-Runs-Him, more than seventy years old.

The monument is being erected under authority from Congress by a committee of which Rodman Wanamaker is head.

The Troy Times

Troy, N. Y., February 28, 1913

The Indian is much in evidence. A big bunch of chiefs took part in the breaking of ground for the memorial on Staten Island, and the same party will be in the inaugural procession at Washington. Among these Indians are some of the oldest as well as some of the youngest—men who have never known any other life than that of the tepee and others who are highly educated, having graduated from Carlisle School and other institutions. And to show how time works changes one of the chiefs was at the head of the Cheyennes who helped to annihilate Custer and his men, while another served as a scout and led Custer's command in the Little Big Horn campaign.

Declaration of Allegiance Signed by Thirty Indian Chiefs.

At the suggestion of Dr. Dixon, F. H. Abbott, Acting Indian Commissioner, had the thirty-three Indian chiefs who attended the ceremonies at Fort Wadsworth prepare the following declaration of allegiance in behalf of the tribes they represented, which they signed on Memorial hilltop.

"We, the undersigned, representatives of various Indian tribes of the United States, through our presence and the part we have taken in the dedication of this memorial to our people, renew our allegiance to the glorious flag of the United States and offer our hearts to our country's service. We greatly appreciate the honor and privilege extended by our white brothers, who have recognized us by inviting us to participate in these ceremonies on this historical occasion.

"The Indian is fast losing his identity in the face of the great waves of Caucasian civilization which are extending to the four winds of this country, and we want fuller knowledge in order that we may take our places in the civilization which surrounds us. Though a conquered race, with our right hands extended in brotherly love and our left hands holding the pipe of peace, we hereby bury all past ill-feelings and proclaim abroad to all the nations of the world our firm allegiance to this nation and to the Stars and Stripes, and declare that henceforth and forever in all walks of life and every field of endeavor we shall be as brothers, striving hand in hand, and we will return to our people and tell them the story of this memorial and urge upon them their continued allegiance to our common country."

The Evening Post

New York City, Feb. 22, 1913

TAFT AT INDIAN POW-WOW

PAINTED CHIEFS AND PRESIDENT ON STATEN ISLAND

They Break Ground at Fort Wadsworth for Great Memorial to the Redman—Old Warriors in Full Regalia Go Down Bay in Government Boat. Their Part in Ceremony.

William Howard Taft, here for the last time as President of the United States, turned the first spadeful of earth for the new national monument to the Indian, in the presence of many members of his Cabinet, government officials and two-score or so genuine antique Indian chiefs, who gathered in their war paint and regalia at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, today.

It wasn't the best sort of a day for ground-breaking ceremonies. A thick fog bank clouded the harbor and rain fell occasionally, but even that did not interrupt the program so much as by making the yellow and red and blue and black paint on the faces of the Red Men run. They use fast dyes, those chiefs of a dying race.

The President and Mrs. Taft, together with the President's aide, Major Rhoades, and his secretary, Charles D. Hilles, arrived in a Pennsylvania sleeper soon after seven o'clock this morning from Washington. The car was sidetracked until 8.30, when the party motored to West Forty-eighth street for breakfast at the home of the President's brother, Henry W. Taft. From there Mr. Taft motored to East Twenty-third street, where he boarded a launch and went to the dispatch boat Dolphin.

The Dolphin, after firing a salute, headed down stream, taking the President and his party, which included Rodman Wanamaker and other members of the monument committee, to the Narrows. There they put ashore in small boats and mounted the hills of Staten Island, to the spot where the memorial will stand.

Big Chiefs on the Elevated.

Meanwhile, the band of Indians who struck town late yesterday afternoon, finished breakfast at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, on the corner of West Broadway and Chambers street, where they had put up for the night and, after donning their war paraphernalia, took a Sixth avenue elevated train to Twenty-third street, and there piled into two Fifth avenue busses, which took them across town to the East River.

The good ship General Joseph Johnston, which is in the service of the Quartermaster's Department, was waiting to take them down stream to Staten Island. It waited a bit longer than it had expected, because Major James McLaughlin, the veteran Government inspector of reservations, who was to chaperon the party, did not turn up sharp at 10 o'clock. However, he got there, and the Indians were off on what was for most of them their first salt water voyage before President Taft had boarded the Dolphin.

A prouder Indian than Chief Hollow Horn Bear of the Yankton Sioux today could not be found outside of a Wild West show. Hollow Horn Bear was the man finally selected to perform the important function of upturning the second parcel of Staten Island soil after President Taft had removed the first. It was Chief Hollow Horn Bear, therefore, who stepped forth and plunged the thigh bone of a buffalo into the Taft-made breach, and it was Chief Hollow Horn Bear who then made a speech on behalf of the assembled Red Men.

President Taft's speech was followed by the firing of 21 guns—the Presidential salute—by the Dolphin. Chief Hollow Horn Bear's speech, which was interpreted by Major McLaughlin, was followed by a cannonade from the guns of Fort Wadsworth.

And then came the war song which every Indian knows, no matter what tribe he may belong to. It was led by Chief Gray Horse (whose white-American name is Lewis Baker), of the Man Dan tribe of North Dakota, who beat out the time on a tom-tom. They practiced that war song most of the way from the hotel this morning to the boat landing, and the more they sang it the better it got. Finally, three of the younger and sprightlier chiefs jumped up and danced on the floor of the Sixth avenue elevated car.

"The Indian's Requiem," an Indian piece composed by Dr. Irvin J. Morgan, was sung after the genuine war song, and then the chiefs hauled the Stars and Stripes to the top of the flagpole, while the military band blared forth—what do you think?—the "Star-Spangled Banner," of course.

Tablet for the Committee.

Dr. George F. Kunz, head of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society, then presented a bronze tablet to the committee as a mark for the site where the memorial is to stand.

The Indians, many of whom fought against Custer, were entrusted to the care of Colonel Plunkette, of Wyoming, when Major McLaughlin was not in the immediate neighborhood. Colonel Plunkette said he was going to take them down to Washington later to see Woodrow Wilson inaugurated. The ways of the effete East came easy to most of the tribesmen. They didn't show the least sign of discomfort living and dining and sleeping in a New York hotel and, after breakfast, three of them went downstairs to the barber shop and had themselves shaved. They even tipped the barber, too.

Among the Indians at the pow-wow were:

Northern Cheyenne—Chief Two Moons, Chief Little Wolf, Chief Black Wolf, Chief Wooden Leg, Chief Shoulder Blade.

Arikara—Chief Little White Man, Chief Little Low Land.

Gros Ventre—Chief Young, Chief Old Dog, Chief Drags Wolf, Chief Wounded Face, Chief Rustler.

Mandan—Joseph Packeneau.

Crow—Apsaraka—White Man Runs Him, Chief Plenty Coups, Chief Medicine Crow; Shively, interpreter.

Miniconjou Sioux—Chief Swan.

Ogallala Sioux—Chief Red Cloud, Chief Red Hawk.

Yankton Sioux—Chief Pretty Voice Eagle, Chief Runs the Enemy, Chief Hollow Horn Bear.

Standing Rock Sioux—Chief One Feather.

Crow Creek Sioux—Chief Ghost Bear.

Blackfeet—Mountain Chief, Chief Big Spring, Chief Black Weasel, Chief Little Dog.

Southern Cheyenne—Chief Brave Bear.

San Carlos Apache—Nethla.

Kiowa—Chief Lone Wolf.

Chippewa—Chief Red Blanket, Chief Gay-she-geor-ar-sh.



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THE LAST ARROW



UNITED STATES TROOPS AT OPENING OF GROUND FOR NATIONAL INDIAN MEMORIAL AT FORT WADSWORTH

*Ceremonies Attending the Official Inauguration
of the*

National American Indian Memorial

at

Fort Wadsworth

Harbor of New York

February Twenty-second, Nineteen-thirteen

at Twelve o'clock, Noon

by

Honorable William Howard Taft

President of the United States

Members of the Cabinet

The Governor of the State of New York

The Mayor of the City of New York

Thirty Indian Chiefs from Western Reservations

and other distinguished guests

Naval and Military Demonstrations

National Memorial to the North American Indian

DESCRIPTION OF DRAWINGS AND PLANS

The latest authentic Government statistics declare that the North American Indian, as a race, is rapidly vanishing. The rate of decrease since the coming of the white man is, up to the present moment, that of sixty-five per cent. The day is not far in the Nation's "tomorrows" when the Indian, as a type, will have passed forever from this continent—his footprints are already marking the sands of the Western Ocean.

There are many evidences of the character, oratorical ability, heroism and virility of this striking race. The iconoclasm of civilization has relentlessly swept forward, and the red man, without his will, has been compelled to face the setting sun.

It has been conceived that a race possessing so many striking and wonderful characteristics, once having the liberty to roam over the entire continent—indeed, the first American—that the memory and deeds, and life, and mysticism of this people should be immortalized and a record of the race preserved for all future generations.

LOCATION

By Act of the Sixty-second Congress, this memorial was authorized, and was approved by President Taft. According to the provisions of the bill, Honorable George Von L. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy, and Honorable Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, approved the site of old Fort Tompkins, at Fort Wadsworth, in the Harbor of New York. This site received the unanimous commendation of the Federal Fine Arts Commission, together with the Art Commission of the City of New York, as being the most appropriate and artistic location for such a memorial. The rise of ground, the relation to the old forts and to the landscape, and the possibility of the memorial being seen by incoming and outgoing ships from the Battery to Sandy Hook and far into the interior of New Jersey and the surrounding waters make it an ideal location.

SCOPE

The concept of the founder of this memorial is that he should not alone place a mammoth bronze figure of the North American Indian upon the highest hill-crest in the harbor as a witness of the passing race to all the nations of the world as they come to our shores. But should it prove to be the desire expressed by the nation that the foundation should contain a museum, this additional Act should be carried out by the citizens of the United States; it would then be submitted for the approval of the commission, as called for in the Act. The desire is to perpetuate all that the Indian was—his manner of life, representations of his habitat, his customs and costumes; and to this end the memorial would then comprise a small museum, thirty-five feet high, which would contain, in the various sections, the various styles of Indian homes; an art gallery for all prints and paintings that may be procured of Indian life; a section giving a collection of his weaponry; a costume section showing what he wore; a home section showing his method of life; a section for animals of the chase, showing the life upon which he subsisted; a library section, containing books of Indian lore;—the thought being that the mammoth bronze figure, which is to rise on a pedestal seventy feet high, the statue rising sixty feet, shall preside in bronze over all that represents the primeval Indian on this continent. At the foot of the monument, on the lower terrace, would be the equestrian statue of an Indian as he is known to-day.

COMPOSITION

As a matter of composition, the architecture, standing on this height against the open sky, should be rugged and large in scale, without too much detail, as it will be seen mostly in silhouette against the sky. It should also express the museum as a part of the design as well as the memorial character for which it is undertaken.

CHARACTER

As to character, it should be remembered that it is a tribute of modern civilization, and is being built by a civilized nation to a race of primitive people. No attempt has been made to establish an Indian style of architecture, but rather to incorporate the character of the people in a design which should be modern and the expression of a civilized people. The dominant feature of this design is to be an Indian in a striking and characteristic pose that will reveal the soul of the Indian himself. The bow and arrow, with the left hand hanging entirely at full length, indicates that he is through with his war weaponry; the uplifted hand, with the two fingers extended toward the open sea, is the universal peace sign of the Indian. Thus he gives, in bronze, a perpetual welcome to the nations of the world, as he gave welcome to the white man when he first came to these shores, and thus we have combined the impress of modern civilization in the base, and what the Indian thought of himself in the bronze statue.

Note.—The Indian shown in the design is tentative. It is not to be considered the work of the sculptor.

ARCHITECT, THOMAS HASTINGS — SCULPTOR, DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

Official Personnel of the Inauguration Ceremonies

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
HONORABLE WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

CABINET

HONORABLE GEORGE VON L. MEYER, Secretary of the Navy
HONORABLE HENRY L. STIMSON, Secretary of War
HONORABLE WALTER L. FISHER, Secretary of the Interior

HONORABLE JACOB H. GALLINGER, President of the United States Senate
HONORABLE CHAMP CLARK, Speaker of the House of Representatives

HONORABLE GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE, Chairman, Committee on Library, U. S. Senate
HONORABLE JAMES L. SLAYDEN, Chairman, Committee on Library, House of Representatives

HONORABLE F. H. ABBOTT, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs
MAJOR JAMES McLAUGHLIN, Inspector of Department of the Interior

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
HONORABLE WILLIAM SULZER

MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
HONORABLE WILLIAM J. GAYNOR

NAVAL ESCORT

U. S. S. "DOLPHIN," detailed for duty, with Band
REAR-ADMIRAL HUGO OSTERHAUS
DETAIL OF MARINES

MILITARY ESCORT

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD
Chief of Staff, and Aide
MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS H. BARRY
Commander of Department of the East, and Staff
BATTALION OF UNITED STATES TROOPS
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND MILITARY BAND
FORT HAMILTON MILITARY BAND

INDIAN CHIEFS FROM WESTERN RESERVATIONS

NORTHERN CHEYENNE

Chief Two Moons
Chief Little Wolf
Chief Black Wolf
Chief Wooden Leg
Chief Shoulder Blade

ARIKARA

Chief Little White Man
Chief Little Low Land

GROS VENTRE

Chief Young
Chief Old Dog
Chief Drags Wolf
Chief Wounded Face
Chief Rustler

MANDAN

Joseph Packeneau

CROW—APSARAKA

White Man Runs Him
Chief Plenty Coups
Chief Medicine Crow

MINICONJOU SIOUX

Chief Swan

OGALLALA SIOUX

Chief Red Cloud
Chief Red Hawk

YANKTON SIOUX

Chief Pretty Voice Eagle
Chief Runs the Enemy
Chief Hollow Horn Bear

STANDING ROCK SIOUX

Chief One Feather

CROW CREEK SIOUX

Chief Ghost Bear

BLACKFEET

Mountain Chief
Chief Big Spring
Chief Black Waspel
Chief Little Dog

SOUTHERN CHEYENNE

Chief Brave Bear

SAN CARLOS APACHE

Nethla

KIOWA

Chief Lone Wolf

CHIPPEWA

Chief Red Blanket
Chief Gay-she-geor-ar-sh

Program

Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, Presiding

*Leader of the two Wanamaker Historical Expeditions to the North American Indian,
and Secretary of the National American Indian Memorial Association.*

1. *National Air, "America"*

*Fort Hamilton Military Band
Governor's Island Military Band
U. S. S. "Dolphin" Band*

2. *The Purpose of the Indian Memorial, Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon*

3. *Address Honorable William Howard Taft
President of the United States.*

*PRESIDENT TAFT WILL DIG THE FIRST SHOVELFUL OF EARTH, AS CHIEF MAGISTRATE
OF THE NATION, THUS INAUGURATING THE WORK OF CONSTRUCTING THE MEMORIAL.*

*IMMEDIATELY AS THE PRESIDENT LIFTS THE SOIL, THE BATTLESHIP WILL FIRE
TWENTY-ONE GUNS, THE PRESIDENTIAL SALUTE.*

4. *Address Chief Hollow Horn Bear, a Full-blooded Sioux
One of the Participants in the Custer Fight*

*THE ADDRESS OF CHIEF HOLLOW HORN BEAR WILL BE INTERPRETED BY MAJOR
JAMES McLAUGHLIN, INDIAN AUTHOR, AND INSPECTOR INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.*

*THE INDIAN CHIEF WILL CONTINUE THE DIGGING OF THE EARTH WITH THE THIGH
BONE OF A BUFFALO, THE INDIAN'S PRIMITIVE IMPLEMENT.*

*THE GUNS OF FORT WADSWORTH WILL FIRE A SALUTE IN HONOR OF THE RED MEN
—THE FIRST INHABITANTS OF THE SOIL WHERE THE GUNS ARE MOUNTED.*

Program

5. War Song - Mountain Chief and the Group of Chiefs

6. Hoisting the American Flag by the Indian Chiefs

THE THIRTY INDIAN CHIEFS WILL HOIST THE UNITED STATES FLAG, AS A SYMBOL OF THEIR LOYALTY TO OUR NATION—THEIR RECOGNITION OF THE GOVERNMENT AGAINST WHICH THEY FOUGHT WHEN CUSTER FELL, SLAIN BY THESE VERY INDIANS ON THAT FATAL JUNE DAY 1876—AND AS A PROPHECY OF THE MEMORIAL TO THEIR RACE TO RISE ON THIS GROUND.

PRECEDING THE HOISTING OF THE FLAG, DR. IRVIN J. MORGAN'S ORIGINAL INDIAN MUSIC, "THE INDIAN'S REQUIEM," TYPIFYING THE "VANISHING RACE," SPECIALLY COMPOSED FOR THE INDIAN LECTURES RESULTING FROM THE WANAMAKER HISTORICAL EXPEDITIONS, WILL BE RENDERED.

THE REQUIEM WILL FOLLOW THE RAISING OF THE FLAG UNTIL THE STARS AND STRIPES ARE MAST-HEADED, WHEN THE COMBINED MILITARY BANDS WILL MERGE INTO THE EXULTANT STRAINS OF THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," SIGNIFYING THE UNION OF THE FIRST DWELLERS ON THE SOIL WITH THE CIVILIZATION OF OUR DAY.

7. Presentation of Bronze Tablet marking the Site of the Memorial Doctor George Frederick Kunz

President of the American Science and Historical Preservation Society

8. National Air, "Hail, Columbia!" Combined Military Bands

National American Indian Memorial Association

HARBOR OF NEW YORK

President—RODMAN WANAMAKER, ESQ.

Vice-President—HONORABLE JOSEPH H. CHOATE

Secretary—DR. JOSEPH KOSSUTH DIXON

Treasurer and Bank of Deposit—J. P. MORGAN & CO.

Advisory and Executive Committee (to be completed)—
DR. GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ
J. FREDERIC TAMS
JAMES HERMAN RIDDER

Vice-Presidents, City of New York (to be completed)—
ROBERT C. OGDEN

Vice-Presidents, City of Philadelphia—
HONORABLE JOHN WANAMAKER
E. T. STOTESBURY
JOHN G. JOHNSON
N. PARKER SHORTRIDGE

Honorary President, *ex officio*—
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Honorary Vice-Presidents, the Cabinet, *ex officio*—
Secretary of State, PHILANDER C. KNOX
Secretary of the Treasury, FRANKLIN MACVEAGH
Secretary of War, HENRY L. STIMSON
Attorney-General, GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM
Postmaster-General, FRANK H. HITCHCOCK
Secretary of the Navy, GEORGE VON L. MEYER
Secretary of the Interior, WALTER L. FISHER
Secretary of Agriculture, JAMES WILSON
Secretary of Commerce and Labor, CHARLES NAGEL

NOTE.—The President and Cabinet ratified this organization with autograph signatures.

Naval and Military Vice-Presidents—
Admiral of the Navy, GEORGE DEWEY
Lieutenant-General NELSON A. MILES
Major-General LEONARD WOOD, Chief of Staff
Rear-Admiral of the Navy, JAMES B. MURDOCK
Major-General THOMAS H. BARRY
Commander of the Department of the East
General HORACE PORTER
Colonel WILLIAM M. BLACK
Colonel, Corps of Engineers, Harbor of New York
Colonel S. W. ROESSLER
Colonel, Corps of Engineers, Harbor of New York

NOTE.—The Naval and Military Vice-Presidents signified their endorsement of the organization by autograph signatures.

Vice-Presidents—
THE GOVERNORS OF THE VARIOUS STATES OF THE UNION

Honorary Vice-Presidents—
THE MAYORS OF THE TWO PRINCIPAL CITIES IN EACH STATE

NOTE.—Governors and Mayors, so far requested, have given their autograph signatures.

History of the Ground on which the Memorial is Erected

The Dutch called the Narrows the Hamels-Hoofden, which means the "sheep's heads." The neighboring Sheepshead Bay probably derived its name from this source. The site of Fort Wadsworth is most appropriate for an Indian statue, for Indians dwelt there at the time of the European advent. Isaac de Rasieres, in a letter to Samuel Blommaert, telling of his arrival in New York Harbor on July 27, 1624, the same year in which the first permanent colony was planted on Manhattan Island, says of the Narrows and the Fort Wadsworth site:

"Between the Hamels-Hoofden, the width as about a cannon's shot of 2000 (yards); the depth 10, 11, 12 fathoms. They are tolerably high points and well wooded. The west point is an island, inhabited by from 80 to 90 savages, who support themselves by planting maize."

In 1630, the island was granted by the directors of the West India Company to Michael Pauw. Land titles do not appear to have been clearly defined in those early days, and in 1636 Governor Wouter Van Twiller registered the island in the name of David De Vries. The Dutch pastured hogs on the island, and when some of these disappeared, the loss was blamed on the Indians, although it is said in their defense that the hogs were really stolen by Dutchmen who stopped at the island for wood and water. At any rate, troubles broke out, and on September 7, 1641, the Indians killed several white men of De Vries' colony.

In that same year, Cornelis Melyn laid claim to the island by virtue of a grant of the Directors of the West India Company, and on November 2, 1641, Governor Kieft asked De Vries if he would permit Melyn "to go upon the point of Staten Island where the maize land lay, saying that he wished to let him plant it, and that he would place soldiers there who would make a signal by displaying a flag, to make known at the fort"—Fort Amsterdam—"whenever ships were in the bay" to which De Vries consented. A block fort is said to have been built here at the time this early signal station was established; and within a short time the Oude Dorp, or old town, was begun at Arrochar, near the bounds of the Fort Wadsworth reservation. In 1642 Melyn secured a patent as patron of the whole of Staten Island except the bowery of Captain De Vries.

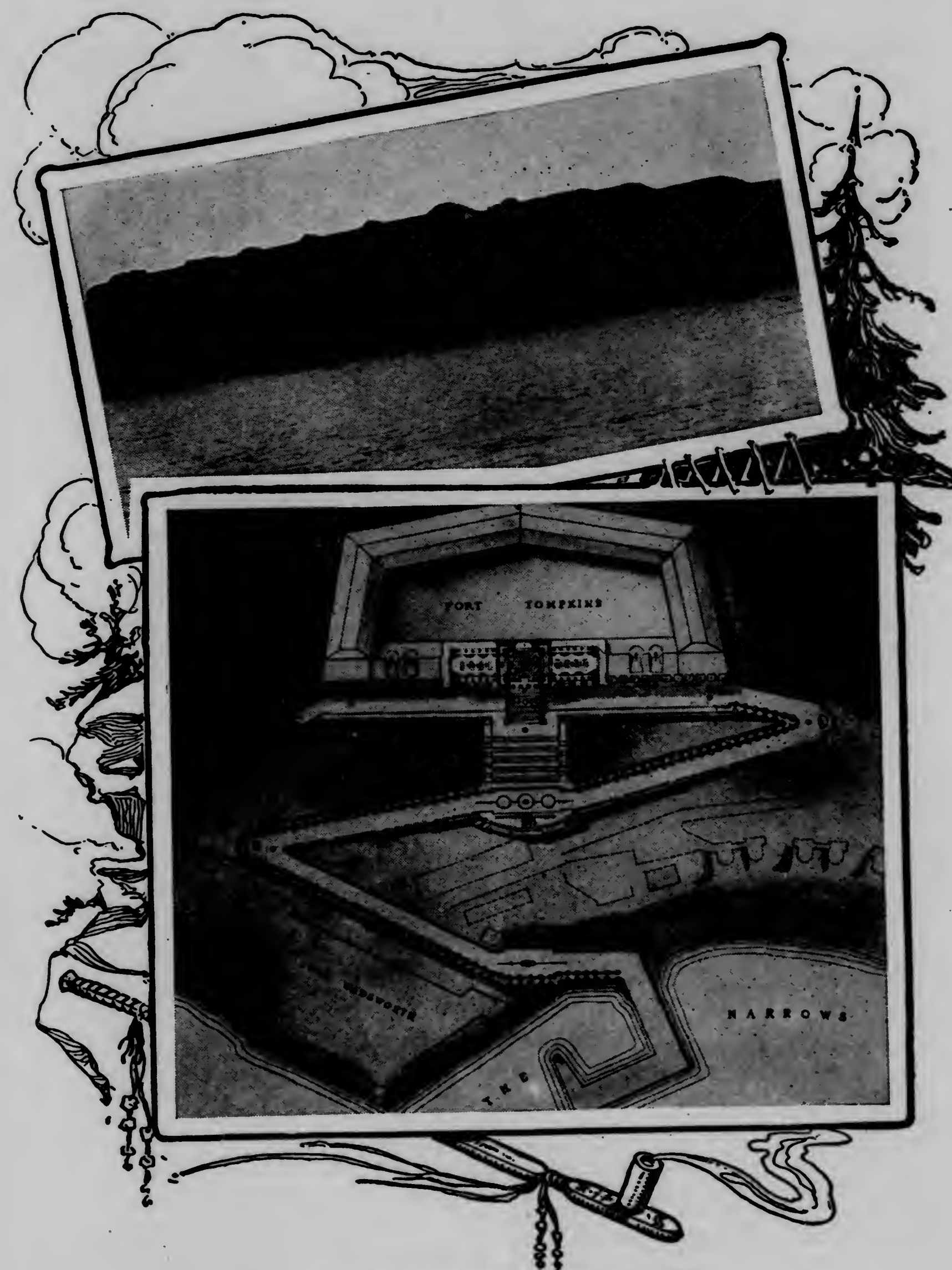
Each successive grantee purchased the island from the Indians; but these conveyances appear not to have been complete and final until the purchase of April 13, 1670, which is noted in history as "one of the most prominent acts in the administration of Governor Lovelace, because it was the final extinction of the Indian claim to the Island." The previous bargains had been confirmed to the English by the principal sachem the year before, but as several inferior chiefs presented claims a new bargain was made in 1670 by which possession was given in the most formal manner "by turf and twig."

The original deed was signed April 13, 1670, "by Aquepo, Warrenes, Minqua, Sachemack, Pemantowes, Quewequeen, Wawanecameck and Mataris, on behalf of themselves as the true owners and lawful Indian proprietors of Staten Island," but as some of the younger Indians were not present on that occasion, the deed was again delivered in their presence on April 15 and each child and youth signed with his or her mark. The names thus added to the deed were: "Pewowahone, about 5 years old, a boy; Rokoques, about 6 years old, a girl; Shinginnemo, about 12 years old, a girl; Kanarchanse, about 12 years old, a girl; Maquadas, about 15 years old, a young man; Asheharewas, about 20 years old, a young man."

The consideration was:

400 fathoms of wampum.	30 kettles.	30 axes.
30 match coats.	20 guns.	30 hoes.
8 coats of dozens made up.	1 firkin of powder.	50 knives.
30 shirts.	60 bars of lead.	

This land appears to have had several Indian names, referring to different characteristics. Ruttenber gives Matawucks as a name for the island in 1631. This name (identical with Matouacs, an Indian name for Long Island, means "land of the periwinkle." Matanuck, another Indian name, is probably the same. Another more frequently used was the equivalent of the Delaware Achwo-wangu, meaning "high, sandy banks." The Dutch form of that name was Eghuanos, and the English variant Aquehonga. In the deed to De Vries in 1636 it is called Monacknong, sometimes spelled Manacknong, and means "island place." In the deed to Governor Lovelace in 1670, the island is designated by the hyphenated name Aquehonga-Manacknong a title which is supposed to cover the portions owned by the Raritans and Hackinsacks, respectively. The Dutch called it Staten Eylant, or Staten Island, as early as 1633, and perhaps earlier, in honor of the States-General of the old country.



PERSPECTIVE OF FORT WADSWORTH HEIGHTS
DIAGRAM OF GROUND PLAN



NEW YORK CITY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1913

Taft and Red Man Turn First Earth For Indian Statue

Full-Blooded Chiefs Raise American Flag as the President Looks On.

The tragedy of a vanishing race was epitomized today in an incident occurring on the green battlements of Fort Wadsworth, overhanging the Narrows. For there a little band of Indians, in full war regalia of feathers, several of them veterans of old wars against the white man, raised an American flag on the spot where, some day, a colossal bronze Indian will stand.

This was a sign of their surrender to the will of the inevitable.

President Taft came to town early. It was the last trip he will make to New York as President. With him were Mrs. Taft, her sister, Mrs. Thomas Loughlin, of Pittsburgh; Major Thomas L. Rhoades and Secretary Charles D. Hilles. After breakfast had been served to the party in the home of Henry W. Taft, at No. 36 West Forty-eighth street, they went by auto to the foot of East Twenty-fourth street, and here boarded the President's yacht Dolphin. Guns at the Navy Yard saluted as the Dolphin, with the President's blue flag at the masthead, sailed down the East River and on down the bay to the reservation dock at Fort Wadsworth.

A Presidential salute boomed out from the batteries high up on the side of the terraced hill as the President left the yacht. All of the soldiers of the post were drawn up in battalion front, with their guns at "present," when he walked up the winding paths with the members of the Memorial Association, who have the erection of the statue in charge.

Indian Chiefs Picturesque Part of Ceremony.

On the highest point of the reservation, up above the greensward bastions, the site for the great Indian statue has been picked. There a notable delegation awaited the coming of the President. Among these were Secretary of the Interior Walter I. Fisher, Alfred Sears, Borough President of Kings; Cyrus C. Miller, the Bronx Borough President; Congressman Charles Diefenderfer, General Henry D. Hamilton, of Governor Sulzer's staff; Rear Admiral Hugo M. Osterhaus, General Nelson H. Henry, Collector of the Port; Dr. George Frederick Kunz, President of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation So-

ciety, and Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, Secretary of the National Indian Memorial Association.

More picturesque, if not as notable as these gentlemen, were the 30 Indian chiefs from the Middle West and the plains beyond. Many of them had never been East before; some were educated men, Carlisle graduates. Among them were the famous old fighter, Chief Hollow Horn Bear, who fought against Custer and participated in the massacre of "Yellow Hair's" men; Mountain Sheep, White-Man-Runs-Him, a Crow, who acted as scout for Custer in the Little Big Horn country, and Two-Cattle, a full-blooded Sioux.

Dr. Dixon opened the ceremonies by a brief speech, setting forth the genesis of the idea to erect, at the entrance to this doorway of the New World, a memorial to the race that once ruled supreme. President Taft then followed by a few words, extolling the character of the red man, that is just now being appreciated when he is dwindling to extinction.

Then the President took a silver shovel and turned the first spadeful of earth. As he did so the guns of the Dolphin boomed out in 21 reverberating thunders. Chief Hollow Horn Bear, the eagle's feathers of his war bonnet trailing to the ground, then stepped forth and spoke in the Sioux tongue, Major James McLoughlin, Indian inspector for the Department of the Interior, translating for him.

The grizzled old warrior spoke simply of the passing of his race. He said the Great Spirit had ordained that the white man should possess the land and the Indian had bowed his head to the command of the Great Spirit. His people, he said, were thankful for the tribute to them which the white man would raise here.

When he had finished the Indian took a curious spade, made from the thigh bone of a buffalo, and turned another clod. Mountain Sheep sang a guttural war song and then all of the Indians put their hands to the rope that pulled up the American flag.



Pictorial News Co.

THE STATEN ISLANDER

St. George, N. Y., February 26, 1913

THE BIG INDIAN

The almost colossal figure of an American Indian for which President Taft broke ground for the pedestal at Fort Wadsworth last Saturday, will be one of the most splendid historical monuments along the Atlantic Coast, or anywhere in the country. Staten Island is fortunate in being chosen as the site for it. This was virtually decided on long ago, but the exact place had not been selected until more recently.

In hitting on Fort Wadsworth, with the assent of the War Department, it seems to us that the Federal Government has assumed an additional obligation to this famous fortification. Large appropriations are being made for forts in the west, and for many additions to the nation's equipment, and it would not be out of place if the reservation on this side of the Narrows were to be greatly enlarged, and an increased garrison, worthy of the celebrated fortress, should be stationed there.

Saturday's brief ceremonies were unique. We believe it was the first time that a President in office has ever come to Staten Island to officiate at a special function of such public interest. It was the first time that President Taft had ever set foot on our island. It was the first time in fifteen years that such a finely representative group of American natives as they were in their days of greatness had come East, and it will probably be the last time. These things made it an occasion of proud historic interest to Staten Island.



ON THE WAY TO FORT WADSWORTH

THE BUTTE MINER

Butte, Montana, February 26, 1913

A RARE TREAT

It must have been a remarkable treat to those Indian chieftains who went back to New York to be present at the exercises incident to the dedication of the site of the great Indian monument to be erected there commemorating the significance of the Indian in this country.

These aged chieftains, who were accustomed all their lives to the vast, rolling prairies and all the other features of the great west in pioneer days, were taken through the subways, shown the big buildings; in fact, given every chance to enjoy life in the metropolis as honored visitors.

They did not say much—Indian chieftains are not given to much talking on any subject. They must have done a lot of thinking, however, and it would be interesting to know their views of the great city.

The chieftains numbered among them some who had fought against the white man, thinking, in those early pioneer days, to stay the progress of the palefaces.

Perhaps as they gazed at the wonderful city the thought was most forcibly borne in on them that against the might of a race that could accomplish such works their efforts in opposition indeed were puny.

The World.

New York City, Feb. 23, 1913

TAFT AND CHIEFS TURN GROUND FOR INDIAN MEMORIAL

Thirty-three Redmen in Paint and Feathers Hoist the Stars and Stripes on Height Over Fort Wadsworth and Pledge Allegiance to the Country's Flag.

PRESIDENT AND RED HAWK, A SIOUX, MAKE SPEECHES

Silver-Tipped Spade Used in Starting the Work—Memorial to Stand 168 Feet Above the Bay—A Gift of Rodman Wanamaker—"Movie" Men Vex Mr. Taft.

Thirty-three Indian chiefs, painted and decorated within an inch of their lives, joined with President Taft yesterday in a ceremony prefacing the erection at Fort Wadsworth, S. I., of Rodman Wanamaker's conspicuous memorial to the redskin.

The chiefs, in the charge of F. M. Abbott, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Major James McLaughlin, of the Department of the Interior, went to Staten Island from the foot of East Twenty-fourth street on the army tug General Joseph E. Johnston. They left shortly after 10 A. M., and about an hour later the Dolphin departed from the same place with President and Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Thomas Laughlin, Mrs. Taft's sister, Major Rhoads, Secretary Hilles, Rodman Wanamaker and several other persons.

Only a few of the Indians had ever been to this city before or even on a boat, but it was obvious even to the dazed many that Manhattan Island had picked up quite a bit in embellishment and value since a band of their untutored ancestors permitted it to go to the Dutch for \$24 down and a string of beads a week.

The Indians did not leave the boat at the Fort Wadsworth wharf until the President's vessel approached. The chiefs feared they might catch cold, and this fear was pretty well founded, for some of the clothing worn by the redskins exposed interior apparel most alarmingly.

With the exception of Chief Edward Swan, of the Minniconjou Sioux—who has become so fat he couldn't dive into his uniform—all the tribal leaders were dressed like the Indians you've seen pictured in "Custer's Last Stand." Some of those present yesterday were at the battle of Little Big Horn. Two of them present yesterday were Two Moons, who is 95 years old and blind, and Wooden Leg.

Salute President and Chiefs.

The regular salute from the fort 15-pounders was given the President and another salute for the chiefs.

The long paths which zigzag up the fort embankment were crowded with persons of all ages. They stood uncomplainingly in the rain for hours, quite satisfied to wait until the Indians began to make their way up to the scene of the ceremony. They marched (bit of realism) in Indian file. Two Moons was autoed to the crest.

President Taft was cheered by the dampened spectators when he reached the pier and stepped into a machine. On reaching the spot selected for the monument—a point 168 feet above the bay—the Indians and attending officials gathered around a huge staff from which 33 strings depended.

Greetings were exchanged between the chiefs and the President, and then Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, leader of the Wanamaker Historical Expeditions to the North American Indian and Secretary of the National American-Indian Memorial Association, spoke of the purposes of the memorial, after "America" had been played by the Fort Hamilton Governor's Island and Dolphin's Bands.

Before the President spoke the white strands that hung from the masthead of the wooden shaft around which the Indians were gathered, were placed, one strand to each, in the hands of the chiefs and they pulled slowly on them, gradually drawing the American flag to the top.

President Taft's Speech.

Mr. Taft said:

"We are met today to lay the cornerstone of a monument which is to have artistic beauty and historical significance. It is a monument to the race of American Indians who occupied this country

before the European white race came here to settle and people it as it is peopled today.

"The history of the race which occupied the Continent of North America is varied and difficult to follow. The differences in the matter of civilization and culture between the tribes were very great, some tribes showing very little advance from the lowest human type, and others having a degree of civilization, art and culture that make their history full of interest to the present-day historian.

"The part that Indians of the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Slope played in the contest between the English and the French in the eighteenth century for Colonial supremacy is a most important one. The issues between the Algonquins, who sided with the French, and the Iroquois, who sided with the English and planned their campaign in the councils of the Long House, all make a history revealing a statesmanship among the leaders and a persistence of purpose and policy that showed the advancement of the Indian in practical government far beyond a point generally supposed.

"Hendrik Hudson and his Dutch followers who founded this great country came immediately in contact with the Indians and found them to be the chief force to be reckoned with. Indeed, for two centuries the North American Indian has a right to be treated, not as a relic of a prehistoric man, but as an existing force with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races.

The Memorial Appropriate.

"It is appropriate, therefore, that this race which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came here and has had so much to do with the country since his advent, should have a memorial in this, the great sea entrance to the North American Continent. Few harbors in the world are more beautiful than this of New York, and here between the upper and lower bays will stand this monument to the red man, recalling his noble qualities, of which he had many, and perpetuating the memory of the succession from the red to the white race in the ownership and control of the Western Hemisphere.

"We are indebted to the beneficence of a fellow-citizen, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, through whose generosity this beautiful memorial is to be erected. No monument has a more conspicuous place in the world. At the gate of the New World and facing the Old it tells the story of the march of empire westward and the progress of Christian civilization in its advance toward the uttermost limits.

At the conclusion of the President's address Dr. George F. Kunz, President of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society, handed to Mr. Taft a silver-tipped spade.

"Movie" Men Vex Taft.

A delay preceded the digging of earth because the moving picture men, perched on a knoll overlooking the actual scene, wanted the crowd in front of the machines cleared away. They vexed Mr. Taft by their requests, and he at length exclaimed:

"We'll have a 24-foot ring for these photographers."

After the moving picture men had been laboriously placated the President scooped out some earth—a dipper would have been more useful—and then he took another spadeful out.

The next address was to have been made by Chief Hollow Horn Bear, a Sioux, who was in the Custer fight, but that chief was too ill to come East, and his place was taken by Chief Red Hawk, an Ogallala Sioux, who spoke in his native tongue, and had Chief Edward Swan for his interpreter. Red Hawk, whose face was decorated with red paint, and whose headdress was of eagle feathers, said "How" to the President and to Mr. Wanamaker, and then spoke as follows:

"I am very glad to meet you ladies and gentlemen on this occasion. I am an American Indian. I wish to ask the ladies and the citizens and fellow-rulers of the tribes one question: If the white men came over with the American Indians when they first discovered this country didn't the Indians come with them?

From Now on a Citizen.

"My belief is we were created by the Great Spirit to live in this country, and you white men found me here and I am here today. I was the ruler at that time. When you first crossed the great ocean I thought you had merely come as a visitor. From that time to this day you have improved our country. You have had me as a part of this country. You have helped me uplift the flag of the glorious United States today, and I will consider myself from now on a member of the country.

"The dress you have seen me dressed in today I have given up long ago by your advice, but I have put on these things today to show you they are of the past.

"My son and grandchildren have been taught by you to follow in your ways, and I have encouraged them and will encourage them to the end of days.

"As an Indian I was not able to manufacture even the poorest kind of the coarsest calico. We have been taught in

our Indian ways to love one another as brothers. I hope you all have been taught to; therefore, let us join hands and minds to help us get out of the rut for the rest of our lives."

The Indian war song was then played by the band.

Wooden Leg was given the spade used by the President and he pressed it into the ground. It had been planned to use the thigh bone of a buffalo, but none could be purchased here.

After this came the "Star-Spangled Banner," during the playing of which hats were removed.

This over, a bag of the newly-minted nickels, the first to be distributed, was opened and one given to each of the Indians. A war dance terminated the day's proceedings.

The chiefs will remain here over Sunday and then go to Philadelphia.

Before President Taft left the fort for the Dolphin, he was shown the following "Declaration of Allegiance," signed by the 33 chiefs. It will be sent to him in Washington:

"We, the undersigned, representatives of various Indian tribes of the United States, through our presence and the part we have taken in the dedication of this memorial to our people, renew our allegiance to the glorious flag of the United States and offer our hearts to our country's service. We greatly appreciate the honor and privilege extended by our white brothers, who have recognized us by inviting us to participate in these ceremonies on this historic occasion.

"The Indian is fast losing his identity in the face of the great waves of Caucasian civilization which are extending to the four winds of this country, and we want fuller knowledge, in order that we may take our places in the civilization which surrounds us. Though a conquered race, with our right hands extended in brotherly love and our left hands holding the pipe of peace, we hereby bury all past ill-feelings and proclaim abroad to all the nations of the world our firm allegiance to this nation, and to the Stars and Stripes, and declare that henceforth and forever, in all walks of life and every field of endeavor, we shall be as brothers, striving hand in hand, and we will return to our people and tell them the story of this memorial and urge upon them their continued allegiance to our common country."

The pedestal of the memorial is to be 35 feet high. It will contain a museum, where various Indian relics, tepees, weapons and books on Indian subjects will be kept. On this pedestal will stand a bronze figure of an Indian, one hand holding a bow and arrow and the other pointing upward, with two fingers extended as a sign of peace. Steps will lead up to the statue. At the foot will be an Indian astride a bareback horse, and at the entrance to the museum will be two buffaloes. A plaza will relieve the monotony of the numerous steps.

The New York Press

New York City, Feb. 23, 1913

INDIANS AID TAFT TO DEDICATE MEMORIAL

Thirty Chiefs See Ground Broken at Fort Wadsworth.

THEIR ALLEGIANCE AGAIN IS PLEDGED

Red Hawk Expresses Appreciation for This Tribute to His Race.

Assisted by 30 Indian chiefs, President William Howard Taft shortly after noon yesterday broke ground for the National American Indian Memorial at Fort Wadsworth. This is the first time in history that any monument has been dedicated to any one race of people. There was added interest in the event in that it was President Taft's last appearance in a quasi-official capacity, and that it was the first, and perhaps the last, time that so many Indian chiefs will ever assemble in the East.

This monument, erected with Congressional sanction by Rodman Wanamaker and the National American Indian Memorial Association will rest on the highest point on the Atlantic coast and tower 165 feet above the highest elevation around New York Harbor.

The Indians, under escort of F. H. Abbott, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, leaving the recreation pier at the foot of Twenty-fourth street in the United States steamship General Joseph E. Johnston, arrived at Fort Wadsworth about noon, and immediately were conducted to the site of the memorial. When President Taft reached the site of the memorial the Indians greeted him

silently with raised right arms, the sign of peace. The President took off his hat to them and smiled. Then the older chiefs shouted a war cry and the younger ones clapped their hands in the most approved manner.

Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon was master of ceremonies and introduced the President.

Tribute to the Red Man.

After referring briefly to the coming of the white man to America and the part taken by Indians in affairs of the New World, President Taft said: "It is appropriate, therefore, that this race which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came here, and that had so much to do with the country since his advent, should have a memorial in this, the great sea entrance to the North American Continent. Few harbors in the world are more beautiful than that of New York and here, between the upper and lower bays, will stand this monument to the red man, recalling his noble qualities, of which he had many, and perpetuating the memory of the succession from the red to the white race of the ownership and control of the Western Hemisphere.

"We are indebted to the beneficence of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, through whose generosity this beautiful memorial is to be erected. No monument has a more conspicuous place in the world. At the gate of the New World and facing the Old, it tells the story of the march of empire westward and the progress of Christian civilization in its advance toward the uttermost limits."

With a regulation garden spade President Taft broke the earth and lifted a half-dozen shovels of sod. Chief Wooden Leg, of the Northern Cheyennes, made the excavation larger with an Indian ax made of a buffalo bone found on Staten Island and belonging to the Staten Island Society of Arts and Sciences. Thus the President and Chief Wooden Leg together dedicated the memorial which even the Indians look upon as a bond of brotherhood between the two races. Wooden Leg is a judge of the Court of Indian Offenses. He wore his insignia of office.

On the site of the memorial a high flagpole had been set, with over 30 hal-yards. As the band played Dr. Irvin J. Morgan's "The Indian Requiem," the 30 chiefs slowly hoisted the United States flag as a symbol of their loyalty to the Nation and their recognition of the Government. Then the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Chief Answers President.

Chief Red Hawk, an Ogallala Sioux of the Pine Ridge reservation, made the Indian address in reply to the President. Neither John Grass, a Sioux, nor Hollow Horn Bear, who had been selected in turn to make the Indian address, was able to attend. Red Hawk's address was interpreted by Edward Swan, as follows:

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. President, and ladies and gentlemen. I am an American Indian. You found us here and we are here today. We had thought that you had merely come here as visitors, but from that time on you have improved our country until today you had me uplift the flag of the United States."

"The dress you see me in today I gave up long time ago, but put it on just to show you it is a thing of the past. My sons and grandchildren have been taught by you that if they follow you you will lift them up and encourage them. I have told them to follow, and will to the end of my days. As an Indian, I am not able to manufacture even the poorest kind of calico."

"We Indians have been taught to love one another as brothers, and I hope you white men have taught each other the same thing. Therefore, let us join hands and get out of the rut."

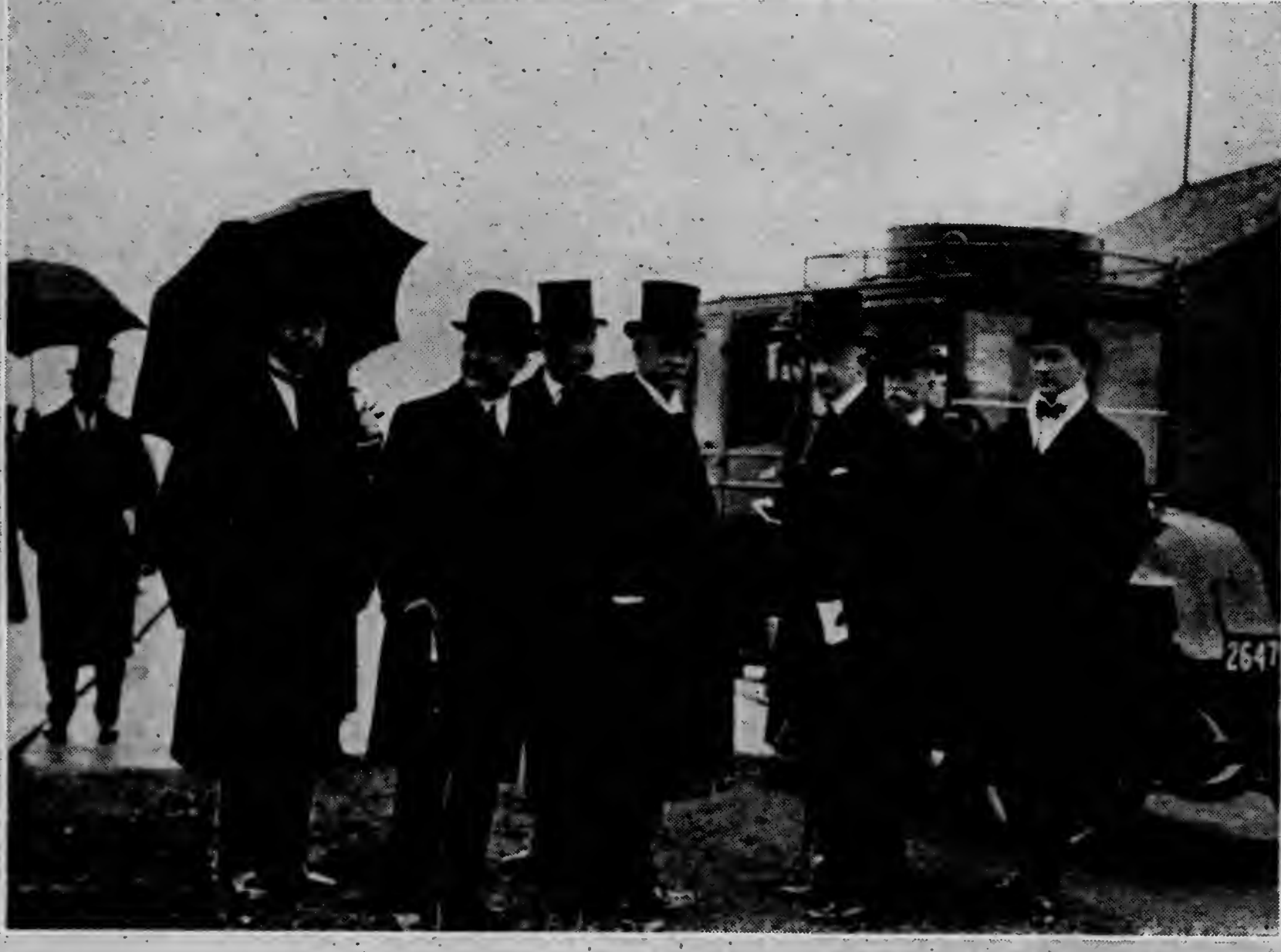
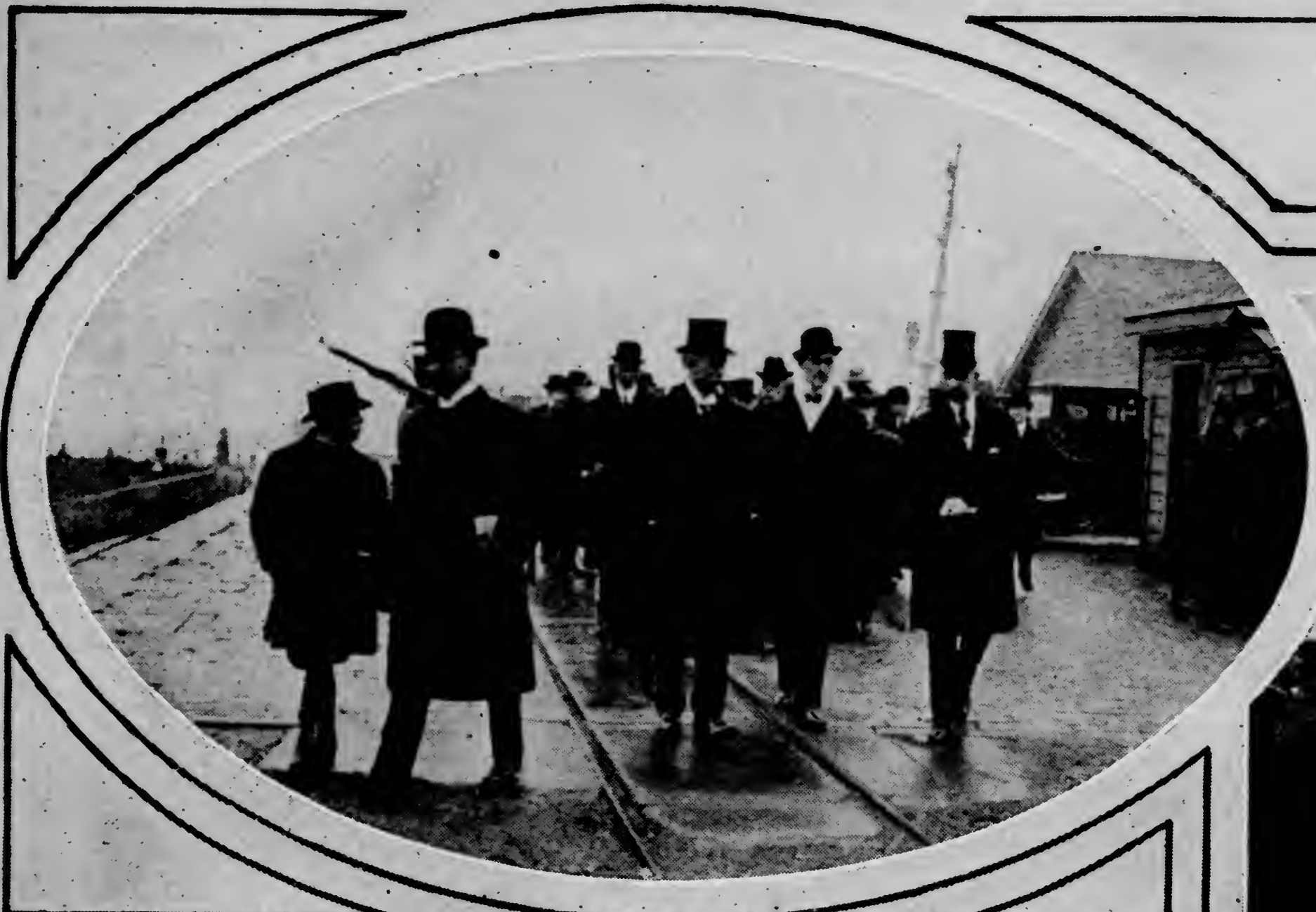
Dr. George F. Kunz, president of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Association, exhibited a bronze colored tablet which he announced had been presented to the North American Indian Memorial Association. The tablet commemorated the Indian memorial.

Ceremonies closed with a war dance and the signing by the Indians of a "Declaration of Allegiance," written on parchment. The declaration was a symposium of preliminary drafts by all the 30 chiefs, collected and culled by Acting Commissioner Abbott. The declaration sets forth that the Indians, "through our presence and the part we have taken in the dedication of this memorial to our people, renew our allegiance to the glorious flag of the United States, and offer our hearts to our country's service." The closing paragraph promises: "We shall be as brothers, striving hand in hand, and we will return to our people and tell them the story of this memorial and urge upon them their continued allegiance to our common country."

Announcement was made that the declaration, which bore the signatures of some of the chiefs and the marks of others, will be sent to Washington. President Taft has promised to sign it.

New Coins Distributed.

In the midst of the ceremonies, while the red chiefs were hoisting the flag, Dr. Kunz gave everybody one of the new five-cent coins, bearing a buffalo on one side and an Indian head on the other.



THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

NEW YORK CITY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1913

INDIANS VOW FEALTY ON SITE OF STATUE

Raise Stars and Stripes After
Taft Breaks Ground for
Memorial.

SCENE SOLEMN AND UNIQUE

Thousands at Fort Wadsworth
See Red Men, in Feathers and
Regalia, Take Oath.

Majestic, silent as figures of sculptured marble they stood, yesterday, on the highest green terrace of Fort Wadsworth, sharply outlined against the sky, in the full regalia of war paint and feathers—30 great chiefs of the red tribes of the West.

Around them were massed Government troops, muskets in hand. Facing them stood the President of the United States in silk hat and frock coat. Far below, on another green terrace, were thousands of white men and women, faces upturned toward the picturesque group so sternly immobile in the drifting fog.

Suddenly the massed bands at the rear struck into a wild, weird strain. It was "The Indian's Requiem," the swan song of a vanishing race. As the notes rose and died over the post, garrisoned by the men whose fathers they fought at Little Big Horn and Wounded Knee, the greatest chiefs of the fierce old tribes, grasped 30 trailing ropes and slowly hauled aloft the Stars and Stripes. Higher and higher went the flag until it reached the masthead, where its silken folds broke suddenly into full glory and the bands swung into "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The chiefs raised their bronzed heads and swore allegiance to the flag. It was the impressive moment at the ceremonies of the breaking of ground for the American Indian Memorial.

Many suns ago, when the buffalo were thick on a thousand plains and the red man's tepee was everywhere, the hand of the Indian was raised against his white brother. It was then that Two Moons led the Northern Cheyennes, in all the pride of his young strength, against the great white chief whom they

called Custer. Now Two Moons is very old and blind. He walks with the aid of a great staff. He has smoked the pipe of peace with the palefaces, the tomahawk is buried and the plow furrows his lands. So when it was whispered in his ear on the Western reservation that the white man meant to do him honor by building this memorial at the gateway of the Western world, the words that Two Moons heard were good, and he hastened here with his people.

The Sioux, the Crows, the Menominees, sent each their head men like Red Hawk, Young Red Cloud, Ghost Bear and Little Wolf to say "how" to the Great White Father who came on from Washington to the island that lies between the streams where the Great White Father had never set foot before. And the Apaches, the Gros Ventres and the Blackfeet joined with them.

And because they wanted to show the palefaces how they looked in the days when the war whoop rang in the land and the Cheyenne and the Sioux were mighty people, they put on their eagle feathers, paint, wampum and the skins of many animals, and appeared before the Great White Father and his people. But they were careful to tell him that the days of bloodshed would come no more while they lived, and that henceforth they would walk in the paths of peace, tend their cattle and till their fields.

Before the steam trains made noise in the land and the white men built toward the sky, in the cities, the soldiers drove the red man from place to place, and he had nowhere to lay his head. But yesterday, when the big chiefs of the nations stepped off the white man's vessel the soldiers were there to meet them, not as messengers of war but as heralds of peace. They presented arms as the chiefs walked between them up the hill and fired their big guns.

Then the Great White Father came, stretched out his hands and said "how." That made the Indians very glad. The Great Father spoke fair words and the Indian listened with all his ears, for they were such words as he wanted to hear. They were full of friendship.

The Great Father dug a hole with a thigh bone of the buffalo, and there the white man will build his statue.

Red Hawk stood out from among his people and answered the Great Father. He raised his hand toward the sky and spoke in the soft tongue of his nation, the Cheyennes, which is like the music made by running water. And as he spoke his words were translated for him into the speech of the palefaces.

Free Press

Arlington, Ia., February 24, 1913

BREAK GROUND FOR INDIAN MEMORIAL

Chiefs in Native Costume Follow
Great White Father in
Handling the Spade.

New York, Feb. 23.—The salute of 21 guns, which thundered across the Narrows from the batteries of Fort Wadsworth shortly before the close of the noon hour yesterday, told all the harbor that there on that splendid eminence overlooking the water gateway to New York, President Taft had turned the first spadeful of earth in preparation for the national memorial to the North American Indian. With a pillared museum as its base beneath a towering column a bronze figure of an Indian is to stand, with hand uplifted and two fingers extended in the universal peace sign of the red man. This statue, which is to rise 165 feet above the crest of the hill, is to be the nation's memorial to a vanishing race.

When Mr. Taft thrust the spade deep into the soil that the Indian once owned the inaugural ceremonies had begun. For all the dismal skies and drizzling rain a notable company was gathered around him. Rodman Wanamaker, the father and the backer of the whole project, stood at the President's side. Mrs. Taft was there. Rear Admiral Osterhaus attended for the navy, and Major-General Barry represented the army.

There were others, but most interesting of all and as distinguished as any were the 33 chiefs of Indian tribes, old men of the purest Indian blood, who had come East from the reservations to share in the ceremonies at Fort Wadsworth. They were resplendent in the feathers and buckskin and beads of their tribal dress, and the paint gleamed from their high cheek bones. They, too, scooped the earth from the spot where the statue is to rise. They, too, had their spokesman, and as the President's party moved down the steep hill to the waiting Dolphin at the shore their voices were lifted in the strange chant of jubilation sung by their peoples from time immemorial.

First Monument to a Race.

Long before noon the various personages began to converge on Fort Wadsworth. Down from the pier at the foot of East 24th street an army steamboat brought the Indian chiefs and the Powhatan brought Mr. Wanamaker's party. It was a little after twelve when the Dolphin pushed her way through the heavy mist, and the signal went up from the shore to straighten the lines of sentries, through which Mr. Taft and his party drove to the foot of the last eminence and then moved on up to the top of the crest afoot.

Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon made the opening speech when the tiny plateau at the hilltop was packed with all who could find room there.

"So far as can be learned," he said, "never before in the history of mankind has a monument been erected to a race of people. The ceremonies inaugurating the memorial to the North American Indian are, therefore, pregnant with significance. Over this ground he once roamed, the sea, the sky, the land his patrimony."

"The voices of the past, voices from out of the primeval forests, voices from the far stretches of the western plains, have been heard, and we are now to realize in granite and bronze an expression of the life of the American people. Posterity will applaud the honor we do ourselves in gathering up the life story of this virile and picturesque race while yet the rays of the setting sun fall upon their departing footprints."

"The gigantic bronze figure that will surmount the splendid pedestal will face the sea, extending the universal peace sign of the Indian, giving welcome to the nations of the earth as they pass through the greatest gateway to the New World. A lonely, lofty figure, where the sea will forever moan a dirge for a vanished race, where sun and stars, wind and thunder, the gods in his great world-cathedral, may utter the speech of his soul while a child of the woods and plains, but now to fall upon unheeding ears of bronze."

Taft's Tribute to Red Man.

After telling something of the varying degrees of civilization found among the North American tribes, and something of the part of those tribes played in the history of this continent, Mr. Taft said:

"For two centuries the North American Indian has had a right to be treat-

ed not as a relic of a prehistoric man but as an existing force, with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races and on the course of historical events.

"It is appropriate, therefore, that this race which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came here, and that had so much to do with the country since his advent, should have a memorial in this the great sea entrance to the North American continent."

Advertiser

Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 26, 1913

PRESERVING INDIAN HISTORY

Through the munificence of Rodman Wanamaker, the huge statue in honor of the American Indians will overlook New York harbor. The recent exercises in connection with the beginning of the work on the memorial has drawn attention to the value of our Indian history, which in America we have neglected except in the New England States. The history of the American Indian, his conflict with the white man, and his retreat before the white man, make up not the least interesting chapter of our history.

We in Alabama, particularly, have been negligent of the rich stores of interest which lie in our Indian history. There were two conflicts fought on Alabama soil which are said by historians to be the two greatest and bloodiest fights between white man and Indian on American soil, and the worst massacre of whites by Indians that ever took place, after the discovery of America, was in Alabama.

The first of these was the great battle of Mauvilla, between De Soto and the Alabama Indians, near the Alabama river in the southwestern part of the State. George Bancroft, the historian, said of this fight: "So far as I know, it was the bloodiest and most desperate contest that ever took place in America between the white man and the Indian." Although De Soto and his Spanish soldiers were able, because of their armor and firearms, to gain a technical victory, that fight with the Alabama Indians practically destroyed his expedition, which, with depleted numbers, was only able to struggle on to the Mississippi river, where it went completely to pieces.

In 1813 the Creek Indians, doubtless inspired by their English allies in possession of Pensacola, attacked Fort Mims in Baldwin county and burned and massacred the white settlers who had assembled in the fort. Out of a total of 442 persons in the fort only three or a few managed to escape in the massacre. The murdered numbered upward of 425. It is said by historians that in no other massacre by Indians were so many white people killed.

In the following year Andrew Jackson, commanding the Alabama and Tennessee volunteers, avenged the massacre at Fort Mims, at Horse Shoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa river. The Indians were caught on a neck of land with the river behind them and crushed by the American volunteers. No less than 550 men, an overwhelming majority being Indians, were killed in this fight. It is said that more Indians fell in that battle than were killed in any other conflict with white men.

Our Alabama writers have a worthy task in assembling and recording our Indian history, which embraces an era that has gone, never to return.

Commercial-Appeal

Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 26, 1913

THE INDIAN MONUMENT

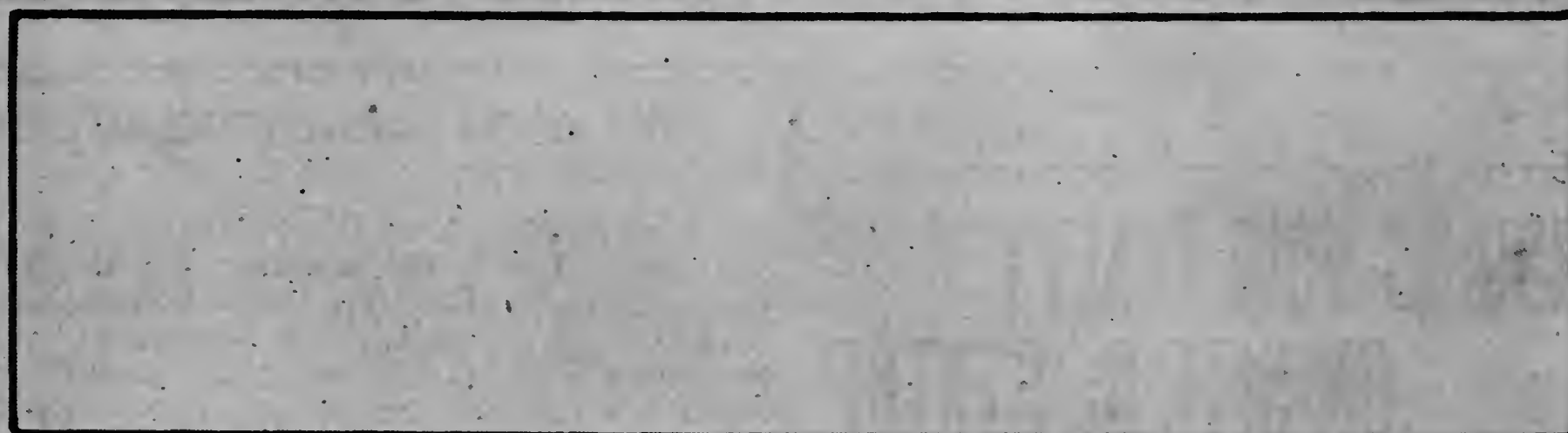
At last, after these long years, the Indian is to be honored. President Taft has broken ground for the memorial which will be erected to the fast disappearing race.

It is time that the original natives of America should be thus remembered. It is an honor long delayed and deservedly due.

The distinguished soldier who said the only good Indian was a dead Indian had no doubt had bitter experience on the northwestern frontier, as a warrant for his cynicism.

Those who have read the fascinating Leather Stocking stories of James Fenimore Cooper entertain an entirely different view of the vanishing race.

Cooper understood the Indian and his narratives of Indian life furnish the most accurate pictures of the Indian as he existed before white supremacy had been asserted in the land.



NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1913

TAFT BREAKS GROUND FOR INDIAN MEMORIAL

Fort Wadsworth Scene of Impressive Ceremony, Despite Fog and Rain.

WAR DANCE OVER NICKELS

President Pays Tribute to Race, Which is Represented at Gathering by 33 Chiefs—Red Hawk Responds.

President Taft, as a part of his celebration of the birthday of his illustrious predecessor, dug up two spadefuls of earth yesterday noon at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, breaking ground for the erection of a colossal monument to the American Indian which will become a serious rival as a landmark to the Statue of Liberty. Surrounding him were 33 Indian chiefs, all but one of them in war paint and feathers; United States soldiery and the citizens of Staten Island, patiently attentive in a cheerless setting of fog and rain.

President Taft arrived in this city from Washington at 7.15 o'clock yesterday morning. With him were his wife, Charles D. Hilles, his secretary; Major Thomas L. Rhoades, his military aide, and Mrs. Thomas Laughlin, sister of Mrs. Taft. The party remained in the Pennsylvania Terminal until 8.30, and then went to the home of the President's brother, Henry W. Taft, at No. 36 West Forty-eighth street.

The President went a few minutes before 11 o'clock to the Hotel McAlpin to witness the unveiling of a bust of himself.

The Indian chiefs, representing 15 tribes, practically all that is left of the red man in North America, had arrived in New York the night before from Western reservations to take part in the ceremonies. Under the care of F. H. Abbott, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Major James McLaughlin, of the Department of the Interior, they had housed themselves for the night at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, Chambers street and West Broadway, and at 10 o'clock in the forenoon had taken the army tug General Joseph E. Johnston and steamed down the Bay to the site of the monument to their race.

Cross Bay in the Dolphin.

Half an hour later President Taft, accompanied by Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Thomas Laughlin, Major Rhoades, Secretary Hilles, Rodman Wanamaker, through whose generosity the monument is to become an actuality, and others, left the same pier, at East Twenty-fourth street, in the Dolphin, also bound for Fort Wadsworth. The Indians' tug waited at the Fort Wadsworth pier for the Dolphin to reach it before disgorging its warlike occupants, and on the slope of the hill overlooking the foggy Narrows the indomitable citizens of Staten Island waited stoically in the rain.

The fort saluted first the President and then the Indian chiefs. Led by the President's party, the Indians climbed the hill single file, except for Chief Two Moons, who is blind. He had an automobile at his disposal.

Arrived at the site of the monument, 168 feet above the bay, the bands from Fort Hamilton, Governor's Island and the Dolphin burst forth into the strains of "America." Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, leader of the Wanamaker Historical Expeditions and secretary of the National American Indian Memorial Association, followed with a little speech outlining the purposes of the memorial.

The President's turn came next. He said: "We are met today to break ground for a monument which is to have artistic beauty and historical significance. It is a monument to the race of American Indians, who occupied this country before the European white race came here to settle and people it as it is peopled today."

"The history of the race which occupied the continent of North America is varied and difficult to follow. The difference in the matter of civilization and culture between the tribes was very great, some tribes showing very little advance from the lowest human type and others having a degree of civilization, art and culture that makes their history full of interest to the present-day historian."

"The part the Indians of the Great Lakes and the Atlantic slope played in the contest between the English and the French in the eighteenth century for colonial supremacy is a most important one. The issues between the Algonquins, who sided with the French, and the Iroquois, who sided with the English and planned

their campaigns in the councils of the Long House, all makes a history revealing a statesmanship among the leaders and a persistence of purpose and policy that showed an advancement of the Indian in practical government far beyond a point generally supposed.

Influence Direct and Immediate.

"Hendrick Hudson and his Dutch followers who founded this great country came immediately into contact with the Indians and found them to be the chief force to be reckoned with. Indeed, for two centuries the North American Indian has a right to be treated not as a relic of a prehistoric man, but as an existing force, with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of the country by the white races and upon the course of historical events."

"It is appropriate, therefore, that this race which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came here and that has had so much to do with the country since his advent should have a memorial on this, the great sea entrance of the North American continent."

"Few harbors in the world are more beautiful than that of New York, and here, between the upper and the lower bays, will stand this monument to the red man, recalling his noble qualities, of which he had many, and perpetuating the memory of the succession from the red to the white race of the ownership and control of the Western Hemisphere."

"We are indebted to the beneficence of a fellow citizen, Rodman Wanamaker, through whose generosity this beautiful memorial is to be erected. No monument has a more conspicuous place in the world—at the gate of the New World and facing the Old, it tells the story of the march of empire westward and the progress of Christian civilization in the advance toward the uttermost limits."

Hammer Dug Up Thirty Years Ago.

When Mr. Taft had finished speaking Dr. George F. Kunz, president of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, handed to him an Indian stone hammer and a silver-tipped spade. The hammer, Dr. Kunz explained, had been found 30 years ago at Tottenville. Investigation proved, he said, that it antedated Caesar and even Agamemnon. With the silver spade the President scooped out two shovelfuls of earth, while the moving-picture machines just above him worked merrily on.

Chief Hollow Horn Bear was to have spoken for his race. He is a Sioux and fought in the engagement which wiped out Custer's command. But he is no longer the spry young buck of those bloodthirsty days, and his ill health prevented him from coming East to attend the ceremonies. Chief Red Hawk, an Ogallala Sioux, spoke in his place, using his native tongue, having first said "How" to the President and to Mr. Wanamaker.

Chief Edward Swan, a Miniconjou Sioux, acted as interpreter. Chief Swan was the only one of the 33 chiefs to wear modern civilian dress. He had grown too stout for those garments of which used to go with his war paint and feathers. Chief Red Hawk said, according to Chief Swan's interpretation:

"I am very glad to meet you, ladies and gentlemen, on this occasion. I am an American Indian. I wish to ask the ladies and the citizens and the fellow-members of the tribes one question: If the white man came over with the American Indian when he first discovered the country, didn't the Indian come with him?"

Thought Whites Merely Visitors.

"My belief is we were created by the Great Spirit to live in this country, and you white men found me here and I am here today. I was the ruler at that time when you first crossed the great ocean, and I thought you had merely come as a visitor. From that time to this day you have improved our country. You have had me as part of the country."

"You have helped me uplift the flag of the glorious United States today, and I will consider myself from now on a member of the country. The dress you see me dressed up in today I have given up long ago by your advice, but I have put on this raiment today to show you that it is of the past."

"My son and grandchildren have been taught by you to follow in your ways, and I have encouraged them and will encourage them to do so to the end of my days."

"As an Indian I was not able to manufacture even the poorest kind of coarsest calico. We have been taught in our Indian rags to love one another as brothers. I hope you all have been taught so, therefore let us join hands and minds to help us get out of the rut for the rest of our lives."

The bands followed Red Hawk's address with the rendition of a war song, which the Indians sang as they raised the Stars and Stripes to the top of the flagstaff on the grounds. Then Chief Wooden Leg took the spade which the

President had used and dug up a spadeful of earth. It had been planned to use the thigh bone of a Buffalo for this purpose, but none could be obtained in New York.

The strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" greeted the completion of this task as every one of the men in the gathering uncovered their heads. A bag of newly-minted "Indian Head" nickels was distributed to the Indians as souvenirs of the occasion. They liked them so much they ended the proceedings by executing a war dance, much to the edification of the multitude, which considered its long vigil in the rain amply repaid.

Sign Declaration of Allegiance.

Before the President and his party and the chiefs and their party proceeded back in their respective boats waiting below the hill, a declaration of allegiance, signed by every one of the chiefs, was shown to the President. This document will be sent to him in Washington later to be attested formally by him. It reads:

"We, the undersigned representatives of various Indian tribes in the United States, through our presence and the part we have taken in the dedication of the memorial to our people, renew our allegiance to the glorious flag of the United States and offer our hearts to our country's service."

"We greatly appreciate the honor and the privilege extended by our white brothers, who have recognized us by inviting us to participate in these ceremonies on this historical occasion."

"The Indian is fast losing his identity in the face of the great waves of Caucasian civilization which are extending to the four winds of this country, and we want fuller knowledge in order that we may take our places in the civilization which surrounds us, though a conquered race."

"With our right hands extended in brotherly love and our left hands holding the pipe of peace, we hereby bury all past ill feelings and proclaim abroad to all the nations of the world our firm allegiance to the nation and to the Stars and Stripes and declare that henceforth and forever in all walks of life and every field of endeavor we shall be as brothers striving hand in hand, and we will return to our people and brothers and tell them the story of this memorial and urge upon them the continued allegiance to our common country."

The Dolphin carried the President back to Manhattan and to the dedication of the Lighthouse. The Indian chiefs will remain in town today and then go on to view Philadelphia.

Besides the members of President Taft's immediate and official families there were present Rear Admiral Osterhaus, Borough Presidents Miller, of the Bronx; Steers, of Kings, and Cromwell, of Richmond; Thomas Hastings, the architect of the memorial; General Nelson Henry, Surveyor of the Port of New York; Congressman R. E. Diefenderfer, of Pennsylvania; German Consul General Falche, General H. D. Hamilton, representing Governor Sulzer; S. S. Johnson, the representative of Governor Odie, of Nevada, and J. S. Carr, representing Governor Hanna, of North Dakota.

NEW YORK JOURNAL

Saturday, February 22, 1913

PRESIDENT DIGS INDIAN MEMORIAL

Makes Last Public Appearance to Open Ground for Statue to Dying Race.

INDIANS SING WAR SONGS

On the highest point of our coast between New York and Florida, President Taft, making today his last public appearance of this kind as a President, dug the first shovelful of earth for the Indian Memorial, which is to crown a Staten Island crag between Fort Wadsworth and Fort Tompkins.

Immediately after he had begun the work, which will ultimately result in the erection upon a fitting base, of an Indian statue by Daniel C. French, the sculptor, Red Hawk, one of the 33 Indians brought from Western reservations for the occasion, enlarged the hole with the thigh bone of a buffalo, the traditional instrument for such purposes.

While the guns of the fort thundered out the salute of 21 guns, the President lifted the soil. Many State and national officers were present, but the red man was the centre of interest. The 33 Indians—all chiefs—who had been taken down the bay to Staten Island for the ceremony, were in full costume, with paint and tomahawks.

Give War Song.

The address of Red Hawk followed that of the President, and was in turn followed by a war song.

Many of the 33 had fought against the Government and not a few took part in the massacre of General Custer and his men. After the war song the 33 chiefs hoisted the American flag as a symbol of their loyalty to the nation.

A bronze tablet marking the site of the memorial was presented by Dr. George F. Kunz, president of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. There was also an address by Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, secretary of the National American Indian Memorial Association, which, under the presidency of Rodman Wanamaker, raised the funds for the memorial and secured Congressional action on the matter of the site.

Museum in Base.

The memorial will not alone consist of a bronze statue of the American Indian 60 feet high, but in the base and pedestal will be a complete museum of Indian life. This museum, which is 35 feet high, will contain various styles of Indian homes, an art gallery of Indian subjects, collections of weapons, costumes, exhibits of the Indians' domestic life and books of Indian lore. The pedestal itself will be 70 feet high.

At the foot of the monument on the lower terrace will be the equestrian statue of an Indian as he is known today. In the main and large figure, 60 feet tall, will be shown the Indian bow and arrow, which the Indian carries in his left hand as a symbol that he is through with them. The huge primeval Indian will have the right hand uplifted with two fingers extended in the Indian peace sign, a greeting to all nations.

Among the chiefs in the party were Two Moons, who led the Northern Cheyennes against Custer; Louis Pierre, one of the tribal judges of the Flatheads; Angus McDonald and John Charley Snalchinee.

Others were Chief Little What Man of the Ickara, Chiefs Young, Old Dog, Drags Wolf and Wounded Face of the Gros Ventre; Chief White-Man-Runs-Him, the Crow-Apsaraka, who was one of Custer's scouts who led the way into the Little Big Horn Valley from which no white man returned; Chief Swan, of the Miniconjou Sioux, Chief Red Hawk of the Ogallala Sioux, Chief Runs-the-Enemy of the Yankton Sioux, Chief One Feather of the Standing Rock Sioux, Mountain Chief of the Blackfeet, Chief Brave Bear of the Southern Cheyenne, Chief Nethla of the San Carlos Apaches, Chief Lone Wolf of the Kiowa, and Chief Gay-she-goor-ar-sh of the Chippewa nation.

On the way down the bay the Indians took a great interest in everything they saw. Though they were in full war paint the conversation of many of them was that of educated and cultivated men. Numbers of them were graduates of Carlisle. Red Cloud had been in New York before, and he pointed out to the rest objects of interest.

"If you will follow the direction of my finger," said he, suavely, "you will see Brooklyn Bridge and the Navy Yard over there. That's the Manhattan Bridge there."

Finally, when they got close to the Statue of Liberty, Red Cloud sighed: "What a sight," he said. "We were the first on the Continent, and now other nations have come to the land of Liberty. But we are just as devoted to our country as others."

INDIAN TRIBES DECLARE THEIR RIGHT TO PARADE

—Washington, (D.C.) Post, Tuesday March 4, 1913

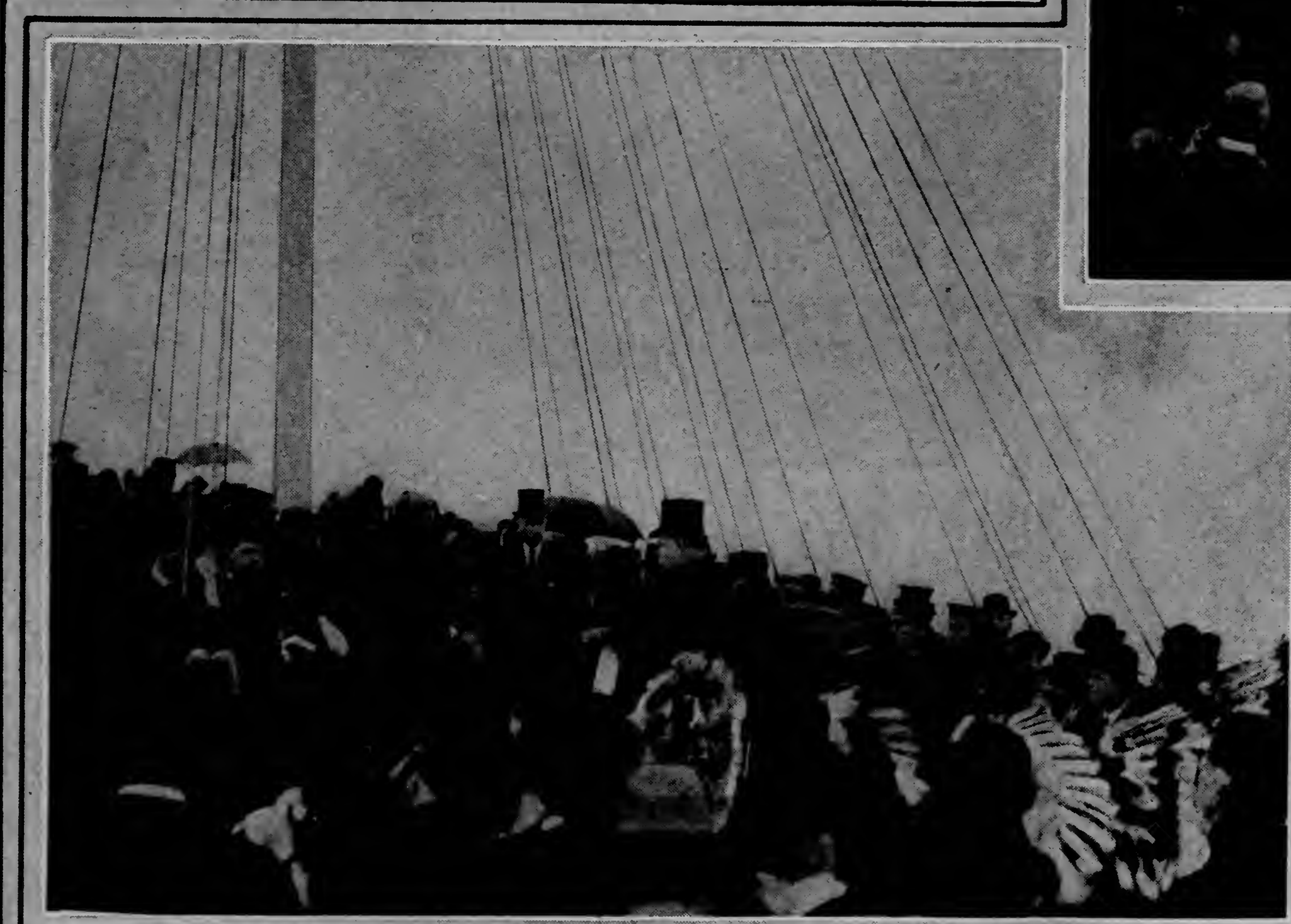
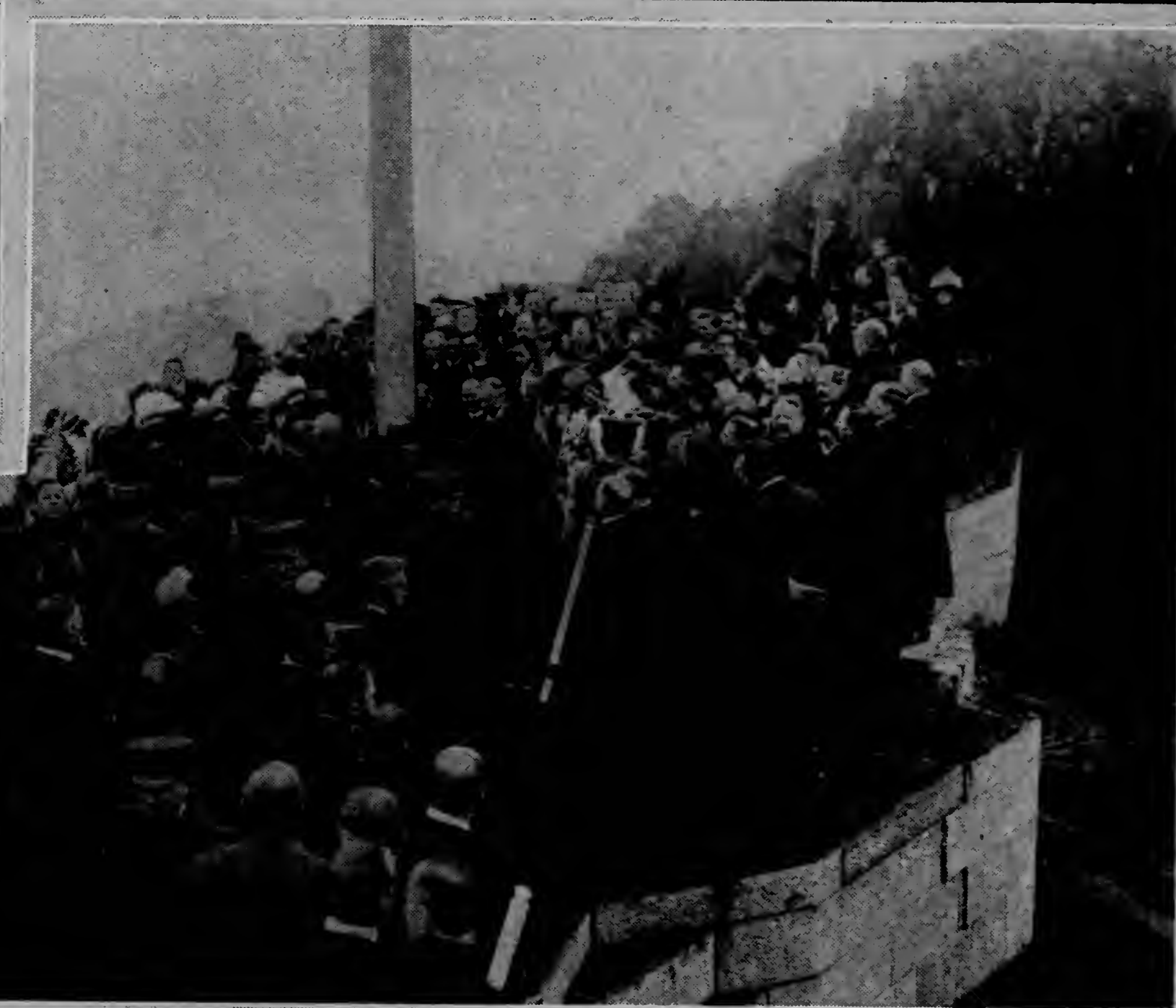
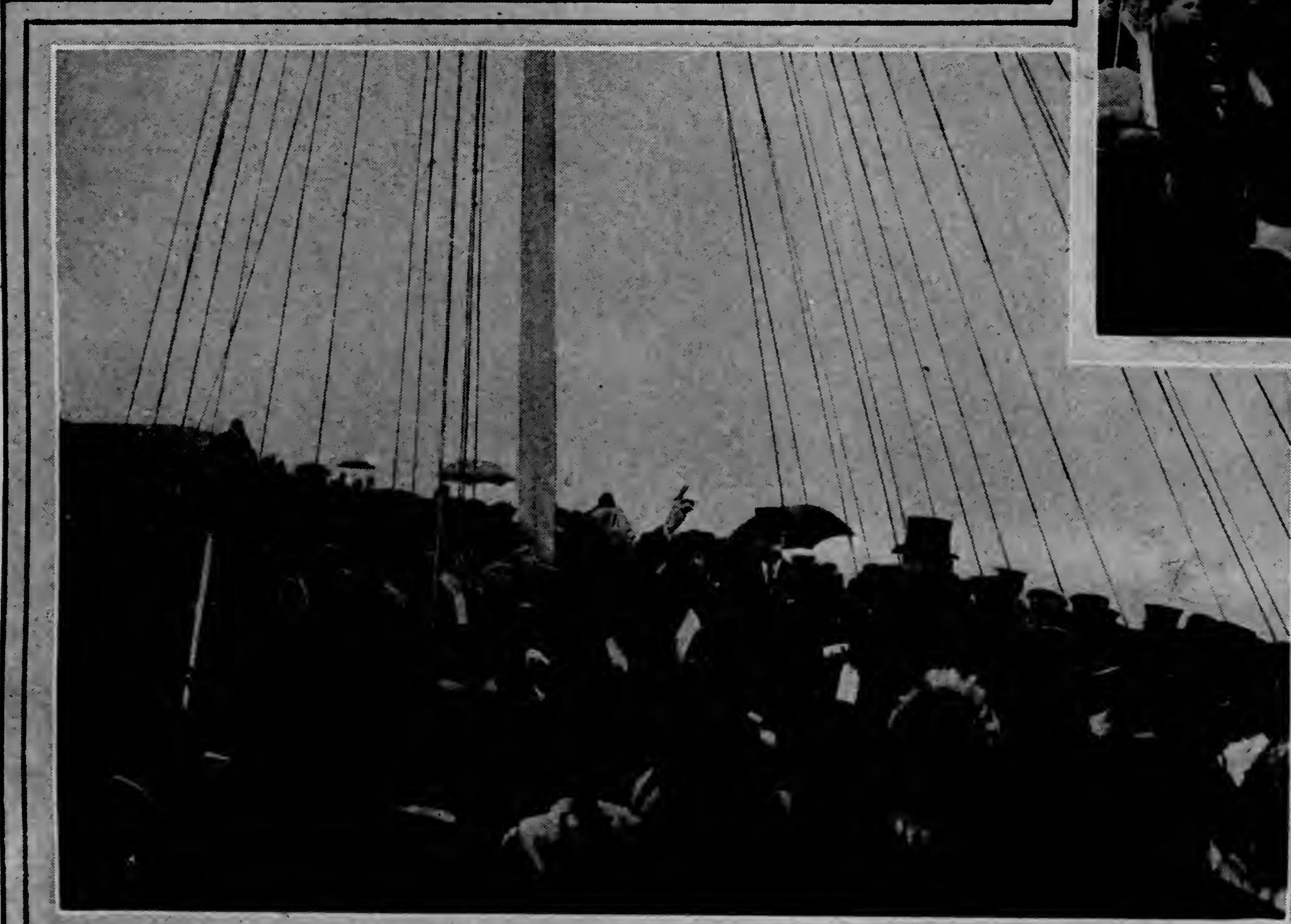
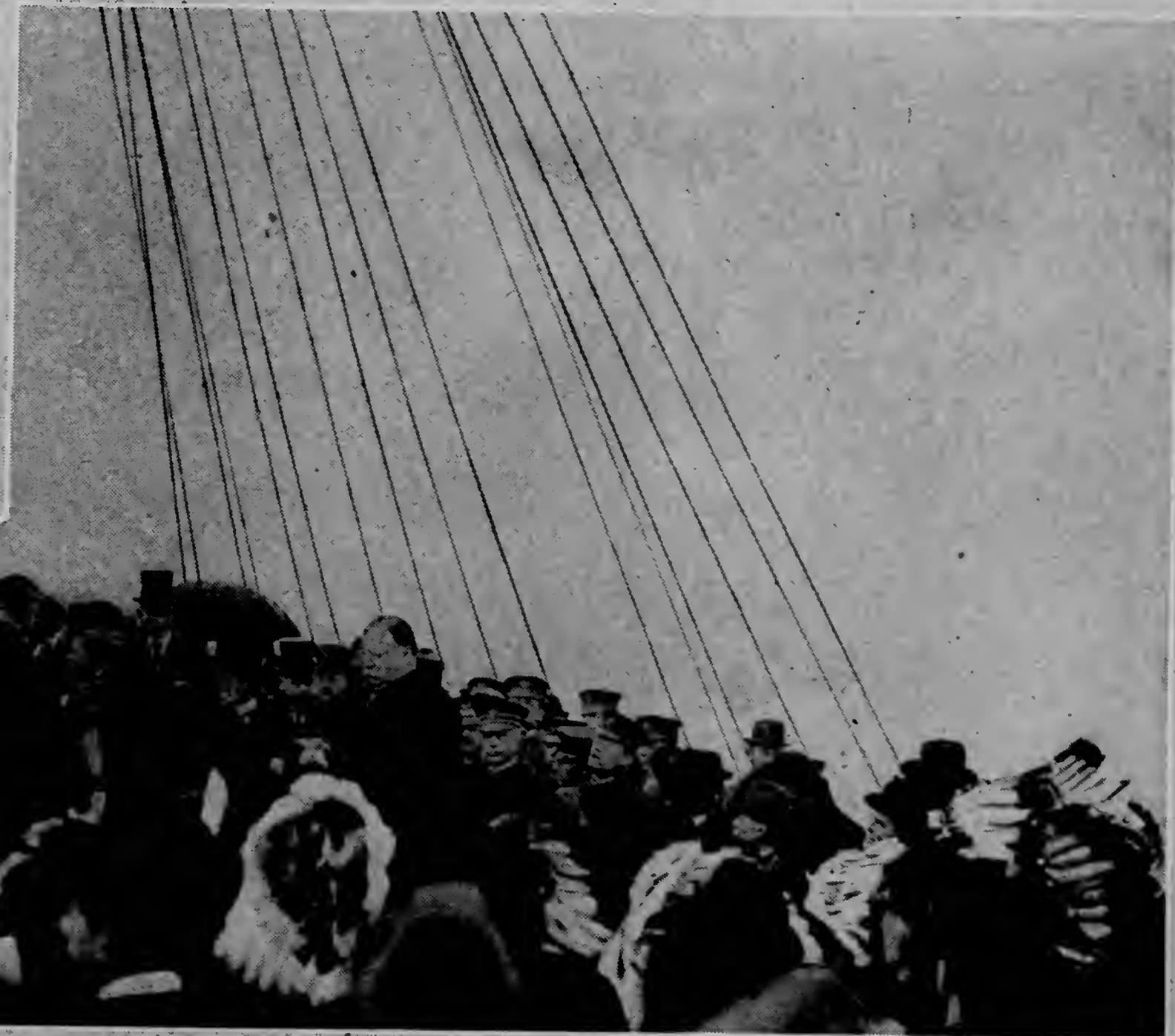
Representatives of eleven tribes of Indians assembled in council yesterday in the office of Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs Abbott and solemnly expressed their conviction that they were entitled to take active part in the inauguration of the President of the United States.

They based this declaration on the fact that they had signed a "declaration of allegiance to the Government of the United States" immediately after the ceremonies in New York Harbor ten days ago, which marked the beginning of the great monument to rise there as a memorial to the American Indian.

Plenty Coups, chief of the Crow Indians; Chief Hollow Horn Bear, Ogallala Sioux, and Mountain Chief, Blackfoot, were the speakers.



ADDRESSES
AT THE
OPENING OF THE GROUND
FOR THE
NATIONAL AMERICAN
INDIAN MEMORIAL



Photographs by Pictorial News

HILL CREST, FORT WADSWORTH
HARBOR OF NEW YORK

February 22, 1913

Pensacola Journal

Pensacola, Fla., Sunday, Feb. 23, 1913

**INDIAN CHIEFS SEE
GROUND BROKEN**Twenty-nine of Them March with Taft to Site
for National American Indian Memorial

By Associated Press.

New York, Feb. 22.—Twenty-nine full-blood Indian chiefs from Western reservations, be-decked in the regalia of their rank, marched stolidly up the hill at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, today with their "Great White Father," President Taft, and members of his official family. At the crest of the hill, the highest point on the Atlantic coast between New York and Florida, they formed a silent group as the President upturned a spadeful of earth, breaking ground for the national American Indian memorial, a sixty-foot bronze statue of an Indian warrior which will tower 165 feet above the highest elevation around New York harbor, a tribute to a vanishing race.

The guns of the fort roared a national salute of twenty-one guns at the moment the President placed his foot on the spade. As he stepped back, Chief Hollow Horn Bear, of the Yank-ton Sioux, came forward from the group and upturned a second bit of earth with the thigh bone of a buffalo. That done, the chief replied with a speech.

As Hollow Horn Bear's voice died away, the Stars and Stripes were run up a great flagpole, to the rhythm of Indian folk songs, sung by the chieftains. When it reached the top the band broke out with "The Star-Spangled Banner."

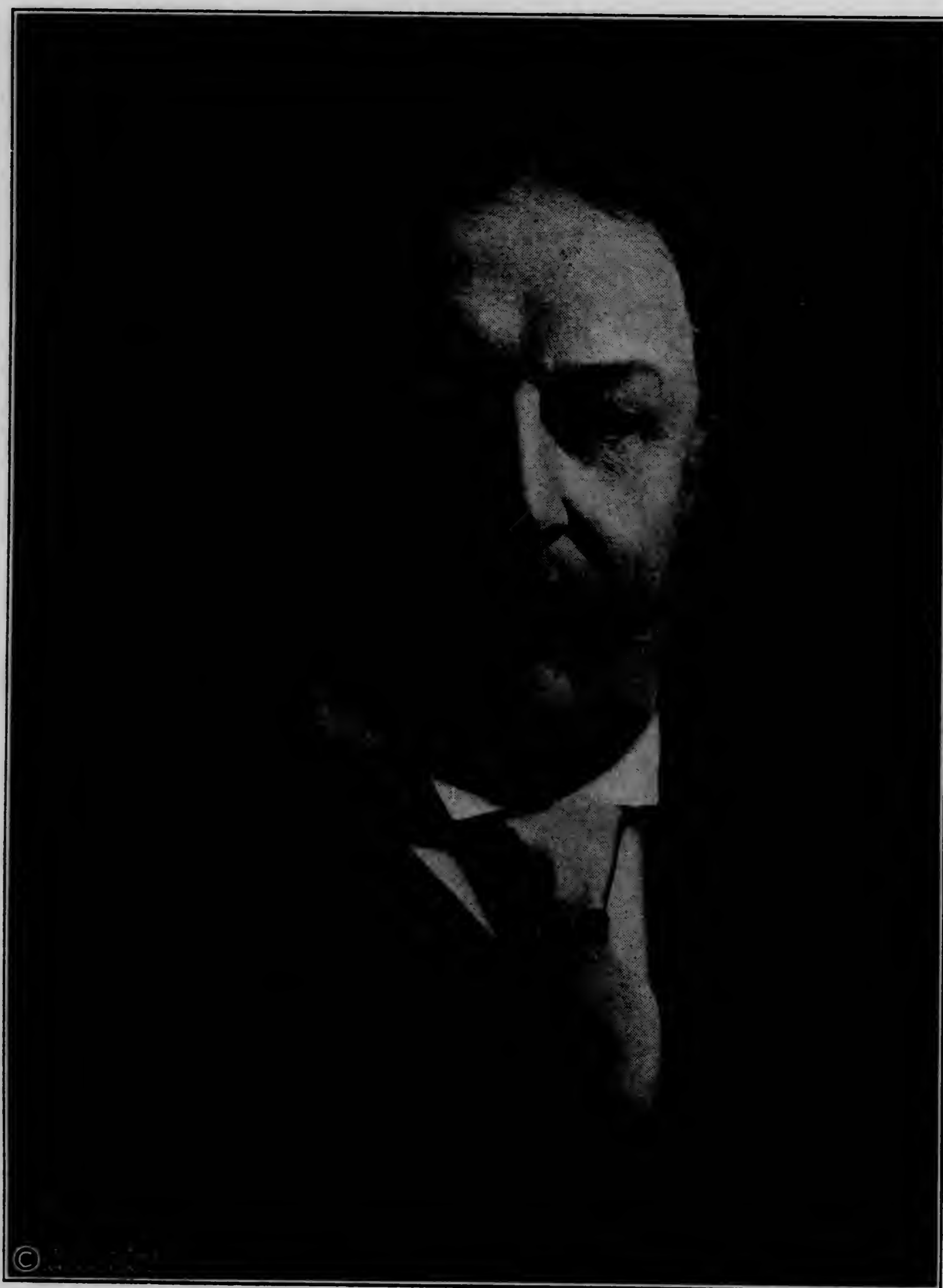
**Providence Journal**

Providence, R. I., Monday, Feb. 24, 1913

ANOTHER NATIONAL MEMORIAL

Congress granted authority, the War Department provided the site, the President lifted a couple of shovels of earth, and Mr. Rodman Wanamaker will do the rest. At Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, a colossal monument to the American Indian will now rise, gift to the nation of one of its citizens; a memorial rivaling the Statue of Liberty up the harbor, the gift of the French Republic. Mr. Wanamaker has proceeded speedily with the purpose to have his countrymen celebrate in this conspicuous manner, as their main gateway, the original American; original, that is, so far as the anthropologist has yet been able to ascertain. Congress sanctioned the arrangement with more liveliness than that body usually manifests for novel projects. Thirty-three Indians of the highest rank, in the garb of their forefathers, were properly present to participate in the ceremony of breaking ground. These took occasion to renew the allegiance of their people to their conquerors. The latter just now are showing zeal in divers directions to make the original Americans feel as if they had a stake with the rest of us in the national destiny.

It is not a new experience for the Red Man to discover himself the symbol of the United States of America. He has long shared that flattering distinction with the eagle and our patron goddess. Does not his noble countenance look from our currency and coinage? On the new nickel, mint proofs of which were distributed to the assembled dignitaries on this occasion, the Indian head displaces the Goddess of Liberty's. It is remarked that the monumental structure, topped by a splendid brave with hand uplifted, making the peace sign, will be the first memorial in the annals of mankind dedicated to a race of people. A vanished race we commonly term the American Indian. But it is vanished only relatively to an overwhelming white population. The Indian is with us today in great numbers, in many places a useful and prosperous figure in the community; though we cannot much credit his survival to our tender care.



PRESIDENT TAFT

Address of William Howard Taft President of the United States

We are met today to break ground for a monument which is to have artistic beauty and historical significance. It is a monument to the race of American Indians who occupied this country before the European white race came here to settle and people it as it is peopled today.

The history of the race which occupied the continent of North America is varied and difficult to follow. The difference in the matter of civilization and culture between the tribes was very great, some tribes showing very little advance from the lowest human type, and others having a degree of civilization, art and culture that make their history full of interest to the present day historian. The part that the Indians of the Great Lakes and Atlantic slope played in the contests between the English and the French in the Eighteenth century for colonial supremacy is a most important one. The issues between the Algonquins who sided with the French and the Iroquois, who sided with the English, and planned their campaigns in the councils of the Long House—all make a history revealing a statesmanship among the leaders, and a persistence of purpose and policy that showed the advancement of the Indian in practical government far beyond a point generally supposed.

Hendrik Hudson and his Dutch followers, who founded this great community, came immediately in contact with the Indians and found them to be the chief force to be reckoned with. Indeed, for two centuries the North American Indian, not as a relic of a pre-historic man, but as an existing force with a great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races, and in the course of historical events. It is appropriate, therefore, that this race, which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came here, and that had so much to do with the country since his advent, should have a memorial in this, the great sea entrance to the North American continent. Few harbors in the world are more beautiful than that of New York, and here between the upper and the lower bays, will stand this monument to the Red Man, recalling his noble qualities, of which he had many, and perpetuating the memory of the succession from the red to the white race in the ownership and control of this Western Hemisphere.

We are indebted to the beneficence of a fellow-citizen, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, through whose generosity this beautiful memorial is to be erected. No monument has a more conspicuous place in the world, and facing the old, it tells the story of the march of empire westward and the progress of Christian civilization in its advance toward the uttermost limits. (Applause).

Address of Chief Red Hawk

I am glad to meet you on this occasion. I am an American Indian. When the white man first came over here and discovered this country we were here already, and I am here now. It was our belief then, and it is my strong belief now, that we were created to reside in this country. I, being one of the rulers of this country at the time you came across the ocean, thought you came here only as visitors. But from then on you have greatly improved our country, and here to-day you permit me to help raise the glorious flag of the United States. So I shall consider myself from now onward one of your citizens.

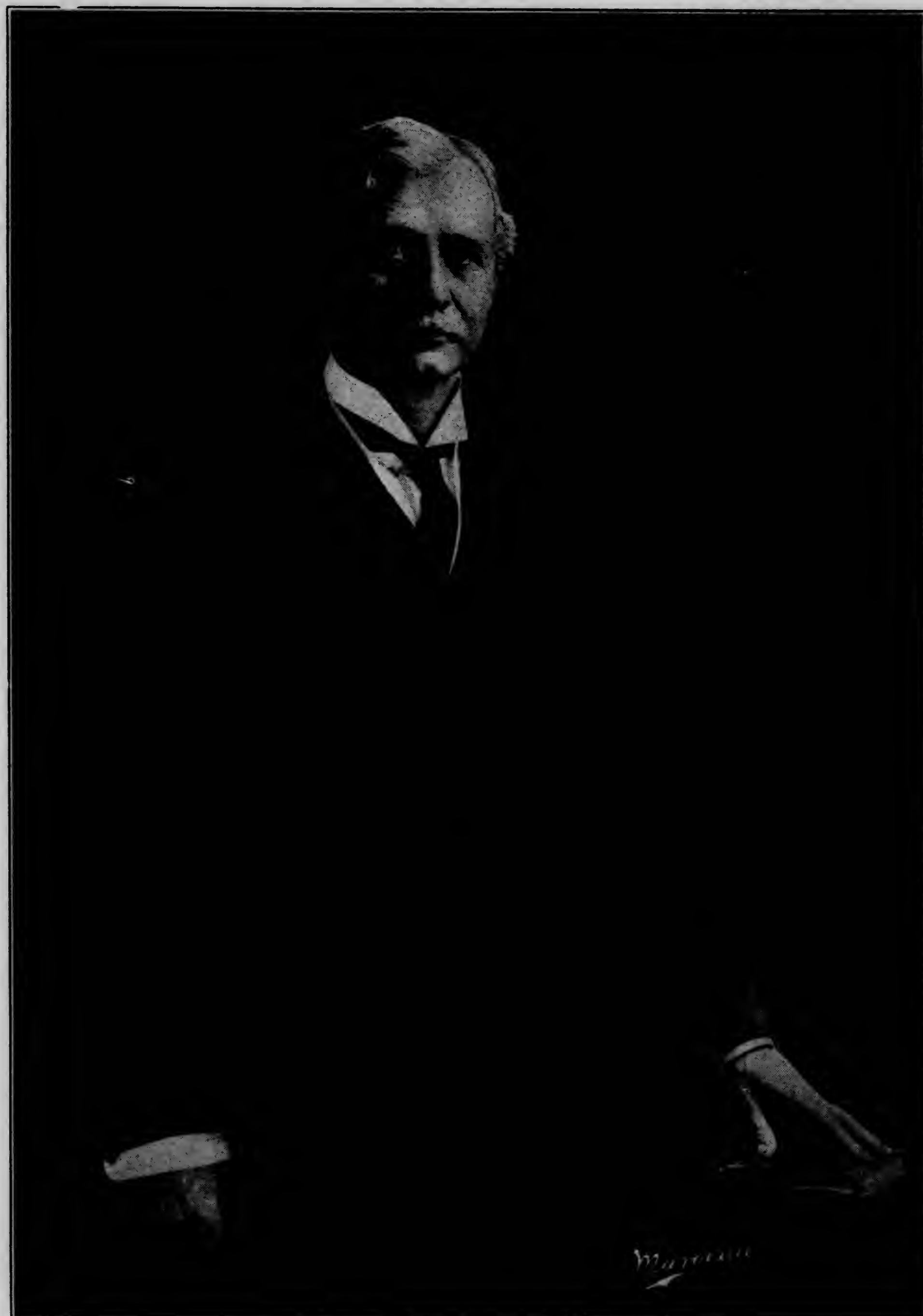
As you see me dressed to-day I gave that up long ago, on your advice, and I now dress like the white man, but put on these skins and feathers only for this holiday occasion.

My children and my grandchildren are being taught to follow the white man's way, and I am glad, though as yet we Indians are not able to manufacture even the poorest kind of calico. But we have been taught in our Indian way to love one another as brothers, and I think that you have been taught to love each other, too. Therefore, let us join hands in brotherhood, and so you will help us get out of the rut of the past.



© RODMAN WANAMAKER, 1913

RED HAWK
Sioux Warrior



DR. JOSEPH KOSSUTH DIXON
Leader of the Rodman Wanamaker Expeditions
to the North American Indian

Address of Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon

The Purpose of the Memorial

It is the supreme struggle of humanity to survive the past—to gather up the ashes of yesterday and pour them into the urn of today—to perpetuate and memorialize heroism and valor, the dignity and glory of the consummate achievements of men and the age in which they have lived.

So far as can be learned, never before in the history of mankind has a monument been erected to a race of people. The ceremonies inaugurating this memorial to the North American Indian are, therefore, pregnant with significance. Over this ground he once roamed, the sea, the sky, the land, his patrimony. For long years, this spot has been dedicated to the bulwarks of armed defense. Today, by official act, the President of the United States consecrates this hilltop to the perpetuation of the life and history of the Red Man. It is fitting that President, Cabinet, Senators and Congressmen, Governors and Mayors, eminent citizens, soldiers and marines, together with noted Indian Chiefs from the Western Reservations, should assemble on the birthday of our First President to establish a memorial to the First American.

The voices of the past, voices from out the primeval forests, voices from the far stretches of the Western plains, have been heard—and we are now to realize in granite and bronze an expression of the life of the American people. Posterity will applaud the honor we do ourselves in gathering up the life story of this virile and picturesque race, while yet the rays of the setting sun fall upon their departing footprints.

This memorial will rise—blending in its architecture and sculpture the thoughts of the past and triumphs of our civilization. The gigantic bronze figure that will surmount the splendid pedestal will face the sea, extending the universal peace sign of the Indian, giving welcome to the nations of the earth as they pass through this greatest gateway to the New World. A lonely, lofty figure, where the sea will forever moan a dirge for a vanished race; where sun and stars, and wind and thunder, the gods in his great world-cathedral, may utter the speech of his soul—while a child of the woods and plains—but now to fall upon unheeding ears of bronze.

Address of Dr. George Frederick Kunz

President of the
American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society

Ladies and Gentlemen: The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society takes great pleasure in presenting the National American Indian Memorial Association this tablet marking the ground of Aquehonga-Manacknong, as a site for the great national monument to the North American Indian, this land being set aside for this glorious purpose by the Government of the United States.

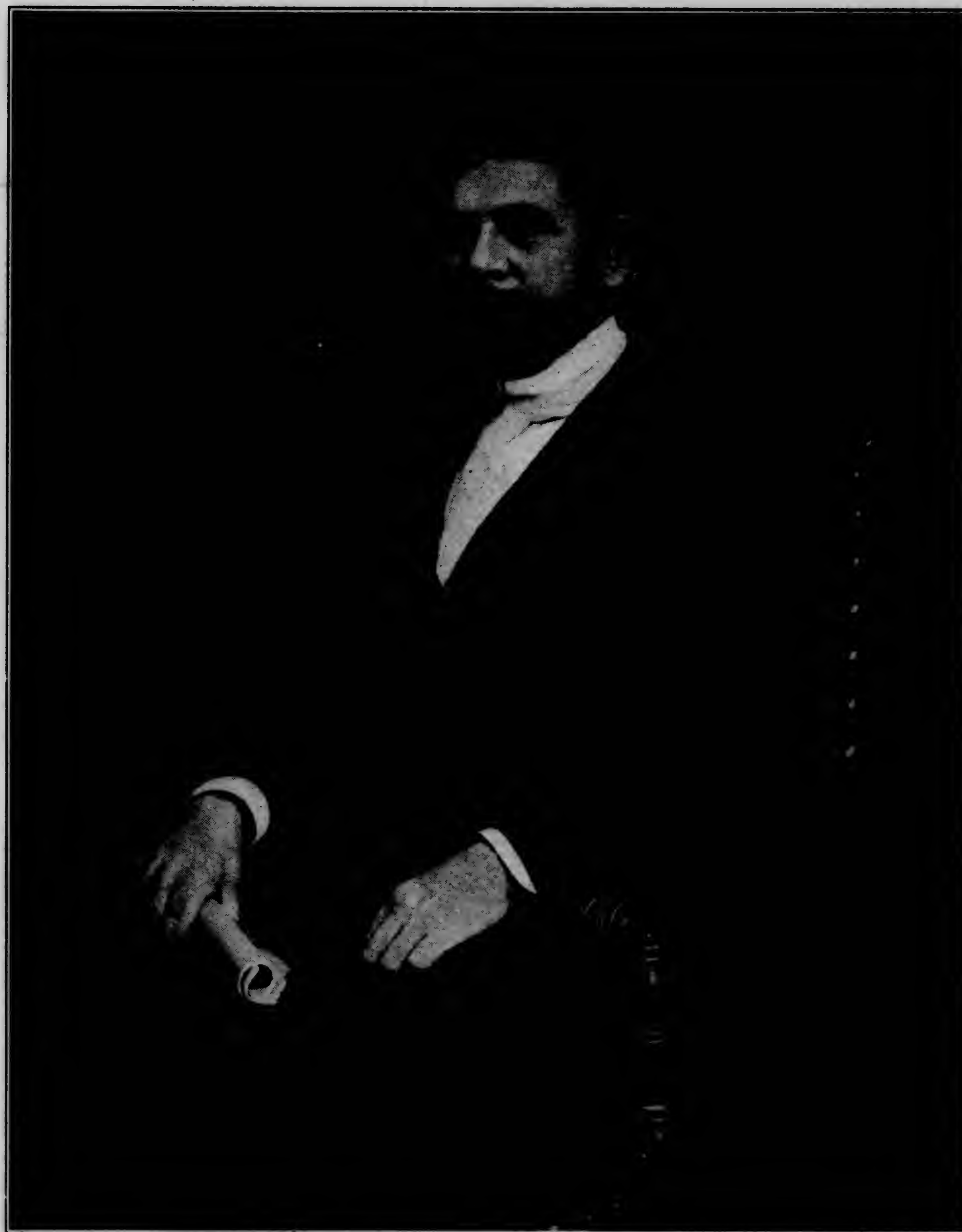
For 17 years our organization has verified and located historic sites, and by authority of the State of New York such proceedings are published in our annual reports, with full descriptions of the ceremonies attending their dedication. It will give us pleasure to record fully what transpires here today.

First will come the inaugural of the first great monument to that glorious race which once owned the land and of which there are thirty illustrious representatives with us here today.

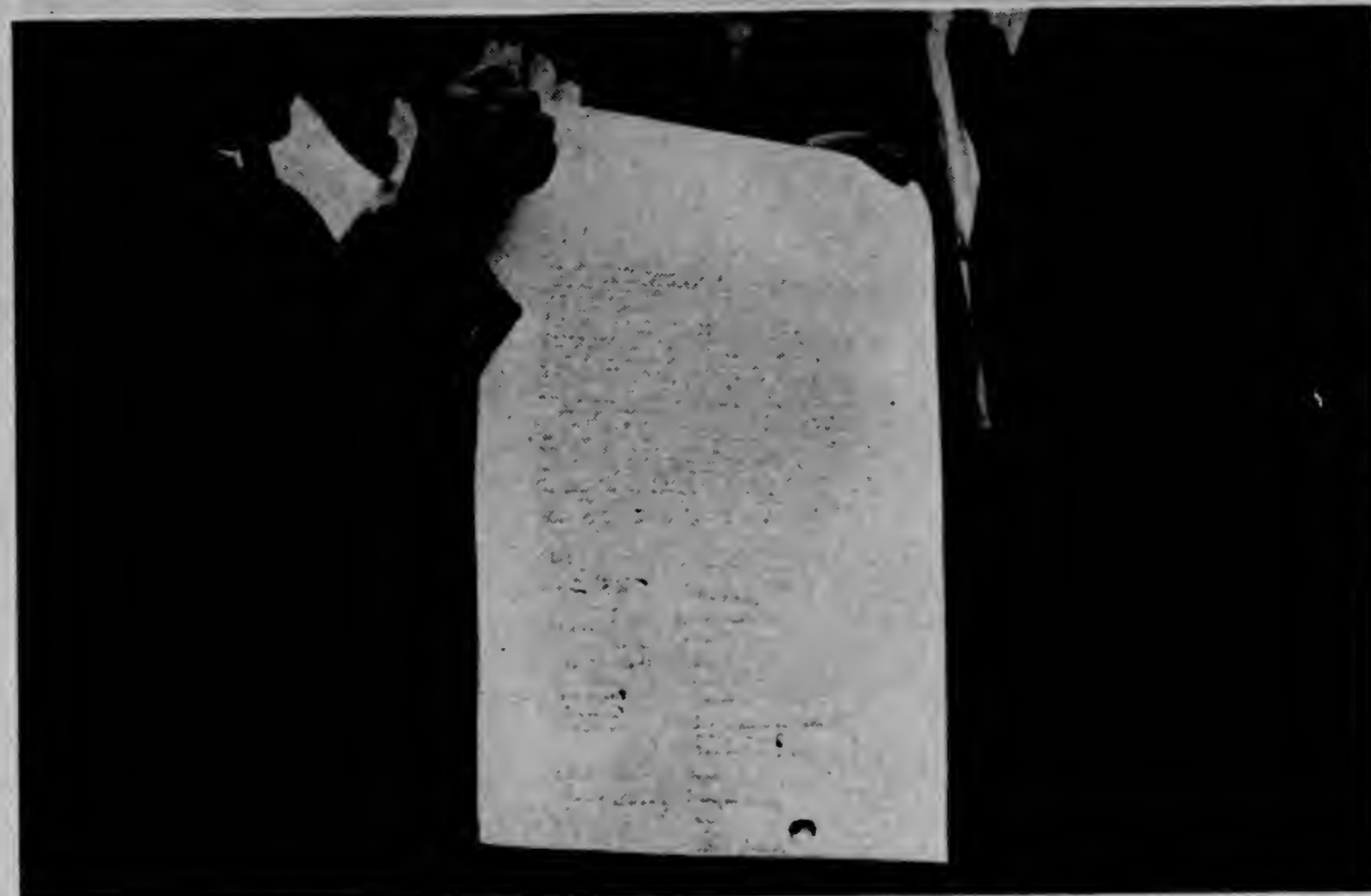
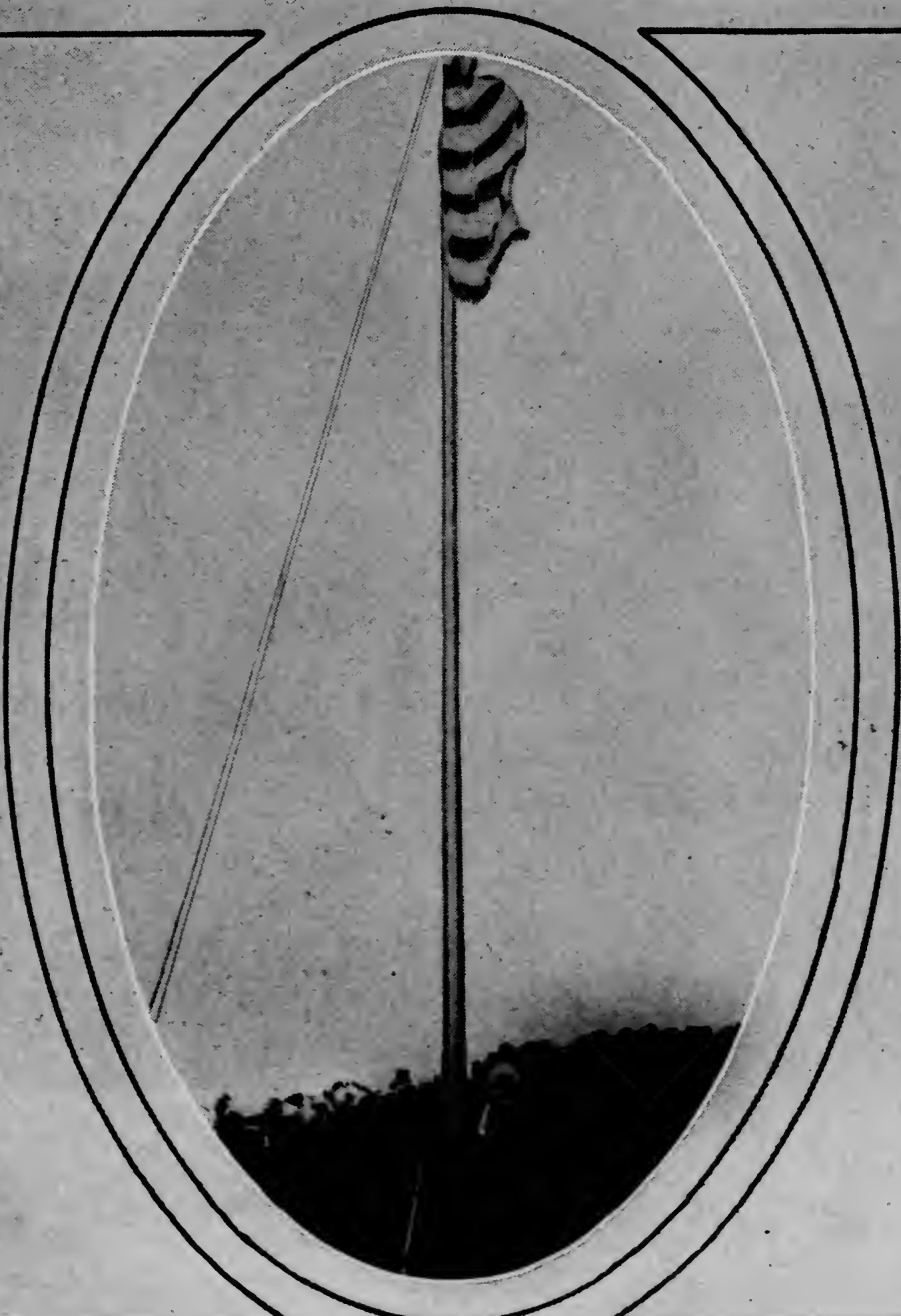
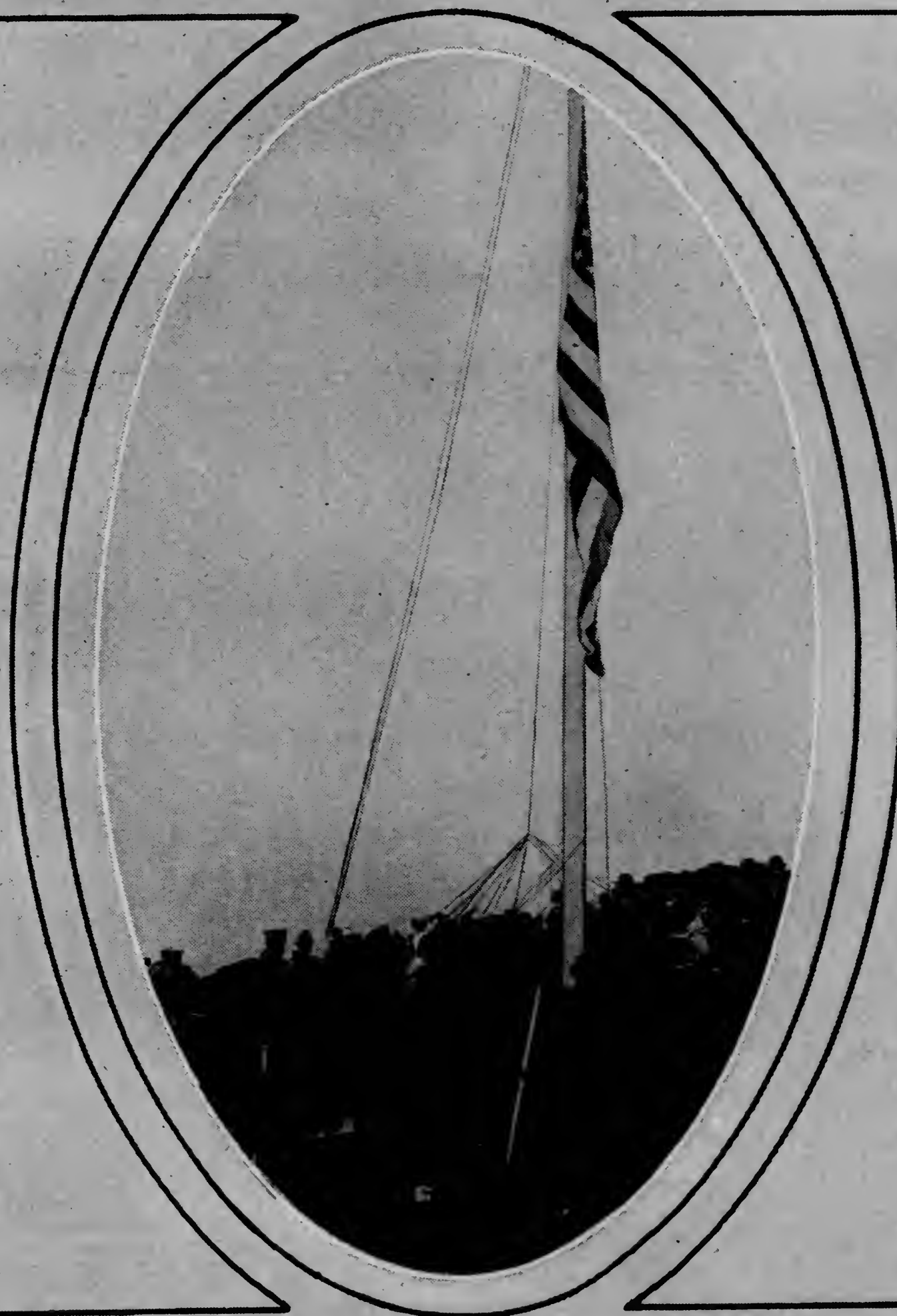
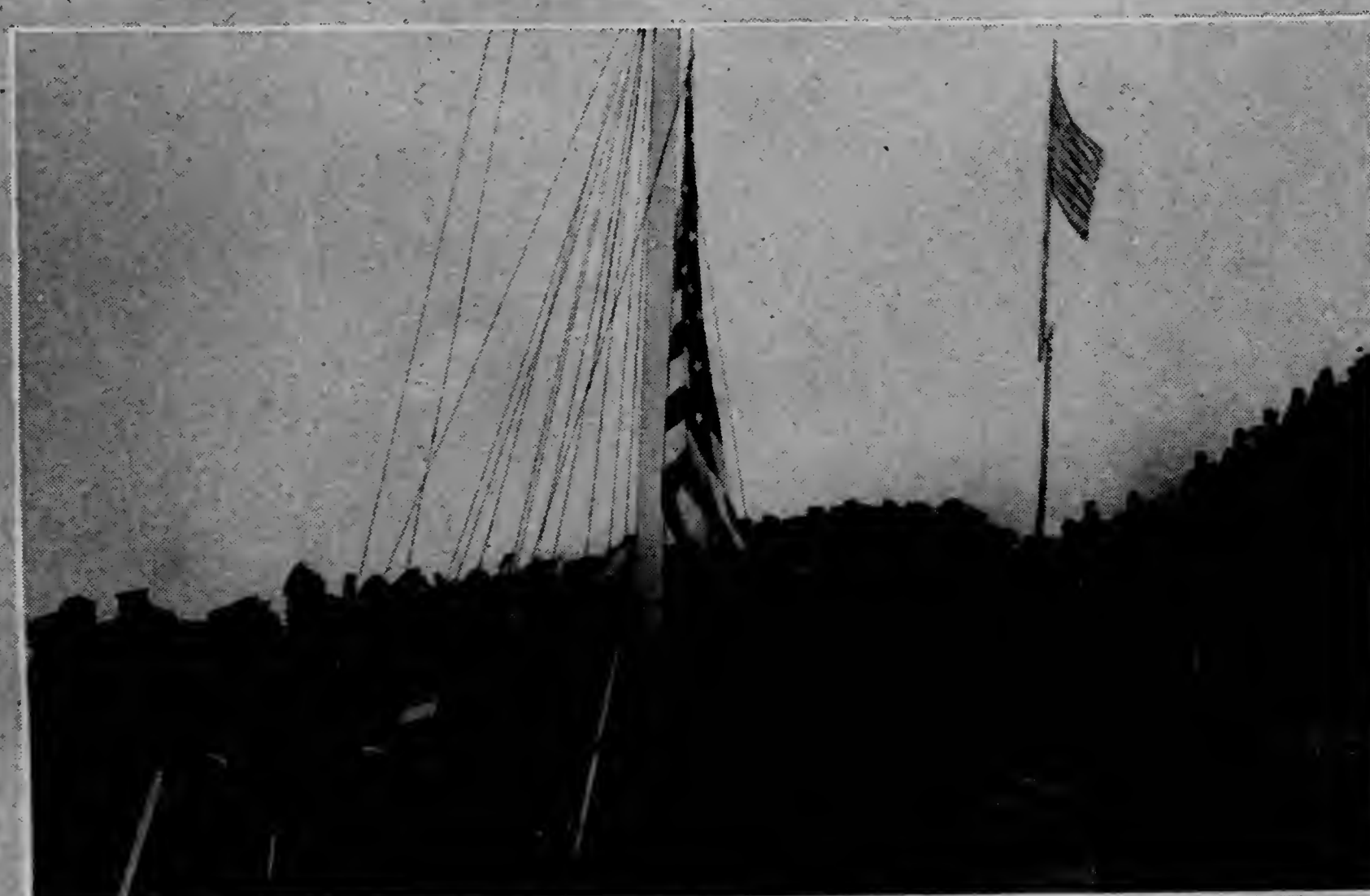
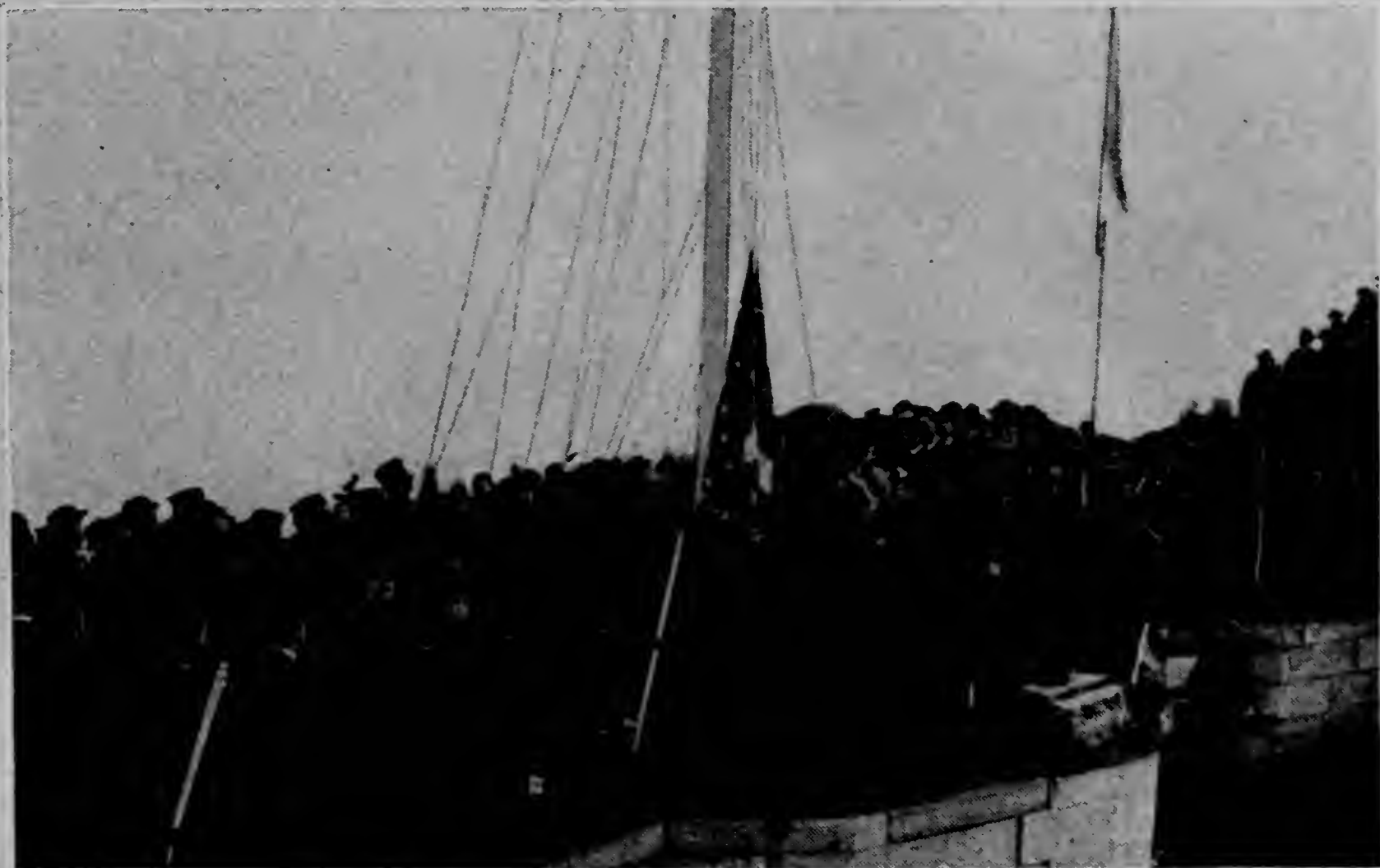
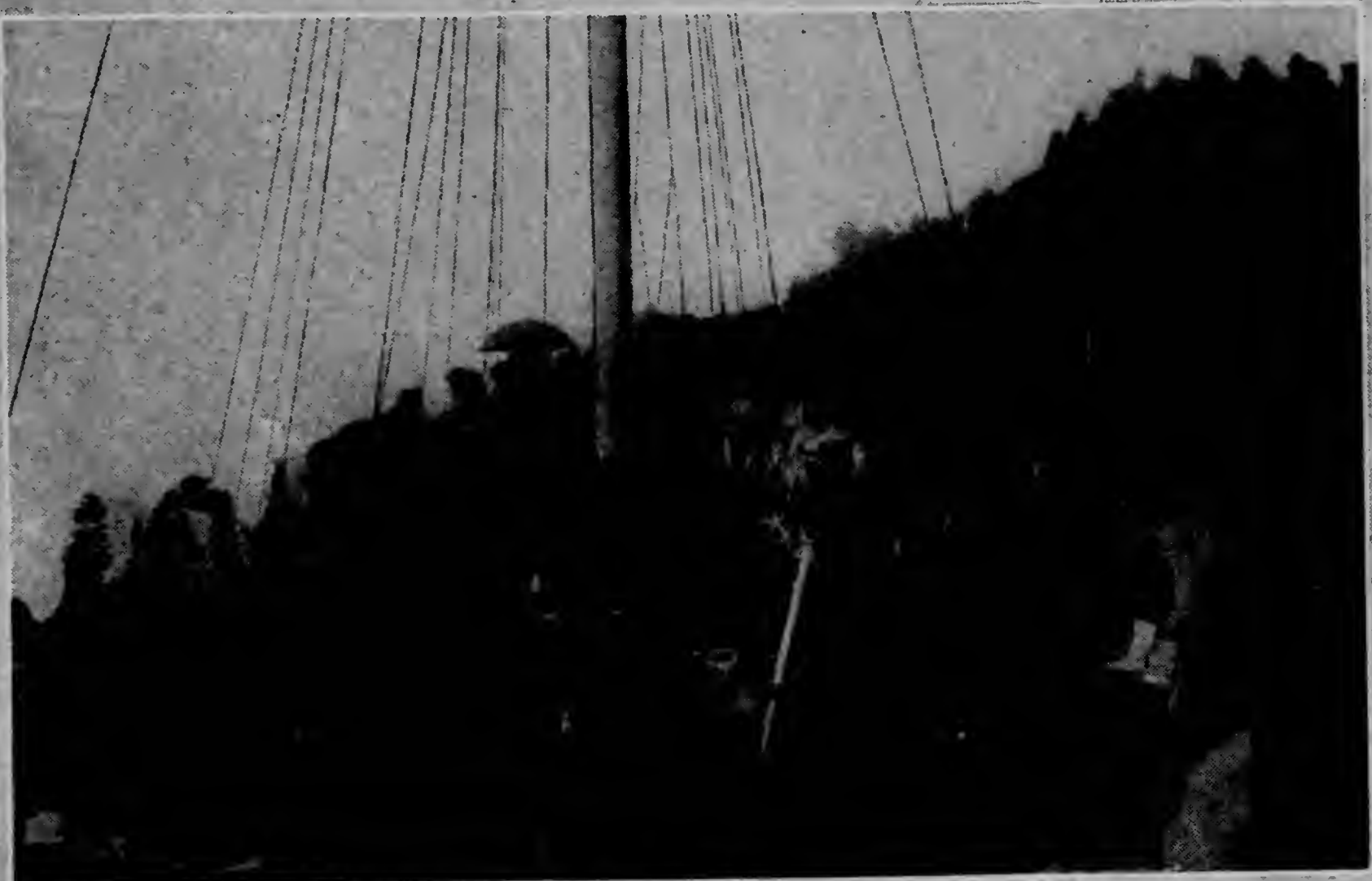
The volume for 1913 will hand down to future generations the history that is made here today and may we all live to see this glorious monument erected as a beacon and as a friendly token of the many millions that for centuries to come will make their homes in this land of liberty and of opportunity, adding to its greatness for all time. (Applause).

The tablet is inscribed as follows:

Here
On AQUEHONGA-MANACKNONG
22 February, 1913,
The President of the United States,
William Howard Taft,
Marked the site
for
THE NATIONAL MONUMENT
to
THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN,
Inaugurated under the auspices of
The National American Indian Memorial Association,
with the Co-operation of
The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society



George F. Kunz



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DECLARATION OF ALLEGIANCE
TO THE
GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES
BY THE
NORTH-AMERICAN INDIAN

We, the undersigned representatives of various Indian tribes of the United States, through and presence and the part we have taken in the inauguration of this Memorial to our people, renew our allegiance to the Glorious Flag of the United States, and offer our hearts to our Country's service. We greatly appreciate the honor and privilege attended by our white brothers who have recognized us by inviting us to participate in the ceremonies on this historical occasion.

The Indian is fast losing his identity in the face of the great waves of Caucasian Civilization which are extending to the four winds of this Country, and we want fuller knowledge in order that we may take our places in the civilization which surrounds us.

Though a conquered race, with our right hands attended in brotherly love and our left hands holding the Pipe of Peace we hereby bury all past ill feelings and proclaim abroad to all the Nations of the world our firm allegiance to this Nation and to the stars and stripes and declare that henceforth and forever in all walks of life and every field of endeavor we shall be as brothers, striving hard in hand and will return to our people and tell them the story of this memorial and urge upon them their continued allegiance to our Common Country.

Penty
White Man's King
Medicine Crow

Two moons

Red Hawk
Edward Swan
Shoulderblade
Red Cloud
Reg man
Diago Wap
Lute Wap

Richard Wallace
Frank Shively
Lewis Beebe

Black Wolf
Wooden Leg

Mat Whitman
Willis Rowland
John P. Young
Rube Eder

Henry Leeds
Reginald Oskrock

Post-Summer Yellowtail
many Chiefs
Chapman Schanaback

Angus P. McW. mals
Jennyann Berry
Mitchell Wampum
Peter Deaconie
Delos K. Lonsdorf

I hereby attest
that this document
was inscribed by the
Indians here
named, on the hill-
top of Fort Washburn,
the site of the National
Indian Memorial,
on the twenty second
February nineteen thirteen
President of the United States

Wm. J. Taft



GROUP OF INDIAN CHIEFS SUCH AS A CAMERA MAN PRO

For the Inaugural Ceremonies on the Site of the National Memorial to the North American Indian, at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, at the Entrance of New York Harbor, the Most Famous Red Man in America, Rodman Wanamaker. Mr. Taft was on His Final Official Visit from the White House to This City. After He Had Turned a Spadeful of Soil, Another Bit of Earth Was Lifted by a Group of Aged Red Men, the Last Remnants of a Past Generation, Hoisted the Stars and Stripes, and Much Speechmaking Followed. The Memorial Will



From Left to Right, Those in the Front of the Picture Are—Alex Matt, Louis Pierre, Louis Baker (Not in Costume), Drags the Wolf, Crane in the Sky, Black Wolf, Little Wolf, Wooden Leg, Two Moons (Standing Behind), Medicine Crow, White Man Runs Him, Red Cloud, Reuben Estes (Standing Behind), Red Hawk, Big Mane, Robert Yellow Tail (in Slouch Hat), Red Arrow, John Delos K. Lone Wolf, F. Schively, J. R. Eddy, Joseph Packineau, Major James McLaughlin and F. H. Abbott, Assistant Commissioner.

The New York Times.

INDIANS SEE TAFT HANDLE THE SPADE

They Help Him to Break Ground at Fort Wadsworth for a Memorial to the Red Man.

RED HAWK PLEDGES FEALTY

Other Chiefs in Feathers, Blankets and Buckskins Hoist the Stars and Stripes.

RODMAN WANAMAKER'S GIFT

At the Nation's Gateway, a Bronze Indian Will Give the Peace Sign to All the World.

The salute of twenty-one guns, which thundered across the Narrows from the batteries of Fort Wadsworth shortly before the close of the noon hour yesterday, told all the harbor that there, on that splendid eminence overlooking the water gateway to New York, President Taft had turned the first spadeful of earth in preparation for the National Memorial to the North American Indian. With a pillared museum as its base beneath a towering column a bronze figure of an Indian is to stand, with hand uplifted and two fingers extended in the universal peace sign of the red man. This statue, which is to rise 165 feet above the crest of the hill, is to be the Nation's memorial to a vanishing race.

When Mr. Taft thrust the spade deep into the soil that the Indian once owned the inaugural ceremonies had begun. A rain a notable company was gathered around him. Rodman Wanamaker, the father and the backer of the whole project, stood at the President's side. Mrs. Taft was there. Rear Admiral Osterhaus attended for the navy, and Major General Barry represented the army.

There were others, but most interesting of all and as distinguished as any were the 33 chiefs of Indian tribes, old men of the purest Indian blood, who had come East from the reservations to share in the ceremonies at Fort Wadsworth. They were resplendent in the feathers and buckskin and beads of their tribal dress, and the paint gleamed from their high cheek bones. They, too, scooped the earth from the spot where the statue is to rise. They, too, had their spokesmen, and as the President's party moved down the steep hill to the waiting Dolphin at the shore their voices were lifted in the strange chant of jubilation sung by their peoples from time immemorial.

World's First Monument to a Race.

Long before noon the various personages began to converge on Fort Wadsworth. Down from the pier at the foot of East Twenty-fourth street an army steamboat brought the Indian chiefs and the Powhatan brought Mr. Wanamaker's party. It was a little after 12 when the Dolphin pushed her way through the heavy mist, and the signal went up from the shore to straighten the lines of sentries, through which Mr. Taft and his party drove to the foot of the last eminence and then moved on up to the crest afoot.

Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon made the opening speech when the tiny plateau at the hilltop was packed with all who could find room there.

"So far as can be learned," he said, "never before in the history of mankind has a monument been erected to a race of people. The ceremonies inaugurating the memorial to the North American Indian are, therefore, pregnant with significance. Over this ground he once roamed, the sea, the sky, the land his patrimony.

"The voices of the past, voices from out of the primeval forests, voices from the far stretches of the Western plains,

have been heard—and we are now to realize in granite and bronze an expression of the life of the American people. Posterity will applaud the honor we do ourselves in gathering up the life story of this virile and picturesque race while yet the rays of the setting sun fall upon their departing footprints.

"The gigantic bronze figure that will surmount the splendid pedestal will face the sea, extending the universal peace sign of the Indian, giving welcome to the nations of the earth as they pass through the greatest gateway to the New World. A lonely, lofty figure, where the sea will forever moan a dirge for a vanished race, where sun and stars, wind and thunder, the gods in his great world-cathedral may utter the speech of his soul while a child of the woods and plains—but now to fall upon unheeding ears of bronze."

Taft's Tribute to the Red Man.

After telling something of the varying degrees of civilization found among the North American tribes, and something of the part those tribes played in the history of this Continent, Mr. Taft said:

"For two centuries the North American Indian has had a right to be treated not as a relic or a prehistoric man, but as an existing force, with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races and on the course of historical events.

"It is appropriate, therefore, that this race which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came here, and that had so much to do with the country since his advent, should have a memorial in this the great sea entrance to the North American Continent.

"Few harbors in the world are more beautiful than that of New York, and here between the upper and lower bays will stand this monument to the red man, recalling his noble qualities, of which he had many, and perpetuating the memory of the succession from the red to the white race in the ownership and control of the Western Hemisphere.

"We are indebted to the beneficence of a fellow-citizen, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, through whose generosity this beautiful memorial is to be erected. No monument has a more conspicuous place in the world. At the gate of the New

World and facing the Old, it tells the story of the march of empire and the progress of Christian civilization to the uttermost limits."

Then Mr. Taft stepped from the little platform and thrust the spade into the earth. With the soil thus broken, he dug deeper with another implement, an old Indian ax-head found at Tottenville some 30 years ago and believed, according to Dr. George F. Kunz, to have been in use by the aboriginal hands before Caesar crossed the Rubicon, before ever Agamemnon led the forces outside the walls of Troy.

Then the Great White Father, as they called Mr. Taft, yesterday, stepped aside and yielded the ancient Indian tool to Wooden Leg, a muscular warrior chief of the Northern Cheyennes, who bent low and scooped furiously at the soil.

Indians Raise the Stars and Stripes.

As he stood straight again all the chiefs moved forward and stood in a circle about the flagpole. They laid their seamed, weather-beaten hands to the ropes and slowly the Stars and Stripes mounted to the masthead, while from the post band came Indian music composed by Dr. Irving J. Morgan, weird strains that carried the haunting spirit of the tribal chants. When the flag was mastheaded the band shifted swiftly to the "Star-Spangled Banner," and all hats were lifted, save for the great head-dresses of eagle feathers that crowned the costume of the chiefs.

Then the chiefs filed back to their place in the picketed circle, while from their ranks stepped old Red Hawk, hereditary chief of the Ogallala Sioux, spokesman for them all. Originally it had been planned that this post should fall to John Grass, the Sioux whom the Indian agents consider the most eloquent of his peoples. But John Grass would not journey so far and the giant Hollow Horn Bear of the same nation, to whom the post was next assigned, failed in health at the last moment. So it was Red Hawk, thin, shrewd warrior of the Ogallalas, who lifted his voice at the ceremonies, pausing now and then for the interpretation by Edward Swan, President of the Black Hill Council.

"It is my strong belief," said old Red Hawk, "that we were created by the Great Spirit to live in this country. You white men found me here. I am here

today. I was the ruler here in that time when you first crossed the great Atlantic, and I thought you had merely come as a visitor. From that time to this day you have improved our country. You have had me as a part of this country.

"You have had me raise the flag of the glorious United States today and from today I shall consider myself a member of your country. This dress I wear I gave up long ago by your advice. I put on these things today to show that they are things of the past. My son and my grandchildren have been taught by you to follow your ways. I have encouraged them in this and will encourage them to the end of my days.

"As an Indian I was not able to make the coarsest calico. But we have been taught in our Indian ways to love one another as brothers. I hope you all have been taught so. Let us join hands and minds to help us get out of the rut for the rest of our lives."

So spoke Red Hawk, and grasped the Great White Father by the hand.

"How?" he said, and turning, bowed ceremoniously over the hand of Rodman Wanamaker. "How," he said again.

Then Dr. George F. Kunz, on behalf of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society, held the crowd for one moment while he announced that this—a memorable day in the history of the Indian, should be further marked by the first appearance in circulation of the new nickel, that bears for the first time the Indian head on that coin. Then he produced a bag fresh from the Mint, and it was to this largesse and to the blast of martial music from the band that the assemblage dissolved, and took the different pathways leading down to the shore.

The official program of the ceremonies furnished the plans for the memorials and, being official, could be read as voicing the feeling of Mr. Wanamaker in the matter. Part of it read:

"The latest authentic Government statistics declare that the North American Indian, as a race, is rapidly vanishing. The rate of decrease since the coming of the white man is up to the present moment, that of 65 per cent. The day is not far in the nation's 'tomorrow,' when the Indian, as a type, will have passed forever from this Continent. His footprints are already marking the sands of the Western Ocean.

"It has been conceived possessing so many striking characteristics, once of the memorial is to be erected to roam over the earth—indeed, the first American memory and deeds and the spirit of this people shall be immortalized and recorded of the for all future generations."

What the Memorial

The sculptor of the memorial is Daniel Chester French. The Indian figure shown is tentative. It is not the work of Mr. French says:

"The concept of the memorial is that he shall place a mammoth bronze North American Indian in the harbor of the passing race to all the world as they come, but his purpose is to place the Indian as his memorial of his life and his representations of his habits and costumes; and to the monument comprises a sun-dial, which is to be various sections of the Indian homes, an art prints and paintings of the life of the Indian, a collection of his weapons, section showing what the Indian was like in the section for animals of the life upon which the Indian lived—the idea being that the monument comprises a sun-dial, which is to be various sections of the Indian homes, an art prints and paintings of the life of the Indian, a collection of his weapons, section showing what the Indian was like in the section for animals of the life upon which the Indian lived—the idea being that the monument comprises a sun-dial, which is to be various sections of the Indian homes, an art prints and paintings of 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ON. PAGE I. SUNDAY, MARCH 9, 1913.

A MAN PROBABLY WILL NEVER FACE AGAIN

York Harbor, the Most Famous Red Men of the Far West Gathered on February 22d to Help President Taft Break Ground for the Monument Projected by Soil, Another Bit of Earth Was Lifted with an Ancient Indian Battle Axe by Wooden Leg, Chief of the Northern Cheyennes. Then the Making Followed. The Memorial Will Overlook the Harbor from One of the Highest Points on the Atlantic Coast.



Wooden Leg, Little Wolf, Wooden Leg, Two Moons, Shoulder Blade, Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, Little White Man (Not in Costume), Willis Rowland, Plenty Coups, White Swan, Red Arrow, John Charlie Qualchinee, Reginald Oshkosh, Angus McDonald, Peter Pamonacotte, Mitchell Waukean, F. H. Abbott, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

(Photo (C) by the Pictorial News Co.)

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"It has been conceived that a race possessing so many striking and wonderful characteristics, once having the liberty to roam over the entire Continent—indeed, the first American—that the memory and deeds and life, and mysticism of this people should be immortalized and record of the race preserved for all future generations."

What the Memorial is to Be.

The sculptor of the bronze figure is Daniel Chester French. The architect of the memorial is Thomas Hastings. The Indian figure shown in the design is tentative. It is not to be considered the work of Mr. French. The program says:

"The concept of the founder of this memorial is that he should not alone place a mammoth bronze figure of the North American Indian upon the highest hillcrest in the harbor as a witness of the passing race to all the nations of the world as they come to our shores, but his purpose is to perpetuate all that the Indian was—his manner of life, representations of his habitat, his customs, and costumes; and to this end, this monument comprises a small museum, 35 feet high, which is to contain in the various sections the various styles of Indian homes, an art gallery for all prints and paintings that may be procured of Indian life, a section giving a collection of his weaponry, a costume section showing what he wore, a home section showing his method of life, a section for animals of the chase, showing the life upon which he subsisted, a library section containing books of Indian lore—the idea being that the mammoth comprises a small museum, 35 feet high, which is to rise on a pedestal 70 feet high shall preside in bronze over all that represents the primeval Indian on this Continent. At the foot of the monument on the lower terrace, will be the equestrian statue of an Indian as he is known today.

"As a matter of composition, the architecture, standing on this height against the open sky should be rugged and large in scale, without too much detail, as it will be seen mostly in silhouette against the sky. It should also express the museum as a part of the design as well as the memorial character for which it is undertaken. As to character, it should be remembered that it is a tribute of modern civilization, and is being built

by a civilized nation to a race of primitive people. No attempt has been made to establish an Indian style of architecture, but rather to incorporate the character of the people in a design which should be modern and the expression of a civilized people."

Indian Guests Enjoy the Trip.

The Indian chiefs will not leave this city until tomorrow morning, when the Wanamakers will show them all that is to be seen in Philadelphia. If any of them felt something of the irony of their invitation to the inauguration of their memorial as a race no gleam of such feeling showed in the shrewd old faces. Chief Oshkosh of the Menominees explained that those who felt that way about it had stayed behind, suspicious of the invitations and reluctant to venture from the reservations. All the Indian agents, from that veteran of them all and that flower of Buffalo Bill Cody's world, Major Burke, to the youngest man in the active service, are authorities for the statement that those who have come East for this ceremony are having the time of their lives.

The chiefs will return to their reservations with a new glory. In their councils they will talk of this trip to New York to the end of their days, and they will be listened to wonderingly by the younger men. They will be the greater and the more sage for this marvelous experience. If any of them were saddened by yesterday's services at Fort Wadsworth they did not show it. For them the day was one of repressed but obvious celebration. On the way to Fort Wadsworth they gathered on the upper deck of the little army steamboat and sang strange Indian melodies, while the fattest of them all beat furiously on a deer-skin tomtom.

Last evening they did so unabridged a thing as to go en masse to the Hippodrome. They will spend today in sight-seeing, but in civilized garb. Their only Manhattan appearance in feathers and war paint was yesterday morning, when they came up to Twenty-third street from the Cosmopolitan Hotel in West Broadway by the Sixth avenue L, and in their exuberance treated themselves at the station to a little dance. The effect of the war cries and the waving tomahawks was too much for the nerves of several women who chanced to be on the platform at the time, and they retreated in panic.

The Globe

AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER. ESTD. 1875.
NEW YORK CITY'S BEST NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK CITY, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1913.

READY TO BEGIN INDIAN STATUE

Man Who Made Possible Statue to the American Indian

Taft, Other Notables, and Thirty-three Chiefs Will Gather at Fort Wadsworth.

Thirty-three Indian chiefs from Western reservations, the last of the old guard of fighting warriors, will gather at Fort Wadsworth tomorrow afternoon at 2

o'clock to participate in the ceremonies attending the breaking of ground for the national memorial to the American Indian. The statue is to be 165 feet high, and is to be erected by Rodman Wanamaker.

President Taft will turn the first spadeful of earth, and as he does so a 21-gun salute will be fired. Then Chief Hollow Horn Bear will scoop out some of the earth with a buffalo bone and make reply to the speech of the Great White Father. All the Indians will be in their native dress and are certain to form the most picturesque group that has been East in recent years.

The finest specimen of Indian alive today is the way enthusiasts describe Chief White-Man-Runs-Him, of the Crow tribe, who is 70 years old, and as straight as an arrow. Several of these chiefs fought General Custer. One of them, Chief Pretty Voice Eagle, carries 21 bullets in his body as mementos of his battles.

Chief Hollow Horn Bear, of the Yankton Sioux, the orator of the occasion, stands 6 feet 4 inches. The Indians invited to the ceremonies include nearly all the important chiefs of the West. Most of them are between 75 and 85 years old. A number of notable guests have been invited.



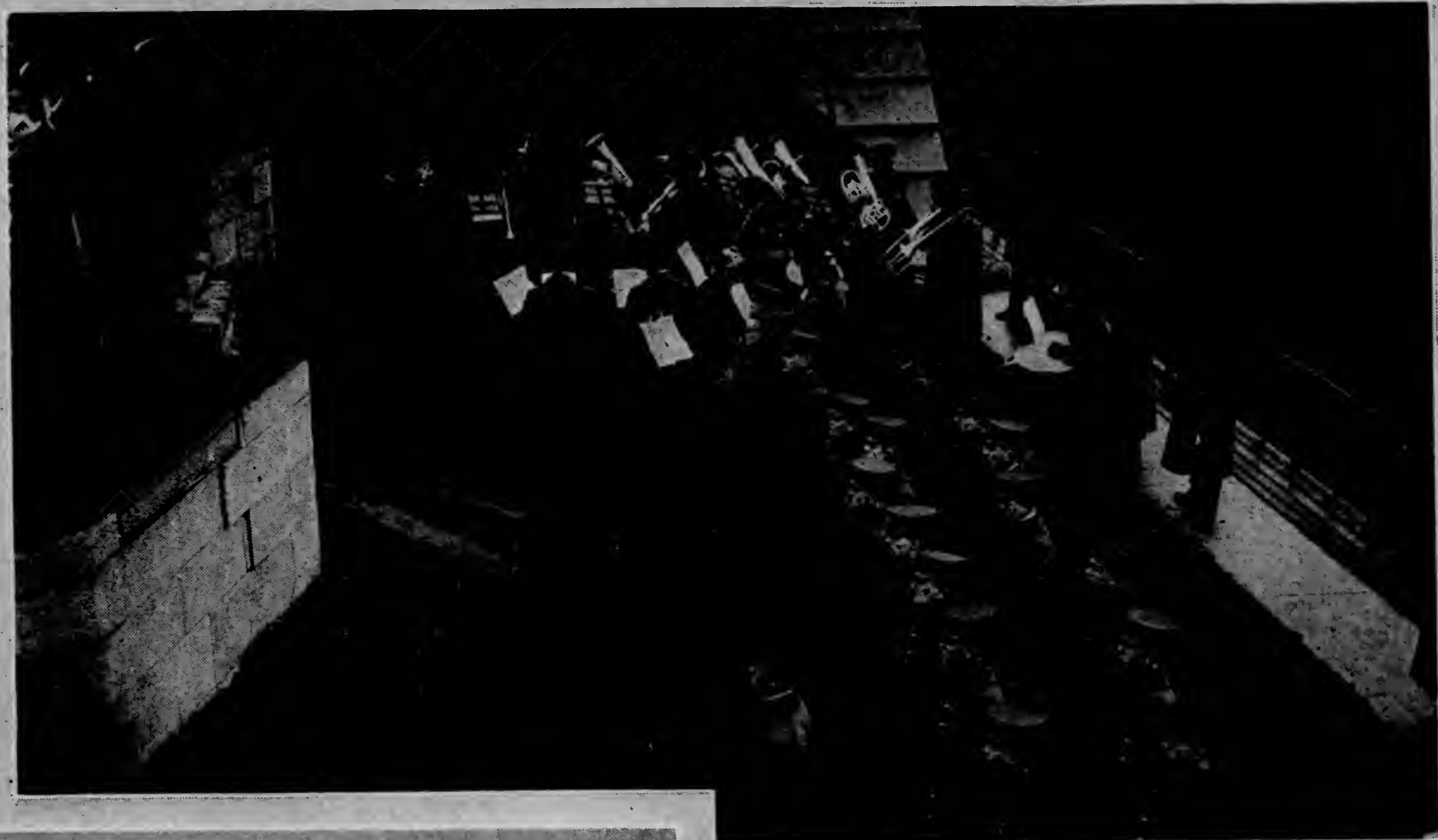
Rodman Wanamaker.

The Evening Telegram

New York City, Feb. 22, 1913

INDIANS RENEW PLEDGE AT SITE OF MEMORIAL

**Thirty-three Aged Indian Chiefs Meet
President Taft as Sod is Broken
at Fort Wadsworth for Monu-
ment to Fast Vanishing
Aboriginal Race.**



Pictorial News Co.

PUBLIC LEDGER

Philadelphia, February 25, 1913

TAFT AND THE INDIANS START NATIONAL MEMORIAL

**President Uses Spade and Chief
a Buffalo Thigh Turning
First Earth.**

**INDIANS RENEW THEIR
PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE**

Renewing their allegiance to the United States as in the days of old, 33 Indian chiefs, gathered from all sections of the country, and the Great White Father, President Taft, with many men high in the nation's councils, gathered in the mists on the hill above Fort Wadsworth today and with impressive ceremonies broke the ground for a national monument to commemorate the departed glory of the Indian race.

Stern and dignified, the aged chiefs watched the ceremony of the ground-breaking and in the language of their fathers replied to the words of President Taft. Red Hawk, chief of the Ogallalla Sioux, was the orator for his people. Dr. Joseph A. Dixon, secretary of the National American Indian Memorial Association, was the master of ceremonies.

Hundreds of residents of New York, officers from the army post at Governor's Island and Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth, civilians and soldiers, ignored the rain and gathered at Fort Wadsworth to welcome the Indians, in their tribal regalia, and the officials of the Government, typifying the civilization which they represented most effectively by their raincoats and umbrellas.

Indians March to Hilltop.

With President Taft, Secretary of the Navy Meyer and others leading the procession in an automobile, the Indians marched stiffly up the winding road to the hilltop, where the monument is to stand. Companies of artillery, drawn up on either side of the road, formed a living wall for the marchers, but the old chiefs kept their eyes ahead and strode solemnly along to the playing of bands and the cheers of the bystanders.

Impressed, but silent, the chiefs gazed down upon the guns of Fort Wadsworth and beyond to the Narrows and the Upper Bay, with the vessels creeping in and out through the mists, and listened quietly to the reading of their last declaration of allegiance to the country which once was theirs and the Government which has changed this country almost beyond belief.

The Indians, most noted of whom are Red Hawk, of the Ogallallas; Chief Pretty Voice Eagle, of the Sioux, and Chief Run-the-Enemy, also of the Sioux, left Manhattan aboard the Government vessel General Albert E. Johnson. In charge of the party were Major James McLaughlin, an Indian agent for 50 years and now the chief Government agent, and F. H. Abbott, acting Indian solicitor.

The vessel, gayly bedecked with flags, moved slowly down the East River and past the Battery, making its way care-

fully through the mist, while Chief Swann, of the Blue Hill Council of Sioux, explained to the chiefs the points of interest. The tall buildings of the financial district were capped by clouds, and in some cases the tops could not be seen. The aged men looked long and silently at the great buildings and turned away, often without a word.

Mist Shrouds Liberty Statue.

Through the mists of the upper bay the Statue of Liberty showed dimly, and the interest of the Indians was increased when they were told that it was a monument such as this that was to be erected at Fort Wadsworth, where the world, coming to their country, might be impressed with the greatness which once was theirs and which they still honored.

It was Chief Run-the-Enemy who had 152 Two-Cattle Sioux under Sitting Bull in the famous battle with General Custer's troops. But Chief Run-the-Enemy was a young and warlike brave in those days, unlike the grizzled veteran of many battles of today, and withal he carries lightly his 68 years.

Chief Pretty-Voice-Eagle, also of the Yankton Sioux, is 70 years old and has fought in 70 battles against the white man and against the warriors of rival tribes.

New York, Feb. 22.—Twenty-ninth full-blood Indian chiefs from Western reservations, bedecked in the regalia of their rank, marched stolidly up the hill at Fort Wadsworth, S. I., today with their "Great White Father," President Taft, and members of his official family. At the crest of the hill, the highest point on the Atlantic coast between New York and Florida, they formed a silent group as the President upturned a spadeful of earth, breaking ground for the National American Indian memorial, a 60-foot bronze statue of an Indian warrior, which will tower 165 feet above the highest elevation around New York harbor, a tribute to a vanishing race.

The guns of the fort roared a national salute of 21 guns at the moment the President placed his foot on the spade. As he stepped back, Chief Hollow Horn Bear, of the Yankton Sioux, came forward from the group and upturned a second bit of earth with the thigh bone of a buffalo. That done, the chief replied with a speech to an address by the President.

Indians Chant Songs.

As Hollow Horn Bear's voice died away, the Stars and Stripes were run up a great flagpole nearby, to the

rhythm of Indian folk songs, sung by the chieftains. When it reached the top, the band broke out with "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The gathering of the Indians marked the last time, perhaps, that so many native chiefs will assemble in the East. Most of them are between 75 and 80 years old. Some of them fought against Custer, among these being Chief Hollow Horn Bear, who stands 6 feet 4 inches tall, and Chief White-Man-Runs-Him, more than 70 years old, tall, straight as a pine tree.

White-Man-Who-Runs-Him was chief of the Custer scouts. Others were Chief Two Moons, 80, nearly blind, and almost hidden by feathers bespeaking his prowess, and Pretty Voice Eagle, of the Sioux, 70-off, who carries in his body 21 bullets picked up in 70 fights and skirmishes with Government troops and neighboring tribes.

A distinguished gathering witnessed the memorial exercises. The plan had its inception several years ago. The monument is being erected, under authority from Congress, by a committee of which Rodman Wanamaker is the

Taft Addresses Chiefs.

President Taft's address was brief. He said:

"For two centuries the North American Indian has had a right to be treated, not as a relic of prehistoric man, but as an existing force, with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races."

In his reply the Indian chief said that he and his companions considered themselves from this day forward citizens of the United States. He said:

"To the end of our days we will encourage our children to take the advice of the white men. We ask him to join us and help us get out of the rut in which we have existed so many years. We thought that when the white man came he came as a visitor, but we found he came to rule us. We see now he that he was fated to come and to improve our country and teach us civilization."

The first of the new nickles, showing the American Indian on one side and the American buffalo on the other, were put in circulation today among the crowd that witnessed this ceremony. Dr. George F. Kunz, president of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, had obtained a bag full of the new five-cent pieces from the Director of the Mint. The first one was given to President Taft, and the rest were distributed among the Indian chiefs and the distinguished guests.

Editorial—New York Evening Telegram

TO HONOR THE INDIAN

In the presence of the Great White Father and other distinguished officials from Washington, the first act in the erection of a lasting memorial to the North American Indian forms one of the most interesting links between old and new epochs in our history. It is probably the last gathering of the great Indian chiefs in aboriginal garb and fashion.

To the Indian as he was, a public-spirited American, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker has dedicated a memorial statue to occupy the highest elevation in the harbor at Fort Tompkins, the northern section of Fort Wadsworth.

The "wards of the nation," in eagle feathers and other trappings, bearing their weapons and calumets, will participate, turning the earth with a buffalo bone and raising the Stars and Stripes.

It is a sight never witnessed before, and seen will never be forgotten.



WHITE-MAN-RUNS-HIM CHIEF PLENTY COUPS CHIEF MEDICINE CROW



NOTED INDIAN CHIEFS AT FORT WADSWORTH CEREMONIES

THE NATIONAL AMERICAN INDIAN MEMORIAL



CHIEF WOODENLEG CHIEF TWO MOONS Pictorial News Co.



Editorial—The Philadelphia Public Ledger

OUR DUTY TO THE "VANISHED INDIANS"

In one very important sense the American Indian is actually a "vanishing race." Therefore, the memorial at Fort Wadsworth, ground for which was broken on Saturday by President Taft, will serve a useful end in keeping alive one aspect of the story of the picturesque aborigines to whom our country originally belonged, and who have been pushed back by the irresistible tide of white civilization until today they are threatened with extinction as a separate people. This does not mean that the Indians as such are declining in numbers. On the contrary, trustworthy statistics have been produced which prove that, under the fostering care of the Government, their birth rate is now proportionately greater than their abnormally high death rate, and that, in spite of the evils which attend the "sheltered life" which many of them are compelled to live, their numbers are greater today than a quarter of a century ago.

What is probably meant, however, when the Indians are spoken of as a "vanishing race," is the gradual disappearance of the distinguishing characteristics which separate them from their white neighbors, characteristics apart from the color of their skins and their past history. Although a large proportion of the American Indians still retain their tribal relations, live upon reservations and are wholly or in part dependent upon the care of Government agents, the process of assimilation in the surrounding populations is going on apace. The time is coming when education and the allotment of lands in severalty will break down the racial barriers which now make of the Indians a peculiar people, and the traditions and memories which give to them their especial interest to the nation will remain only in our museums and in the records of ethnologists and historians.

From this point of view, the memorial at Fort Wadsworth, the inception of which is due to the generosity and enthusiasm of Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, of this city, is destined to become a striking and deeply interesting object at one of the chief gateways of the Western World. The great bronze figure which is to surmount the building will be an ever-present reminder of the vast forward movement which has taken place since the first contact of the white men and red on the eastern edge of the Continent. And in the museum itself will be assembled the physical relics of a race which is at no distant day to be no more than a memory.

The memorial, however, will have failed of its greatest possibilities of usefulness if it does not impress upon the present generation the im-

portant fact that the Indian problem is not a past issue, and that the United States is under the deepest obligations of honor and humanity to solve that problem in such a manner that the Fort Wadsworth memorial shall be a reminder not of wrong and injustice, but of fair dealing and humanity. The whole record of our dealings with the Indians is not one upon which the American can look back with pride. Much has been done in recent years to redeem the errors and iniquities of the past, but there is much also in present conditions which call for enlightened statesmanship and wise administration.

"Lo the poor Indian" is poor only in a figurative sense. His property is estimated, in the aggregate, to be worth one billion dollars, and there is in the United States Treasury more than \$50,000,000 in cash credited to the various tribes. But these riches are not only very unevenly distributed, the Indians presenting every stage from the most abject and pitiful penury, through land poverty, to opulence in individuals, but the uncertain tenure of much of this property has made the red man the prey of white cupidity to an extent that would baffle belief were not the facts recorded in colorless official records. Moreover, the relations of the Government to the Indians is complicated by a host of conflicting treaties, compacts and local laws, the untangling of which is one of the chief difficulties of the Indian administration. And the intermixture of politics has been the scourge which has made of this chapter of American Government one of the most disgraceful in the national history.

While the walls of the memorial at New York are rising, would it not be a work of penitence and restitution if the American people should resolve to enter upon a new era in dealing with the Indians? What greater memorial could be erected than the establishment of a system for the protection of these wards of the nation from the exploitations of the land-shark and the grafter, for the administration of strict and impartial justice in the Indian country, the elimination of politics from the management of Indian affairs, the fulfillment of the letter and spirit of our agreements with the Indians and the adoption of a generous policy of sanitation for the eradication of diseases for the existence of which the whites are indirectly responsible. Such a policy would sweeten and purify the record and would give a new glory to the sculptural and architectural memorial just inaugurated on the heights overlooking the Narrows, at New York.

THE NORTH AMERICAN

PHILADELPHIA, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1913



WHITE-MAN-RUNS-HIM
CHIEF OF THE CROW SCOUTS
AT THE CUSTER MASSACRE



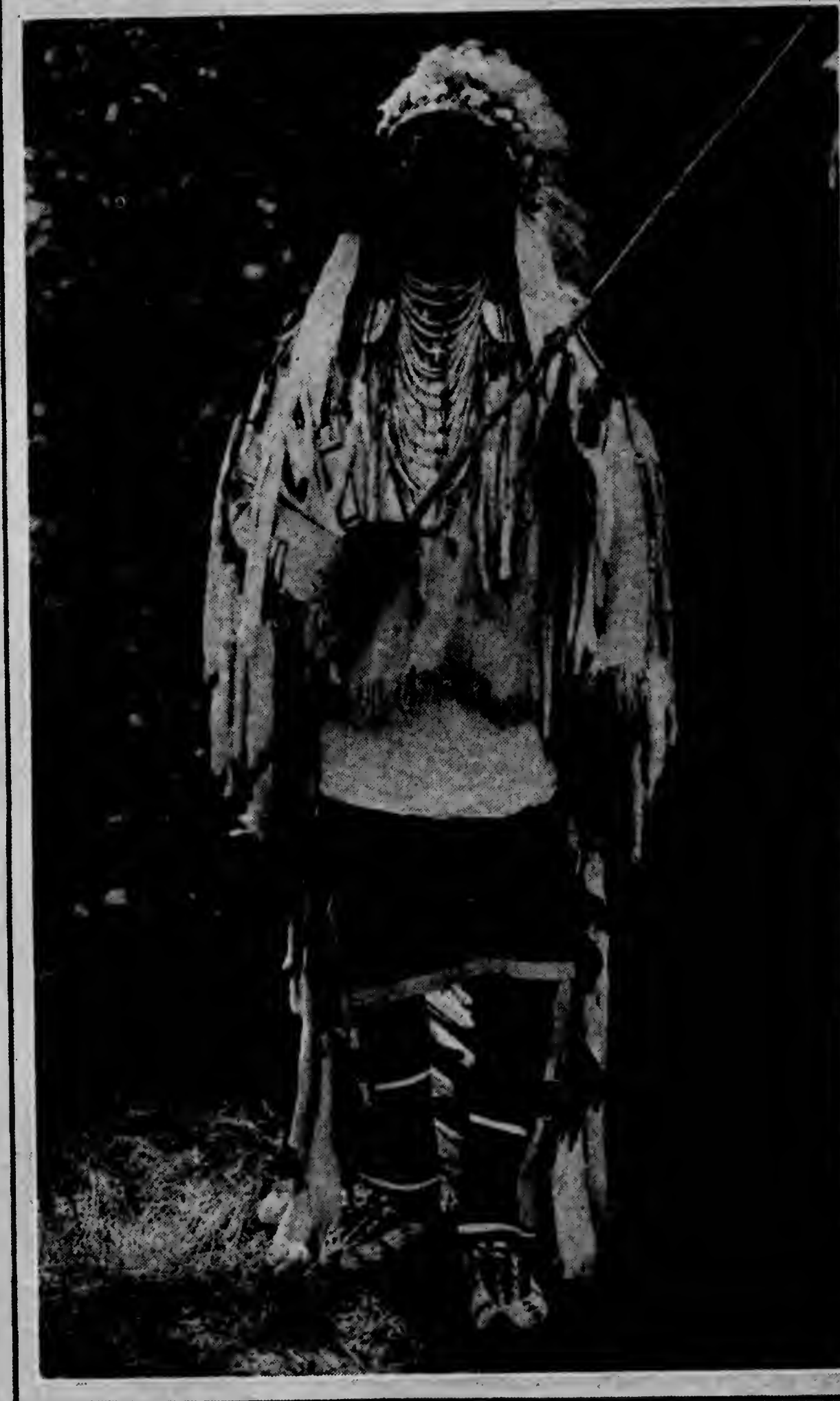
PRESIDENT TAFT



THE ARCHITECT'S DESIGN
FOR THE INDIAN MEMORIAL



RODMAN WANAMAKER



CHIEF PLENTYCOUPS
OF THE CROW INDIANS

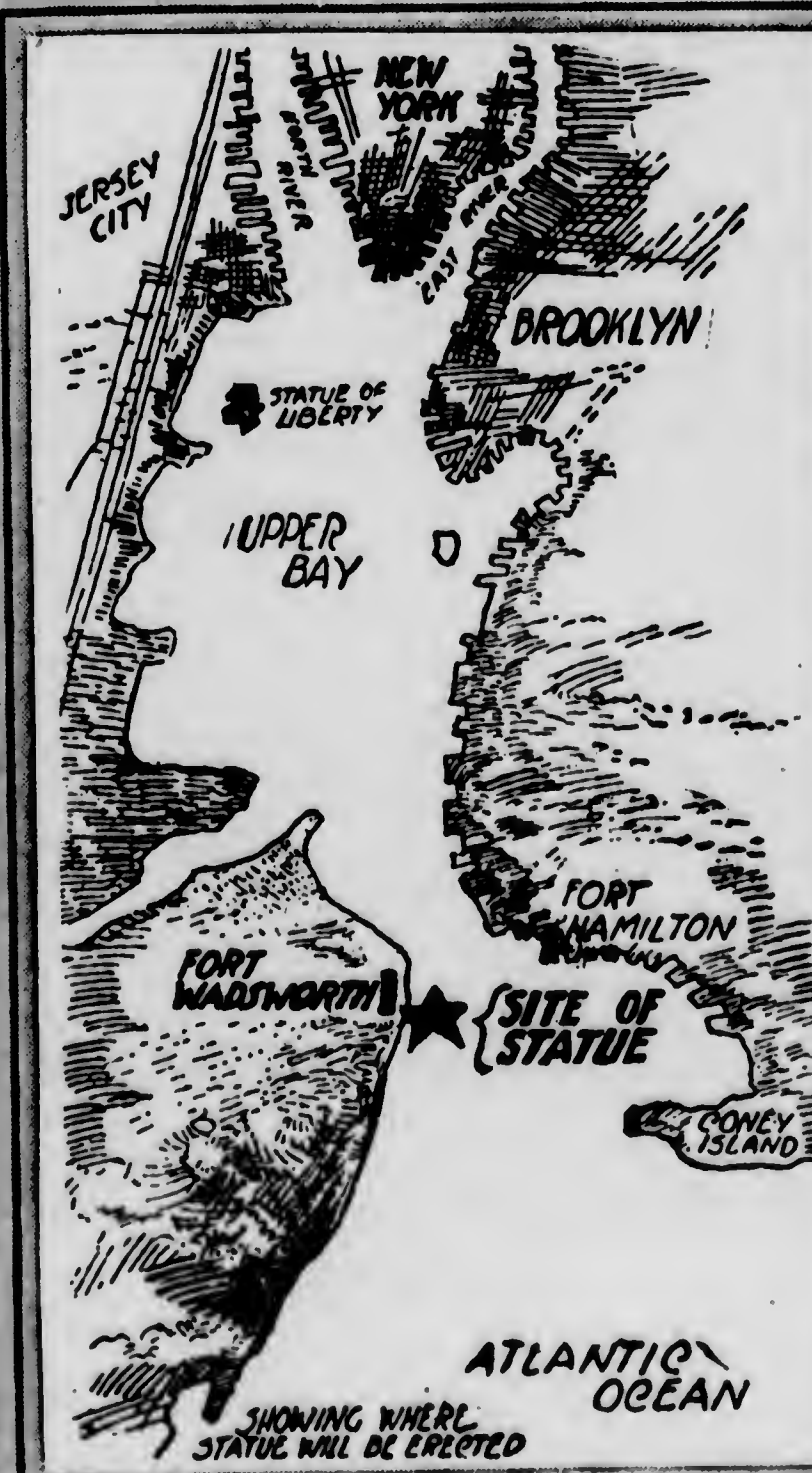


CHIEF RUNS-THE-ENEMY
WHO WAS PRESENT AT THE CUSTER MASSACRE



CHIEF
TWO
MOONS

LEADER OF
CHEYENNE INDIANS
AT CUSTER'S MASSACRE



ATLANTIC OCEAN



MOUNTAIN CHIEF
OF THE BLACKFOOT TRIBE

INDIANS SIGN FINAL TREATY OF PEACE AS MONUMENT IS BEGUN

**Pledge Fidelity to Palefaces at
Inception of the Rodman
Wanamaker Project.**

**Veteran Fighters of Redskins
Weep as Words of Amity
Are Spoken.**

MEMORIAL TO REDSKINS

President Taft and Chief Red Hawk break ground for national Indian memorial on Staten Island projected by Rodman Wanamaker.

Indians sign final treaty of peace with white race at conclusion of ceremonies.

First coinage of new "buffalo" 5-cent pieces distributed among guests at exercises.

Speech of Red Hawk, admitting desire of his race to be friends of palefaces brings tears to eyes of old frontier fighters.

New York, Feb. 22.—The pale face and his red brother sealed an eternal bond of friendship at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, at noon today, during impressive ceremonies attending the inauguration of the work on the national North American Indian memorial monument, which was conceived by Rodman Wanamaker.

Thirty Indian chiefs, many of whom engaged in bitter conflict with the whites in the early seventies, signed a remarkable document, renewing their allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

In the document was expressed a desire to bury all past ill feeling and to proclaim to all nations of the world the firm loyalty of the North American Indian to the United States Government. The chiefs drew up this resolution of allegiance, after they had been touched to the heart by the earnest and striking tribute paid to their race.

Taft Praises Red Race.

Elaborate military and naval demonstration, an eulogy of the North American Indian by President Taft and a quaint speech by Red Hawk, an Ogalala Sioux chieftain, were features of an occasion which marked an epoch in the affairs of the redman. President Taft asserted that the Indian must go down in history as a definite force in molding the colonial affairs of this continent.

He praised the beneficence of Rodman Wanamaker, declaring that it was his generosity that made possible the erection of the memorial. Mr. Taft's participation in the exercises signified his last official visit to New York as President of the United States. He was accompanied by Mrs. Taft.

Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, secretary of the National American Indian Memorial Association and leader of two Wanamaker historical expeditions to the North American Indians, presided.

He delivered an eloquent address, dealing with the purpose of the memorial and spoke of the valuable historical data gathered by the Wanamaker expeditions. He introduced President Taft as "the great white chief." The President spoke as follows:

"The part that the Indians of the Great Lakes and the Atlantic slopes played in the contest between the English and the French for colonial supremacy was a most important one. The Algonquians sided with the French and the Iroquois with the English.

"Both tribes made history, revealing statesmanship among the leaders and a persistence of purpose and policy that showed advancement in practical government far beyond a point generally supposed.

"Henry Hudson and his Dutch followers, who founded this community, came immediately in contact with the Indians and found them to be the chief force to

be reckoned with. Indeed, for two centuries the North American Indian has a right to be treated, not as a relic of prehistoric man, but as an existing force with a great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country of white races.

"It is appropriate, therefore, that this race, which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came and had so much to do with the country since the advent of the white man, should have a memorial at this great sea entrance of the North American continent.

"Few harbors in the world are more beautiful than that of New York, and

here between the upper and lower bays, will stand this monument to the red man, recalling his noble qualities, of which he had many, and perpetuating the memory of the succession from the red to the white race in the ownership and control of this western hemisphere.

"We are indebted to the beneficence of a fellow-citizen, Rodman Wanamaker, through whose generosity the beautiful memorial is to be erected. No monument has a more conspicuous place in the world. It will stand at the gate of the new world, facing the old. It will tell the story of the march of empire westward, and the progress of Christian civilization

in its advance toward the uttermost horizon."

At the close of the President's address, the United States battleship Dolphin, which brought the President's party to Fort Wadsworth, gave a Presidential salute of 21 guns.

When the boom of the naval pieces died away Rodman Wanamaker handed President Taft a spade, and the President took the first shovelful from the site of the proposed memorial.

The spectators pressed closer to the little platform on the highest breastwork of the fort when Chief Red Cloud, clad in feathered headdress and beaded garments and decorated with the yellow war-

paint of the Sioux tribe, arose to make his speech. His remarks were interpreted by Major James McLaughlin, Indian author and inspector of the Interior Department. Red Cloud spoke in a guttural voice that at times vibrated with feeling.

The exercises closed with the presentation of a bronze tablet marking the site of the memorial by Doctor Kunz and the signing of the resolution of allegiance, drawn up by the Indian chiefs. The document will be sent to the White House for President Taft's signature, and then it will be filed away at Washington as a precious historical paper.

A Final Peace Treaty.

Tears dimmed the eyes of many of the old Indian fighters gathered on the platform as the aged chieftains passed in single file and one after another affixed their marks on the document. It was the final peace treaty of a vanishing race with its conquerors. It struck the silent onlookers as a pathetic admission of a primitive people that their puny efforts at resistance had scarcely produced a ripple in the onswEEPING westward flow of Christian civilization.

The resolution of the chiefs was as follows, in part:

"The Indian is fast losing his identity in the face of the great waves of Caucasian civilization, which are extending to the four winds of the country, and we want fuller knowledge in order that we may take our places in the civilization which surrounds us. Though a conquered race with our right hands extended in brotherly love and our left hands holding the pipe of peace, we hereby bury all past feelings and proclaim abroad to all nations of the world our firm allegiance to this nation and to the Stars and Stripes, and declare that henceforth and forever, in all walks of life and every field of endeavor, we shall be as brothers, striving hand in hand. We will return to our people and tell them the story of this memorial and urge upon them their continued allegiance to our common country."

The expeditions which inspired the memorial were equipped and sent out by Rodman Wanamaker in the years 1908 and 1909. His purpose was to make a permanent record of the manner and customs, the home life, the sports, games and wars of the North American Indian.

These expeditions were inaugurated and carried out with the consent and cooperation of the United States Government, and with a loyal purpose to preserve a faithful pictorial and historic record of a vanishing race. They were conducted by Doctor Dixon, who for more than 15 years has been a close student of the red man.

The expedition of 1908 covered more than 8000 miles of travel. Photographs were made of the life of the plains, obtained by camping with the Indian and studying him in his primitive state. This expedition made more than 16,000 feet of life-picture film and 1600 negatives, illustrating Indian life and the country in which he roamed.

Results of the expedition so impressed Mr. Wanamaker that the idea occurred to him that a memorial should be erected to the North American Indian. This idea was broached by him at a dinner, which he gave to Colonel Cody, at Sherry's, in New York, May 12, 1909. The plan was accepted with enthusiasm.

Colonel Cody and other old-time Indian fighters who were present, made speeches indorsing the plan. Assurances of support came to Mr. Wanamaker from all over the United States. The plan grew until now the memorial to the North American Indian is to become a reality.

Editorial—The Philadelphia North American

The visit of 30 Indian chiefs to Philadelphia this week was an event not only rarely picturesque, but historically noteworthy. Like figures from the remote past, as indeed they were, they stood forth vividly for a moment against the background of busy modern enterprise, then passed on into the shadows of forgetfulness. But they left behind them thoughts which a boastful civilization may well ponder.

Whatever may be the glory of having built towering cities where the ancestors of these men knew the dim aisles of trackless forests, the fate of the Indian is a challenge and a lesson to the race which overwhelmed him. It is a happy circumstance that Pennsylvania is the one place in the country where the white man may look unashamed into the face of his predecessor, for it was here that the lands of the Indians were purchased instead of being stolen, and that there was signed "the only treaty which was never sworn to and never broken."

Perhaps the most significant feature of the visit was the new spirit displayed by these representatives of an almost forgotten race. Grave dignity of demeanor was to be expected; it was characteristic that they viewed with outward impassiveness the wonders and the tumult of city life.

But those who mingled with them were impressed most by the freedom with which they spoke. The habitual taciturnity of the Indian was laid aside, and they poured out their hearts almost like children. These grim warriors and tribal statesmen, who had participated in the last hopeless struggles against relentless force, and had felt the consuming hatred of merciless war, seemed for the first time to cast off restraint and forget past wrongs.

They seemed to believe at last that the "white brother" of kindly legend was a reality and that the friendship so often pledged was true. So the stoic silence of generations melted, and the smoldering memories of dishonor on one side and savage reprisal on the other were quenched in good will.

No doubt the wonderful scene they had witnessed in New York had helped to create this new feeling. Even the stern repression of the Indian character and the sleepless sense of injury were not proof against that spectacle.

They took part there in impressive ceremonies beginning the erection of a magnificent monument, a memorial which will stand forever at the gateway of the nation, an imperishable testimony to the nobility of their race. Within sight of the great city which typifies the remorseless civilization that succeeded their sovereignty, they heard the Indian character extolled by the President of the United States, and the thunder of guns saluting in their honor. It may well be believed that they felt for the first time that "allegiance to our common country" which was pledged in the final peace treaty they signed.

Yet this belated tribute, the worthy conception of a big-hearted American, carries a thought which is a rebuke to the nation. Not a note of dissent is now heard when the President and his Cabinet, with representatives of the army and navy, unite to pay honor to the Indian. But only a few years ago such utterances as were heard at Fort Wadsworth would have startled the most sympathetic admirers of the red man, and would have stirred furious protest among many thousands of patriotic Americans.

The significant fact is that these tributes are quite in harmony with the soundest historical records. They but echo the testimony of those who knew the Indian in the distant past, before he had learned the vices of civilization and seen the doom prepared for him. These things were written in the year 1683:

If an European comes to see them or calls for lodgings at their house or wigwam, they give him the best place and first cut. If they come to visit us they salute us, "Good be to you." If you give them anything to eat or drink, well, for they will not ask; and, be it little or much, if it be with kindness, they are well pleased. * * *

In liberality they excel. Nothing is too good for their friend. Wealth circulates like the blood; all parts partake; and though none shall want what another hath, yet are they exact observers of property. Some kings have sold others presented me with several parcels of land. The pay or presents I made were not hoarded by the particular owners, but, the neighboring kings and their clans being present, they consulted what and to whom they should give. So the kings distribute, and to themselves last.

Do not abuse them, but let them have justice, and you win them. The worst is that they are the worse for the Christians, who have propagated their vices and yielded them tradition for ill and not for good things. * * *

miserable, indeed, for us to fall under the just censure of the poor Indian conscience, while we make profession of things so far transcending.

Thus the Indian appeared to the just, discriminating intelligence of William Penn. Is it not remarkable that after two centuries the same verdict should be rendered by national consent?

Yet to citizens who have reached middle age, how strange do these eulogies appear! Twenty years ago the name of Indian was synonymous with cruel savagery. Fiction writers were no more emphatic than historians in ascribing to him the vices of treachery, falsehood and dishonesty; they would hardly grant him a single virtue to redeem his character from utter depravity. And almost the sole basis for this picture was the cruelty undoubtedly used in Indian warfare.

But what made the Indian a remorseless enemy of civilization, if it was not the civilization which revealed itself as a remorseless enemy to him? General Richard H. Pratt, who has spent a lifetime in advancing the welfare of the subjugated race, has said: "It is a great mistake to think that the Indian is born an inevitable savage. He is born a blank like all the rest of us."

Civilization found him possessing the traits of honor and hospitality and generosity, as described by William Penn, and it taught him how fatal were these qualities when opposed to greed. Instead of developing them, civilization mocked at them. It robbed him and then outlawed him. And when he retorted upon wrong with savagery, it blackened his character with unrestrained calumny.

The removal of the Indian from the path of progress was inevitable. But the significant fact is that his reputation for unredeemed cruelty and worthlessness kept pace accurately with the ruthless exploitation directed against his property.

Instead of doing its necessary work with justice, civilization degraded it by crimes of cunning, and then tried to cover them by systematic slander. Not until the remnants of the race had been stripped of almost its last possessions did a decent public sentiment force recognition of the Indians' claims upon the Government and upon the white race for justice.

Now the nation so far discerns the truth as to approve unanimously the paying to the Indian of the finest honor ever offered to a people. The plan of Rodman Wanamaker is inspired by an artistic sympathy and deep sense of justice, which strike a responsive chord from one end of the country to the other. He serves his own people as well as those whom he honors by his far-visions project of a great national memorial to the first owners of America.

That ownership was the Indian's real crime. It was his fatal misfortune to come too early upon the stage. If, instead of being found here by the first white men, he had come a century or two later, though he had come as a pauper refugee, his fate had been kinder.

The immigrant today finds law and order established for him, opportunity open for him, schools and hospitals free for him and his children. The Indian, possessing all the land, was robbed and hunted into the wilds and then maligned as a worthless creature, fit only to be destroyed by a beneficent civilization.

The most striking reparation that could be offered for these wrongs is now made possible through the munificence of one American who has the imagination to conceive and the heart to execute it. Can it be doubted that his great thought is another manifestation of the awakening spirit of justice which is felt throughout the world?

Civilization habitually justifies its treatment of the Indian on the ground of economic necessity. It is true that the red man was not a developer and that the vast resources of this country were needed for the upbuilding of a new and stronger race.

But let us be slow to boast of a civilization which has squandered the treasures of the land as ours has done; which has permitted the growth of a system of exploitation almost as cruel as that inflicted upon the Indians, and which tolerates social wrongs more relentless than the savagery the aborigines inflicted upon their worst enemy.

While the slavery of women and children and the infliction of deadly conditions of life upon countless human beings are defended as necessary to our progress, it is permitted, to doubt whether our concept of the divine purpose and of justice is vastly higher than that of

the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind.

The Press

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 22, 1913

INDIAN CHIEFS AND TAFT START NEW STATUE

Join With President in Breaking
Ground for Memorial to
Their Race.

ALL VOW ALLEGIANCE

Special Dispatch to "The Press."

New York, Feb. 22.—Thirty-three Indian chiefs, painted and decorated as if going to war, joined with President Taft today in a ceremony prefacing the erection at Fort Wadsworth, S. I., of Rodman Wanamaker's conspicuous memorial to the redskin. This memorial is not only to keep the memory of the Indian alive, but it is to mark the passing of the day when the sight of a person in paint and feathers was a fairly good sign that there would be fewer stockings to hang up the following Christmas over the white man's fireplace.

The chiefs, in charge of F. M. Abbott, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Major James McLaughlin, of the Department of the Interior, went to Staten Island from the foot of East Twenty-fourth street on the army tug General Joseph E. Johnson. They were followed an hour later by the Dolphin, with President and Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Thomas Laughlin, Mrs. Taft's sister, Major Rhoads, Secretary Hilles, Rodman Wanamaker and several other persons.

Some Old Warriors Present.

With the exception of Chief Edward Swan, of the Minniconjou Sioux, who has become so fat he couldn't dive into his uniform, all the tribal leaders were dressed like the Indians you've seen pictured in "Custer's Last Stand." Some of those present today were at the battle of the Little Big Horn. Two of them were Two Moons, 95 years old and blind, and Wooden Leg.

The regular salute from the fort 15-pounders was given to the President, and another salute for the chiefs. The long paths which zigzag up the fort embankment were crowded with persons of all ages. They stood uncomplainingly in the rain for hours, quite satisfied to wait until the Indians began to make their way up to the scene of the ceremony.

President Taft was cheered by the dampened spectators when he reached the pier and stepped into a machine. On reaching the spot selected for the monument—a point 168 feet above the bay—the Indians and attending officials gathered around a huge staff, from which 33 strings depended. Greetings were exchanged between the chiefs and the President, and then Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, leader of the Wanamaker Historical Expeditions to the North American Indian and Secretary of the National American Indian Memorial Association,

Editorial—The Philadelphia Press

THE WANAMAKER INDIAN MONUMENT

So long as the Indian was killing and scalping settlers on the frontier, so long as he was feared and hated, no one proposed to erect a monument in his honor and to commemorate his race. He is a striking feature in many pictures and occupies a large but subordinate part in memorials of great events in our history. The familiar wooden Indian of our city streets, now apparently disappearing, was intended to signify not the Indian, but the Indian weed, tobacco, which is one of his two or three important gifts to Old World civilization. With the Indian there is now peace. Whether his numbers are decreasing or not is a matter of dispute, but his ancient power and importance are gone. He lives under new conditions and on historic grounds it is meet and proper that a dignified and impressive monument should be erected to the North American Indian of the past.

Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, of this city, conceived the idea of such a monument four years ago, and Washington's Birthday of this year was selected as a fitting time to break the ground for this monument. It will stand close to the principal gateway of the nation at Fort Wadsworth, on the highest point on Staten Island. Congress passed a law a year ago that a suitable memorial to the North American Indian might be erected on a military reservation in the harbor of New York by Mr. Rodman Wanamaker and others "without expense to the United States Government." This act gives the proposed statue a national recognition and status, and the first shovelful of earth for the foundation was dug yesterday by President Taft in connection with his address on this interesting occasion.

While the North American Indian of the past was feared and hated by those near at hand, who often treated him with cruelty and injustice, he has never been despised by those who judged him with any discrimination. He was capable of sinking very low with the aid of "fire water," and he readily absorbed to his ruin some of the worst vices of frontier life. But seen in retrospect and uncontaminated by white association, he has won and held the respect of his successors on the Continent. He had many fine qualities, and the many stories of true nobility of character shown by Indians are not all fables. William Penn and the Society of Friends got on easily and amicably with the Indians because they treated them kindly and never injured or deceived them. It is impossible now to apportion the blame between Indian ferocity and white duplicity elsewhere, but the Indian under natural conditions is gone. He is no longer a mighty hunter and warrior. It is to the Indian of history, the Indian that our fathers and grandfathers knew and feared and respected that this monument is erected.

The Indian has left his impress on our language and his mellifluous tongue is stamped all over American geography. What effect the constant warfare which he waged on successive generations of Americans has had on the disposition and temperament of their descendants can only be conjectured. It is probable that this influence in making the American stock self-reliant, aggressive and even belligerent was very great. Certainly it was not inconsiderable and makes the American Indian worthy to receive from his white successor a memorial of beauty, dignity and distinction.

spoke of the purposes of the memorial, after "America" had been played by the bands.

Before the President spoke the white strands that hung from the masthead of the wooden shaft around which the Indians were gathered, were placed, one strand to each, in the hands of the chiefs, and they pulled slowly on them, gradually drawing the American flag to the top.

President Taft's address was brief. "For two centuries," he said, "the North American Indian has had a right to be treated, not as a relic of prehistoric man, but as an existing force with great and

immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races."

In his reply the Indian chief said that he and his companions considered themselves from this day forward citizens of the United States. "To the end of our days," he said, "we will encourage our children to take the advice of the white man. We ask him to join us and help us get out of the rut in which we have existed so many years. We thought that when the white man came he came as a visitor, but we find he came to rule us. We see now that he was fated to come and to improve our country and teach us civilization."

Big Gathering of Indians.

The gathering of the Indians marked the last time, perhaps, that so many native chiefs will assemble in the East. Most of them are between 75 and 80 years old. Some of them fought against Custer, among these being Chief Hollow Horn Bear, who stands 6 feet 4 inches tall, and Chief White-Man-Runs-Him, more than 70 years old, tall, straight as a pine tree and one of the finest specimens of the Indian alive today. White-Man-Runs-Him was chief of the Custer scouts. Others were Chief Two Moons, 80, nearly blind and almost hidden by feathers bespeaking his prowess; and Pretty Voice Eagle, of the Sioux, 70-odd, who carries in his body 21 bullets picked up in 70 fights and skirmishes with Government troops and neighboring tribes.

Journal

Leesburg, Ga., March 6, 1913

THE INDIAN MONUMENT

That was an interesting scene on Staten Island recently when 29 full-blooded Indian chiefs from Western reservations stood on the crest of the hill at Fort Wadsworth and saw President Taft turn up the first spadeful of earth for excavations for a great monument to the Indians of America. They formed a silent group as they watched, each chief dressed in the full regalia of his tribe, and each the representative of a vanishing race which, four hundred years ago, was in undisputed control of the vast domain in which is now the United States.

When the memorial is completed, a heroic bronze figure of an Indian warrior will tower 165 feet above the highest point of land in the vicinity of New York harbor, and the immigrant from the Old World, coming to seek a home in the Land of the Free, will, as his ship passes through The Narrows, glance from the huge figure of the Indian to that of "Liberty Enlightening the World," the latter towering high above Bedloe's Island.

The story of the American Indian is a sad story. Four centuries ago all of what is now the United States was his. Today he has nothing save what, by the grace of the "Great White Father," he is permitted to occupy. It could not be, of course, that a race of savages should be permitted to stand in the way of the making of a great nation, but it was to have been expected of civilization that the Indians should receive fair treatment. He was first dispossessed of the choicest tracts of land, and then, as the white man's needs increased, of others—and others! Always were fair promises made and treaties signed, but these have been unblushingly broken by the Great White Fathers as often as suited the Great White Fathers' convenience.

The monument of the people of the United States to the American Indian will be a unique and interesting memorial, but it will also be a hollow mockery.

Lawrence World

Kansas, Sat., February 22, 1913

First Earth Removed for Erection of Memorial to American Indian

New York, Feb. 22.—Twenty-nine full-blood Indian chiefs from western reservations, bedecked in the regalia of their rank, marched stolidly up the hill at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, today, with their "Great White Father," President Taft, and members of his official family. At the crest of the hill, the highest point on the Atlantic Coast between New York and Florida, they formed a silent group as the President upturned a spadeful of earth breaking the ground for the national American Indian Memorial, a sixty-foot bronze statue of an Indian warrior which will tower 105 feet above the highest elevation around New York Harbor. A tribute to a finishing race.

The guns of the fort roared a national salute at the moment the President plied his foot on the spade. Chief Hollow Horn Bear, of Yankton Sioux, upturned the second bit of earth with the thigh bone of a buffalo.

This gathering marked the last time, perhaps, that so many chiefs will assemble in the east. Most of them fought against Custer, among these being Hollow Horn Bear, who stands six feet four inches, and Chief White-Man-Runs-Him, more than 70 years old, tall and straight as a pine tree.



RODMAN WANAMAKER, 1913

PIPE OF PEACE

THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD

PHILADELPHIA, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 23, 1913

INDIANS AID AT OWN MEMORIAL

War Chiefs Help President
Break Ground for Heroic
Bronze.

OUTPOST OF NEW YORK

Great Statue, Conceived by Rod-
man Wanamaker, to Greet
Arriving Ships.

CUSTER VETERAN SPEAKS

Old Fighters From Plains Add
Dignity and Pathos to
Ceremony.

From a Staff Correspondent.

New York, Feb. 22.—With 33 Indian chiefs in real war paint looking on, and amid the barking of guns from the yacht Dolphin, President Taft this afternoon broke ground in the foggy height where Fort Wadsworth overlooks the Narrows, for the magnificent memorial statue to the American Indian, which Rodman Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, has made possible. The ceremony was simple and the speeches short, because of the drizzly weather.

The memorial will consist of a bronze Indian 60 feet high, on a 35-foot pedestal, the latter flanked on each side by an Indian museum of granite, in Aztec style. The site is 168 feet above the bay.

The President, in turning the sod for the statue, used an Indian stone hammer dug up on Staten Island, with which he struck a spade tipped with silver. As the President rammed the spade into the ground the Dolphin commenced the Presidential salute. The President then addressed the small but important gathering, comprising the Indian chiefs and men who fought against the red man in the West. He briefly reviewed the history of the Indian and praised him for the adaptability shown in changing habits and customs.

"During the past two centuries," said the President, "the American Indian has won the right no longer to be regarded as a relic of prehistoric man, but to be recognized as an existing force, with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races and upon the course of historic events."

"It is more appropriate that this race, which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came, and which had so much to do with the country since his advent, should have a memorial in this, the great sea entrance of the North American Continent."

Praise Pleases Indians.

Those Indians who understood English were manifestly pleased with the praise accorded by the Great White Father. Their grim features relaxed into smiles which cracked the war paint with which they were besmeared.

Then came the most interesting event of the exercises, charged with pathos and yet with amusing features. The famous old "bad" Indian, Chief Hollow Horn Bear, who fought against Custer and participated in the Little Big Horn massacre, responded on behalf of the Indian race. The feathers of his war bonnet trailed to the ground, the war paint showed a tendency to run because of the drizzle, but he did not look like an Indian in the circus. He seemed to feel the dignity befitting the representative of a great, although fallen race, and to appreciate the honor done his people.

The old warrior spoke in his native Sioux tongue, and Major James McLaughlin, Indian inspector for the Department of the Interior, translated.

The grizzled old warrior spoke simply of the passing of his race. He said the Great Spirit had ordained that the white man should possess the land and the Indian had bowed his head. His people, he said, were thankful for the tribute which the white man would raise here. "To the end of our days," he said, "we will encourage our children to take the advice of the white man. We will ask him to join us and help us get out of the rut in which we have existed so many years. We thought that when the white man came he came as a visitor, but we found he came to rule us. We see now that he was fated to come and to improve our country and teach us civilization."

When he had finished he took a curious spade, made from the thigh bone of a buffalo, and turned another clod. Mountain Sheep sang a guttural war song, and then all the Indians put their hands to the rope that pulled up the American flag.

This raising of the American flag by the leaders of the Indian race was regarded as the climax of the ceremony. Perhaps never before had so signal a sign of loyalty to the Government at Washington been shown by the real leaders of these tribes, which made so much trouble for settlers.

After the flag had been raised a surprise was waiting for the guests, thanks to Director George E. Roberts, of the Mint. A bag of brand-new Indian-head nickels had been sent over, the first to be put into circulation and each guest received one of the new coins. The Indians uttered grunts of delight as they inspected the Indian on one side of the coin, looking more like the real article than did the Indian which formerly adorned the penny, and the buffalo on the reverse.

When the President and his party arrived at Fort Wadsworth in the Dolphin, at 12.15 o'clock, they found a notable group of invited guests awaiting. Among these were Secretary of the Interior Walter L. Fisher, Alfred Sears, borough president of Kings; Cyrus C. Miller, the Bronx borough president; Congressman Robert E. Diefenderfer, of Pennsylvania; General Henry D. Hamilton, of Governor Sulzer's staff; Rear Admiral Hugo M. Osterhaus, General Nelson H. Henry, surveyor of the port; Dr. George Frederick Kunz, president of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society, and Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, secretary of the National Indian Memorial Association.

Among those who accompanied President and Mrs. Taft to Staten Island on the Dolphin, were Rodman Wanamaker, Secretary Hilles and Mrs. Thomas Laughlin, the President's sister, who joined the invited guests at Fort Wadsworth.

Besides these and the newspaper men there were the Indians. The delegation of red men had come over on the General Johnson, the quartermaster's tug. They were received at Fort Wadsworth by a detail of artillerymen, and a salute of 13 guns rang out as they were escorted up the hill.

The chiefs were brought here through the efforts of Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, head of the Wanamaker Educational Department, who was sent to the far

West in 1908 by Rodman Wanamaker to make permanent records of the manners and customs of the Indians.

Dr. Dixon welcomed the President, and opened the exercises by explaining briefly the purpose of the memorial. It is desired, he said, to erect at the gateway to the New World a token of the former lords of the land, so that they may not be forgotten by those entering America for the first time, and about to become citizens.

Indians who took part in the ceremony included:

Northern Cheyenne—Chief Two Moons, 80 and nearly blind; Chief Little Wolf, Chief Black Wolf, Chief Wooden Leg, Chief Shoulder Blade. Arikara—Chief Little White Man, Chief Little Low Land.

Gros Ventres—Chief Young, Chief Old Dog, Chief Drags Wolf, Chief Wounded Face, Chief Rustler.

Mandan—Joseph Packeneau. Crow—Apsaraka—White Man Runs Him, who was Custer's chief scout; Chief Plenty Coups, Chief Medicine Crow; Shively, interpreter.

Miniconjou Sioux—Chief Swan. Ogallala Sioux—Chief Red Cloud. Chief Red Hawk.

Yankton Sioux—Chief Pretty Voice Eagle, who was in 70 fights and carries 21 bullets; Chief Runs the Enemy, Chief Hollow Horn Bear.

Standing Rock Sioux—Chief One Feather.

Crow Creek Sioux—Chief Ghost Bear. Blackfeet—Mountain Chief, Chief Big Spring, Chief Black Weasel, Chief Little Dog.

Southern Cheyenne—Chief Brave Bear.

San Carlos Apache—Nethla. Kiowa—Chief Lone Wolf. Chippewa—Chief Red Blanket, Chief Gay-she-goer-ar-sh.

The memorial will face the lower bay, looking seaward. The point of the fort set apart for the site is 168 feet above the bay. A winding roadway, lined with rows of fine shade trees, will rise with a gradual slope to the front of the memorial.

Panorama of Indian Life.

Rugged gray granite is to be used in the museum pedestal and construction. This will be 35 feet high, and the front will have a row of plain round columns supporting a frieze in carved relief depicting scenes from the life of the Indian. Inside the museum there will be several rooms fitted up similar to the dwellings of the distinctive Indian tribes.

The Cliff Dwellers will have a room; in another there will be a reproduction of the interior of the tepee, while another will be of the bark lodge type com-

mon to the Iroquois tribes of the East. Indian relics will be gathered in these rooms and books dealing with Indian subjects are to occupy shelves of a library room. Then there will be rooms in which animals of the chase will be exhibited together with Indian weapons and costumes.

Over the museum building in granite, the pedestal will stand 70 feet high. The bronze Indian, towering 60 feet aloft, will surmount all. The figure will carry a bow and arrow, the implements of the chase, in one hand. The other hand will point heavenward, with two fingers extended in token of the universal peace sign of the Indian.

A series of steps are to lead to the entrance of the museum from the roadway and on each side will stand two life-size buffaloes. At the foot of the same stairs the statue of an Indian astride a horse, bareback fashion, will be placed in front of the memorial.

Relics a Complete History.

"The collection of Indian relics in the memorial museum," says Dr. Dixon, "will be such that 500 years from now historians of that period will be able to write a history of the then extinct American Indian. It will add another educational feature to New York city, standing as it will on the frontier of the greatest city in the world. It will serve, too, to balance the city, with this great Indian standing at one end and St. John's Cathedral and Columbia University at the other end."

Thomas Hastings, the architect, has prepared the plans, and the Indian figure to form the most impressive part of the memorial has been modeled by Daniel C. French, the sculptor.

Oswego Palladium

New York, Feb. 24, 1913

The Wanamaker Indian Memorial.

The Indian memorial, for which the first clod was turned Saturday at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, is a strange monument. It is to a race. It is unique in that. It is to a people—vanishing, or vanished—so far as the progress of the world goes. Its significance is as a tomb of a race, more than anything else. On a pedestal 75 feet high, a giant figure of an Indian is to stand, with bow, undrawn, and arrow hanging by his side, and his right arm stretched toward the entrance to his native country, with two fingers extended, meaning in his sign language, "peace."

The speeches Saturday by chiefs of the remnants of the red people indorsed this sentiment. There was a faint echo of the ancient protest against the white man's usurpation in the speech of one—so faint as hardly to be detected, as if from the ghost of their race, and the expressions of loyalty to the Government had a little of the note of submission, as well as of new patriotism.

It has been a strange history, the gradual overwhelming of a savage people, scattered thinly over a continent, by the highest civilization the world has seen. At first the little companies of Europeans that made the first flights across seas to America were met by the Indians on an equality, in peace or in war.

Who shall say which was the more pacific, or which more murderous? The desperate Plymouth colony would have been extinguished except for the Indians' corn. Their trappers' spoil was the only riches of India the deluded European found here. He gave in exchange powder and ball, whisky, knives and utensils, and worthless trinkets. The Indians visited the horrible warfare on the whites and the whites murdered the Indians.

Their tribal wars that kept beating down their number were later turned into warfare as allies of the white men, French or English. As such they retained a standing of equality, and until one of the invaders had conquered the other, neither's claim to territory was good, nor independent of the red man's consent. When English arms had carried the long day of fighting, against the French, the inevitable fate of the uncivilized race was sealed. They are now dying out on little tracts given them by their conquerors, morally and as far as their part or importance in the world goes, though there may be an arrest in their decrease in numbers.

After this history the chiefs who attended the first steps toward erecting this memorial, in their full native dress, must have been moved by mixed feelings.

It is a late day, in their sophistication as American citizens, to be deeply stirred by reflections that once must have made them dejected, if not resentful. But we can not but think that it would have been a happy thing if the Indian could have chosen and initiated his national memorial, perhaps expressing the same sentiment, but not dictated by a rich Philadelphia merchant.

Editorial—The Philadelphia Record

THE INDIAN MONUMENT

A monument was due to the aborigines, and the munificence of Mr. Rodman Wanamaker discharges that obligation of the pale-faces to the red men. As a race the Indian is rapidly approaching extinction. By counting all the half-breeds, besides all the Indians who are under the prodding of a paternal government, trying to be as much like white men as possible, the Census Office is able to show that there are probably as many Indians today as there ever were. But the Indian life has almost wholly disappeared, and the full-blooded Indians are fast passing away. What is there left of the Algonquins, the Iroquois, the Ojibways, the Lenni Lenapi of this region, of the associated tribes that under Pontiac made one last desperate attempt to drive the white man into the sea and recover the continent which was the land of their fathers? If Pontiac had not made the mistake of forming his conspiracy after the French king had been defeated and Canada had passed under the British flag he might have succeeded in destroying all the colonies south of St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes.

It is particularly appropriate that the monument to the memory of the aborigines should be provided by a son of Pennsylvania. This colony, while controlled by the Society of Friends, got along without fighting the Indians. The lands needed were purchased, the natives were not plied with firewater, and they were not infected with disease. Their rights were recognized and there was peace.

As ours purports to be a land of liberty it is proper that it should have at least one monument to the memory of the most liberty-loving people that ever lived. They had their faults. The frontiersmen know all about them, and they are written on the pages of history. But if the pioneers had treated them as if they were men, possessed of rights and entitled to good faith, not so many pages of our history would have been written in flame and blood. The Indian is worth remembering as the freest of all free men. The black man has flourished in a state of slavery. The white man has borne it for long periods. But, deprived of liberty, the Indian has perished. He was perfectly worthless as a slave. His social and political system existed for generations, and probably for many centuries, without government or law that we can understand. Custom and precedent guided his conduct. He made chiefs of his big fighters, but they were without authority, though not without great influence. Even in his own tribe and his own band or village the Indian preserved his personal independence. It is well that we should have a monument to the one race that was able to live without courts and policemen and jails, and in which no man was vested with power over others.

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© RODMAN WANAMAKER. 1913 RUNS THE ENEMY

The Evening Bulletin

Saturday, February 22, 1913.

TAFT AND INDIANS BEGIN BIG MEMORIAL

The President and 29 Chiefs
Turn Earth for Rodman Wan-
amaker Tribute to Dying
Race.

REDMEN CHANT FOLKSONG

New York, Feb. 22.—Twenty-nine full-blood Indian chiefs from Western reservations, bedecked in colorful regalia of their rank, marched stolidly up the hill at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, today, with their "Great White Father," President Taft, and members of his official family.

At the crest of the hill, the highest point on the Atlantic coast between New York and Florida, they formed a silent group as the President at noon upturned a spadeful of earth, breaking ground for the National American Indian Memorial, to be crowned with a 60-foot bronze statue of an Indian warrior, which will tower 165 feet above the highest elevation around New York harbor.

Thus with pleasing, appropriate ceremony was begun this tribute to a vanishing race, conceived by Rodman Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, and carried out with the sanction and co-operation of the United States Government.

The guns of the fort roared a national salute of 21 guns at the moment the President placed his foot upon the spade. As he stepped back, Chief Hollow Horn Bear, of the Yankton Sioux, came forward from the group of impassive red men and upturned a second bit of earth with the thigh bone of a buffalo. That done the chief replied with a speech to an address by the President.

As Hollow Horn Bear's voice died away the Stars and Stripes were run up a great flagpole near by, to the rhythm of Indian folk songs, sung by the chiefs. When it reached the top the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The assemblage of Indians marked the last time, perhaps, that so many native chiefs will assemble in the East. Most of them are between 75 and 80 years old. Some of them fought against Custer, among these being Chief Hollow Horn Bear, who stands six feet four inches tall, and Chief White-Man-Runs-Him, more than seventy years old, tall, straight as a pine tree and one of the finest specimens of the Indian alive today.

White-Man-Runs-Him was chief of the Custer scouts. Others were Chief Two

Moons, 80 years old, nearly blind and almost hidden by feathers, bespeaking his prowess; and Pretty Voice Eagle, of the Sioux, seventy-odd years of age, who carries in his body 21 bullet wounds received in 70 fights and skirmishes with Government troops and neighboring tribes.

Distinguished Persons Present.

Members of the Cabinet and many distinguished guests were present at the ceremony, but next to Mr. Taft the chiefs took the most prominent part.

The National American Indian Memorial, which is to rise on the spot thus dedicated, will carry out Mr. Wanamaker's suggestion that it typify a greeting from the first Americans to the people of other nations.

In furtherance of this idea a commis-

sion was formed, the Sixty-second Congress bestowed a Government plot, historical organizations voiced their co-operation. The Improved Order of Red Men sent a money contribution, sculptor and architect were selected and today's function marks the beginning of the actual work of erection.

The memorial will be erected at Fort Tompkins, the northern section of Fort Wadsworth, on the western curve of Staten Island, just above the Narrows. The statue will tower 175 feet over the topmost tip of Liberty's torch in the upper bay.

The huge figure of the Indian, his hands raised in the friendly gesture with which the savage greeted the first Transatlantic navigators, will surmount a majestic structure in the classic style, which will house an exhaustive collection of Indian relics and data, among which will be the dramatic set of photographs taken during the Wanamaker expedition of 1909. They show the last great Indian Council, to which chiefs came from every section of the Far West and the narrative of which is a volume of romance in itself.

A great flight of steps will lead down toward the bay. At their foot, upon a spacious plateau of masonry, will be another Indian on horseback, his two fingers uplifted as a sign of peace.

The chiefs, who represent 15 tribes and are among the last of the full-blooded red men, were brought here through the efforts of Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, head of the Wanamaker educational department, who was sent to the Far West in 1908 by Rodman Wanamaker to make permanent records of the manners and customs of the Indians. Major James McLaughlin, the veteran Government inspector of reservations, had charge of the Indians at the ceremony and interpreted the speeches.

When the chiefs got here yesterday they found two old friends awaiting them. George Bird Grinnell, the writer, and his wife were at the station, and if you had the idea that Indians were not given to quick expression of emotion, you should have seen the faces light up when the chiefs caught sight of Mrs. Grinnell. They shook hands with much ceremony, and said how glad they were to see a friendly face.

With few exceptions the chiefs were big men, so big that they towered above the crowd that followed them to the hotel. Only one or two had ever been in New York before, and the charge of the automobiles at the street crossings came near causing a panic.

Yesterday most of the chiefs wore high-crowned white felt hats decorated with fancy bead bands and sometimes with a long feather trailing from the crown. Their long hair was neatly braided and kept in place with red or blue ribbons.

Two Moons, who led the Northern Cheyennes against Custer, an old man now and blind, was led at the head of the little procession. He is a very tall man and as flat-backed as any of the young bucks of his tribe.

Near him was Red Cloud, son of the great war chief of the Ogallala Sioux, and Louis Pierre, one of the tribal judges of the Flatheads. Pierre's traveling costume includes a long eagle feather which, it was explained, meant that he had "killed without using a gun."

Editorial—Troy Times

The American Indian.

The ceremonies attending the breaking of ground for the national memorial on Staten Island were of interest because of the participation by President Taft and representatives of Indian tribes. The memorial is to be unique as well as magnificent. It is to typify the noblest traits and the past greatness of the American Indian, and has been authorized by Congress. The design provides for a structure of granite and marble, to be surmounted by a colossal figure of an Indian in bronze. The memorial will be at Fort Wadsworth, 165 feet above the Narrows, the highest point on the coast between New York and Florida, and will be the most conspicuous object seen by travelers entering New York Bay.

A picturesque feature was furnished at the ground-breaking by the presence of the large band of chiefs, from most of the prominent tribes of Indians, and in the regalia worn by them on occasions of state they presented a vivid contrast to the gold-laced military officers and the fashionably-dressed throng. But the gathering had a significance not overlooked by President Taft or others. The chiefs had come in response to invitations intended to show them honor as types of their race, and they reciprocated by entering into the spirit of the gathering. Some had been noted leaders when their hands were on the warpath. Others were well educated and highly civilized. An impressive incident was the assembling of the chiefs and the signing of an oath attesting their loyalty to the United States Government. The oath, framed by the Indians, recognized that "the Indian is fast losing his identity in the face of the great wave of Caucasian civilization which is extending to the four winds of this country," declared the signers, "want fuller knowledge in order that we may take our place in the civilization which surrounds us," and gave this pledge: "We, the undersigned, representatives of various Indian tribes of the United States, through our President and the people, renew our allegiance to the glorious flag of the United States and offer our hearts to our country's service." Appreciation of the "honor and privilege extended by our white brothers" in the invitation to the ceremonies was happily expressed.

Old things are passing away, even in this new country, and the memorial on Staten Island, which will furnish a companion piece to Liberty enlightening the world, will testify to the change. But the monument will be no more eloquent than the conduct of the red men who assembled at the spot and accepted the inevitable.

Providence Bulletin

Saturday, February 22, 1913

INDIAN CHIEFTAINS WATCH MEMORIAL TO RACE STARTED

Red Men and President Taft
Break Ground at Fort Wadsworth, N. Y., for Giant Monument—Tribal Heads Wear Regalia of Rank.

New York, Feb. 22.—Twenty-nine full-blood Indian chiefs from Western reservations, bedecked in the regalia of their rank, marched stolidly up the hill at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, today with their "Great White Father," President Taft, and members of his official family.

At the crest of the hill, the highest point on the Atlantic coast between New York and Florida, they formed a silent group as the President upturned a spadeful of earth, breaking ground for the National American Indian Memorial, a 60-foot bronze statue of an Indian warrior which will tower 165 feet above the highest elevation around New York harbor, a tribute to the vanishing race.

The guns of the fort roared a national salute of 21 guns at the moment the President placed his foot on the spade. As he stepped back, Chief Hollow Horn Bear, of the Yankton Sioux, emerged from the group and turned a second bit of earth with the thighbone of a buffalo. That done, the chief replied with a speech to an address by the President.

As Hollow Horn Bear's voice died away the Stars and Stripes were run up a great flagpole near-by, to the rhythm of Indian folksongs, sung by the chiefs. When it reached the top, the band broke out with "The Star Spangled Banner."

The gathering of the Indians marked the last time, perhaps, that so many native chiefs will assemble in the East. Most of them are between 75 and 80 years old.

Some of them fought against Custer, among them being Chief Hollow Horn Bear, who was chief of Custer's scouts, and who stands six feet four inches tall, and Chief White-Man-Runs-Him, more than 70 years old, tall, straight as a pine tree, and one of the finest specimens of the Indian alive today. Others were Chief Two Moons, 80, nearly blind and almost hidden by feathers, bespeaking his prowess, and Pretty-Voice Eagle, of the Sioux, 70-odd, who carries in his body 21 bullets picked up in 70 fights and skirmishes with Government troops and neighboring tribes.

Boston Transcript

Wednesday, February 26, 1913

LO, THE BIG INDIAN

The ceremonies at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, when President Taft broke ground for Rodman Wanamaker's gift of a colossal statue commemorative of the vanishing red man, ceremonies in which thirty-three Indian chiefs participated, all but one in the war paint and feathers of their tribes, brought out of storage for the occasion, is of large sentimental interest. It seems but a short time since Indian outbreaks were current items of news from the West, but the futility of attempting to make headway against the white man has become apparent to the Indian tribes and they are surely adopting the ways of civilization. Another generation, the second at least, will see them practically absorbed into the body of the people of the United States, their tribal relations a matter of small moment, or extinguished. There will be nothing but his complexion to distinguish the descendant of the original American from the American descendant of Europeans. Indeed, the Indian strain is hardly discernible in many who call themselves Indians, by reason of intermarriages. Even the cigar-store Indian which was once the favorite sign of the tobacconist in every American town has vanished. Soon it will be only in figures in the ethnological displays of museums and in the colossal shape that is to arise on Staten Island that the Indian of Fenimore Cooper and the history books and the dime novel will be seen. The big statue will be a fine sight for travelers from the East to America, and a reminder to them of days that have vanished.

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1913.

INDIAN CHIEFS

SEE TAFT START WORK ON STATUE

Twenty-nine Watch "White
Father" Dig First Spadeful
of Earth.

BRAVE MAKES SPEECH

Mr. Rodman Wanamaker's Trib-
ute to Aborigines Stands in
New York Harbor.

New York, Feb. 22.—Twenty-nine full-blooded Indian chiefs from Western reservations, bedecked in the regalia of their rank, marched stolidly up the hill at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, today, with their "Great White Father," President Taft, and members of his official family.

At the crest of the hill, the highest point on the Atlantic coast between New York and Florida, they formed a silent group as the President upturned a spadeful of earth, breaking ground for the national American Indian memorial, a gift to the nation by Mr. Rodman Wanamaker.

This is a 65-foot bronze statue of an Indian warrior, which will tower 165 feet above the highest elevation around New York harbor, a tribute to a vanishing race.

The guns of the fort roared a national salute of 21 guns at the moment the President placed his foot on the spade. As he stepped back, Chief Hollow Horn Bear, of the Yankton Sioux, came forward from the group and upturned a second bit of earth with the thigh bone of a buffalo. That done, the chief replied with a speech to an address by the President.

President Taft's address was brief. "For two centuries," he said, "the North American Indian has had a right to be treated not as a relic of prehistoric man, but as an existing force, with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races."

In his reply the Indian chief said that he and his companions considered themselves from this day forward citizens of the United States. "To the end of our days," he said, "we will encourage our children to take the advice of the white man. We ask him to join us and help us get out of the rut in which we have existed so many years."

"We thought that when the white man came he came as a visitor, but we found he came to rule us. We see now that he was fated to come and to improve our country and teach us civilization."

The first of the new nickels showing the American Indian on one side and the American buffalo on the other, were put in circulation today among the crowd that witnessed this ceremony.

Dr. George F. Kunz, president of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, had obtained a bag filled with the new five-cent pieces from the Director of the Mint. The first one was given to President Taft and the rest were distributed among the Indian chiefs and the distinguished guests.

Run Up "Old Glory."

As Hollow Horn Bear's voice died away the Stars and Stripes were run up a great flagpole nearby, to the rhythm of Indian folksong, sung by the chieftains. When it reached the top the band broke out with "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The gathering of the Indians marked the last time perhaps that so many native chiefs will assemble in the East.

Some of them fought against Custer, among these being Chief Hollow Horn Bear, who stands 6 feet 4 inches tall, and Chief White-Man-Runs-Him, more than 70 years old, tall, straight as a pine tree and one of the finest specimens of the Indian alive today.

White-Man-Runs-Him was chief of the Custer scouts. Others were Chief Two Moons, 80, nearly blind and almost hidden by feathers bespeaking his prowess, and Pretty Voice Eagle, of the Sioux, 70-odd, who carries in his body 21 bullets picked up in 70 fights and skirmishes with Government troops and neighboring tribes.

Distinguished Gathering Present.

A distinguished gathering witnessed the memorial exercises. The plan had its inception several years ago. The monument is being erected under authority from Congress by a committee of which Mr. Rodman Wanamaker is the head.

Those who saw the ground broken included the Governor of the Empire State, the Mayor of New York city, high Government functionaries and officers of rank in army and navy.

The chiefs in council today were: Chief Plenty Coups, head of the Apsarakas or Crows, a tribe always loyal to the white after the Government protectorate was established. Chief Medicine Crow, looking like a Roman Senator, will be present, and Pretty Voice Eagle and Red Cloud, famed Sioux warriors; Mountain Chief, a Blackfoot; White-Man-Runs-Him, chief of the Crow scouts, staunchly faithful to Custer at the time of the massacre, and old Two Moons, over 6 feet tall and of superb physique, despite his 80 years, blind, relentlessly unforgiving, stoic and cynic, one of the leaders in the slaughter of the "White Chief with Yellow Hair."

Hollow Horn Bear is a Sioux whose face is engraved on the five-dollar bills, who gave the message from his brothers to the palefaces.

To honor these children of the woods and plains, the great statue will forever stand, welcoming the nations, the lonely, lofty, symbol of the Vanished Race.

Perpetuates a Dying Race.

Driven steadily westward by the mounting flood of a superior civilization, feared and fought, exploited and cheated, demoralized and scorned, the one-time lords of the land today exist only as a grim remnant of a dying race.

The mighty monument which is to stand near the Narrows will tell all this to future generations. And even more, it will speak of that inexorable onward march of time before which nations, rulers and people alike in the end go down to defeat.

This is why, when the President turned the spadeful of soil and the guns belched out and the weird melancholy strains of Indian music filled the air while the Stars and Stripes fluttered to a masthead, pulled up by a redskin's fingers, the whole august assemblage, stoic Indian chiefs, who had come from the far West to assist in the rite, as well as the ripest products of modern civilization, stood with bared heads and beating hearts for one long, solemn, thoughtful minute.

The splendid memorial, which has been called by the press of the entire country the greatest single idea in many years, is the inspiration of a Philadelphian, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker.

For a considerable time he has been keenly interested in the Indians on the Western reservations. Twice he sent out costly expeditions for six months at a stretch to make complete and permanent records of the wild life which was passing. Hundreds of photographs and thousands of feet of moving picture films were employed to show not only the features of famous old braves, some of whom had joined in the Custer massacre, but the incidents of their daily life, their surroundings, sports, dances and tribal customs.

More and more he became impressed with the tremendous historic and human interest of what was fast disappearing, and more and more, say his friends, as he studied the Sioux and Apsarakas, the Apaches, Kiowas, Cheyennes and the rest and the fatal pages of their relations with the palefaces, with Indian agents and unscrupulous traders, with sentimentalists and a mistaken Government, did he become possessed with the feeling that some day, when the last Red Man had taken the trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and the prairies and the mountains that had been his, would know him no more the country would be glad—for a variety of reasons—to have a lasting monument to the Vanished Race.

Idea Born at Dinner Party.

The thought was brought forward at a dinner in New York, in May, 1909, given by Mr. Wanamaker to Colonel W. F. Cody, known to all the world as Buffalo Bill.

There were present General Miles and General Leonard Wood, General Horace Porter and General George Wingate, Chief Ironshell and his son, two splendid, dignified specimens of their tribe; Homer Davenport, the cartoonist; Frederic Remington, the artist; James M. Beck, Robert C. Ogden, Norman Hapgood and Captain Barclay H. Warburton, Philadelphia, and many more.

All the speakers dwelt with warm approval on the announced determination of the host to erect such a monument, providing a suitable site could be secured and there was the proper public support to the project. Both were promptly forthcoming. The heart of the nation was touched to a tardy sense of half-confessed shame and a whole-souled approbation of one man's understanding sympathy and patriotism.

A commission was formed, the Sixty-second Congress bestowed a Government plot, historical organizations voiced

Editorial—The Philadelphia Evening Telegraph

A MEMORIAL TO A GREAT RACE

When the white people discovered the North American Indian they found themselves in the presence of a MAN.

The Indian was not merely a picturesque type, skilled in warfare—he was master of his potentialities. He had brought his environment under his control. In his relations with his own and with other tribes he was not merely a warrior, he was a negotiator, an orator and a friend.

His life developed him. He was keen, alert and sagacious. He took from nature the materials of his habitations. His womenkind were skilled in ornament. He was master of many crafts, or many acres—he had many characteristics that gave him individuality.

As the years went on and his contact with the white man grew more intimate, he began, though he little suspected it, to surrender the traits of his nobility. A new thought had come to brood over the land, and his own was forced to retreat before it.

Now, he and his thought are little more than a memory.

Shall this memory, too, be lost, in the retreat of time?

The strict nobility of the Indian has appealed in all its fitness to one man, who proposes to fix the memory of it for our children in all generations to come.

On December 8, 1911, Congress approved an act to provide a suitable memorial to the North American Indian, stating:

"That there may be erected, without expense to the United States Government, by Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, a citizen of the United States, on a United States reservation, in the harbor of New York, in the State of New York, and upon a site to be selected by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, a suitable memorial to the memory of the North American Indian."

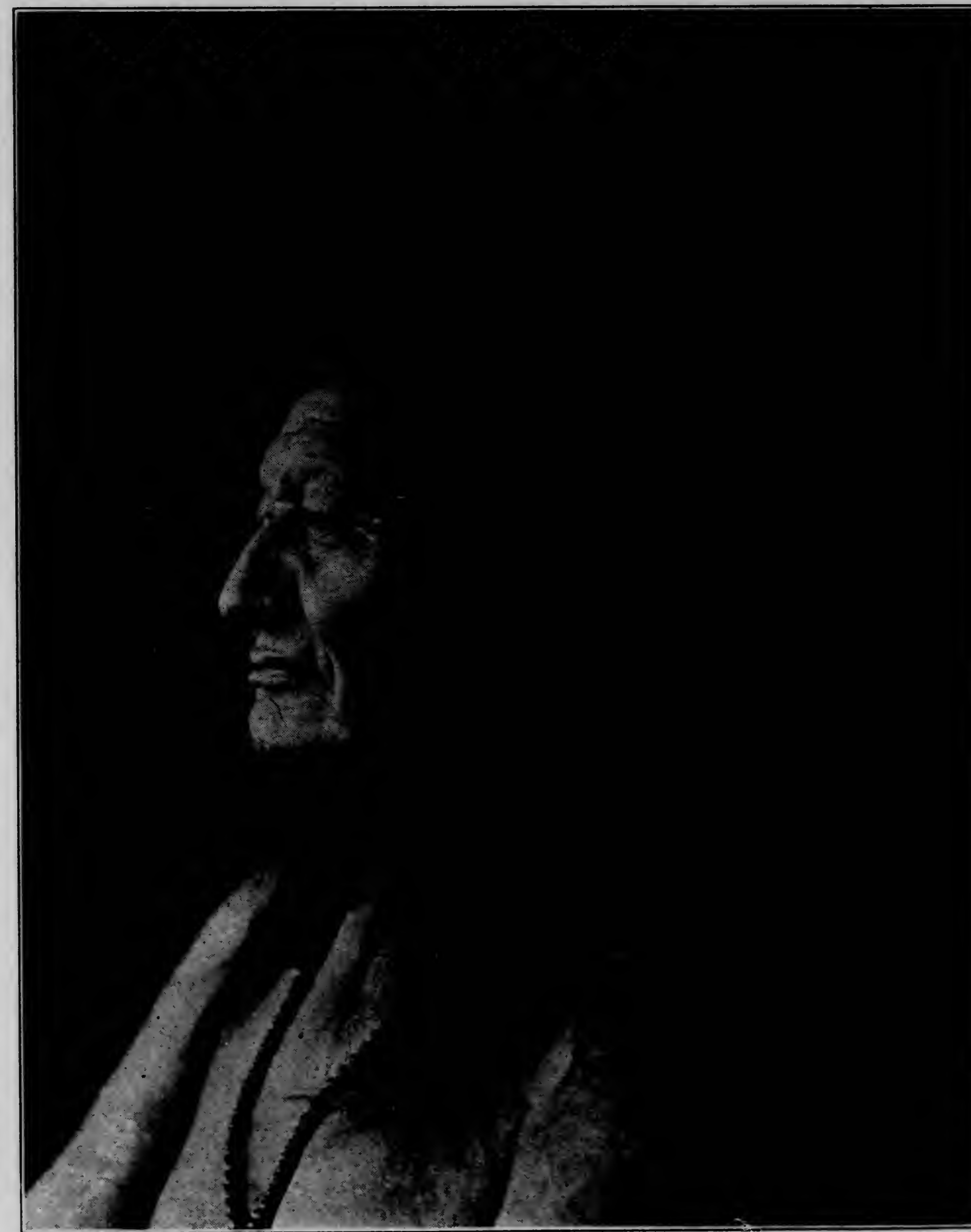
At noon today, in New York harbor, in the presence of the President of the United States and many distinguished guests, this memorial, conceived by Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, will be inaugurated.

This is no ceremony of passing interest. It is the fulfilment of a tribute, long considered and cherished by its founder. It is a reminder, at once to us and to all who seek our shores, that this is the land of a vanished people; of a race that marched solemnly to its last outpost; no longer owners of the soil, but still the makers and the founders of a life that created warriors, orators and men.

their co-operation. The Improved Order of Red Men sent a money contribution, sculptor and architect were selected and today's function marks the commencement of the final stage.

The memorial will be erected at Fort Tompkins, the northern section of Fort Wadsworth, on the western curve of Staten Island, just above the Narrows. It is the highest elevation in the harbor and the statue will tower 175 feet over the topmost tip of Liberty's torch in the upper bay.

The huge figure of the Indian, his hands raised in the friendly gesture, with which the savage greeted the first transatlantic navigators, will surmount a majestic structure in the classic style, which will house an exhaustive collection of Indian relics and data, among which will be the dramatic set of photographs taken during the Wanamaker expedition of 1909. They show the last great Indian Council, to which chiefs came from every section of the far West and the story of which is a volume of romance in itself.



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TWO MOONS

The Philadelphia Inquirer

PHILADELPHIA, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 23, 1913.



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PRETTY VOICE EAGLE

INDIANS RAISE NATIONAL FLAG IN ALLEGIANCE

Taft Clasps Hand With Chiefs of Vanishing Race.

Rodman Wanamaker's Memorial at Fort Wadsworth Inaugurated by President.

New York, Feb. 22.—Clasping hands with the President of the United States and with distinguished representatives of the army and navy chieftains of a vanishing race took picturesque part today in the official inauguration of a national American Indian memorial which is to crown Fort Wadsworth. At the close of the ceremony the Indians themselves hauled aloft the Stars and Stripes in token of their allegiance and loyalty to the Government and the race that has conquered them.

Such a scene has never before been witnessed, and in the course of nature its like will never be seen again. Nearly all the greater chieftains were old men. Among them were braves who had met the troops of the United States in deadly combat. They bore scars and they cherished memories. A few years more and the last of these will have been gathered to his fathers. Another generation and the full-blooded American Indian will be little more than a memory.

President Taft Arrives.

A welter of fog and humid mist blanketed the Narrows when the Dolphin, sailing her way through the upper bay, sent President Taft ashore at the Fort Wadsworth landing. The fort on the opposite shore of the Narrows shot 21 flashes through the fog's blanket—the tribute of the national salute—and then the President and his party were escorted to waiting automobiles for the

run up the winding roadway to the summit of the fort. Two companies of the First Artillery drawn under the command of Captain Embick and Captain Smith presented arms as the President stepped ashore.

Accompanying Mr. Taft were Mrs. Taft, who had braved the unpleasant weather, and his sister, Mrs. Thomas Loughlin, who was the only other woman in the President's party. Rodman Wanamaker, the donor of the Indian memorial, walked with Mrs. Taft, while the President was attended by his military aide, Major Rhoads, and the usual detail of two Secret Service men. The navy was represented by Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, late commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet, and the army by Major General Thomas H. Barry, commanding the Eastern division, as well as by many officers of special rank.

Sentries lined both sides of the road from the landing to the highest point on the summit of the fort, where the pedestal of the memorial is to rest on ground 350 feet above tidewater, commanding a superb view down the bay. The final stage of the journey from the wharf had to be accomplished on foot up the rising slope to the fort's crest. The turf was trodden into soft mud in spots and Mr. Taft felt the hard going. He halted for a breathing spell several times and laughed good-naturedly and lifted his hat as the crowd that lined the path behind the saluting sentries clapped their hands and cheered him.

Indians in Costume.

At the summit a small platform had been placed directly over the site of the monument. Above it towered a tall new flagstaff from the halliard of which ran 30 separate ropes like the ribbons around a Maypole. Here had been assembled the Indian chiefs and other guests who had made the trip aboard the army quartermaster's boat, the General Joseph E. Johnson. Every chieftain was resplendent in an aboriginal full-dress. Their faces were daubed with bright pigments of yellow, red and blue. Above their hawk-like profiles waved the chieftain's headdress of eagle feathers. From stalwart shoulders to moccasined feet their deerskin garbs were brilliant with hand embroidery and belts of wampum, necklaces of bones and teeth and all the gaudy paraphernalia of the primitive savage. Suspended from their bodies or carried in their hands many bore gaily-decorated peace pipes

or Indian tom-toms upon which they had solemnly beaten a weird accompaniment while the chiefs amused the other passengers with their buck dancers as the Johnson plodded down the river through the fog.

Arrived at the platform the President greeted the tribesmen with his best smile. Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, the leader of the Wanamaker Historical Expedition to the North American Indians, and the secretary of the Memorial Association, outlined the purpose of the monument after the army band had played the National anthem.

To Perpetuate Heroism.

"It is the supreme struggle of humanity," said Dr. Dixon, "to survive the past—to gather up the ashes of yesterday and pour them into the urn of today—to perpetuate and memorialize heroism and valor, the dignity and glory of the consummate achievements of men and the age in which they have lived. So far as can be learned, never before in the history of mankind has a monument been erected to a race of people. The ceremonies inaugurating this memorial to the North American Indians are therefore pregnant with significance. Over this ground he once roamed, the sea, the sky, the land, his patrimony. For long years this spot has been dedicated to the bulwarks of armed defense. Today by official act the President of the United States consecrates this hill-top to the perpetuation of the life and history of the Red Man.

"Prosperity will applaud the honor we do ourselves in gathering up the life story of this virile and picturesque race, while yet the rays of the setting sun fall upon their departing footprints. This gigantic bronze figure that will surmount the splendid pedestal will face the sea, extending the universal peace sign of the Indian, giving welcome to the nations of the earth as they pass through this greatest gateway of the New World. A lonely, lofty figure, where the sea will forever moan a dirge for a vanished race; where sun and sky and wind and thunder, the gods of the great world cathedral may utter the speech of his soul—while a child of the woods and plains—but now to fall upon unheeding ears of bronze."

Great White Chief.

Dr. Dixon introduced the President as "William Howard Taft, the Great White Chief," and the circle of chieftains seated as if in counsel bent forward eagerly to listen, although only a few of them understand the words Mr. Taft spoke before they were interpreted to them in their native tongue. The President said:

"We are met today to lay the cornerstone of a monument which is to have artistic beauty and historical significance. It is a monument to the race of American Indians who occupied the country before the European white race came here to settle and people it as it is peopled today.

"The history of the race which occupied the continent of North America is vague and difficult to follow. The differences in the matter of civilization and culture between the tribes were very great, some tribes showing very little advance from the lowest human type and others having a degree of civilization, art and culture that makes their history full of interest to the present-day historian. The part that the Indians of the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Slope played in the contest between the English and the French in the eighteenth century for colonial supremacy is a most important one. The issues between the Algonquians, who sided with the French, and the Iroquois, who sided with the English and planned their campaigns in the councils of the Long House, all make a history revealing a statesmanship among the leaders and a persistence in purpose and policy that shows the advancement of the Indians in practical government far beyond a point generally supposed.

The Chief Force.

"Hendrik Hudson and his Dutch followers who founded this great Commonwealth came immediately in contact with the Indians and found them to be the chief force to be reckoned with. Indeed, for two centuries the North American Indian has had a right to be treated not as a relic of a prehistoric man, but as an existing force with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white race and in the course of historical events.

"It is appropriate, therefore, that this race, which controlled North America for centuries before the white man came here and that has had so much to do with the country since the white man's advent, should have a memorial in this, the great sea entrance to all the North American continent. Few harbors in

the world are more beautiful than that of New York, and here between the upper and lower bays will stand this monument to the red man, recalling his noble qualities, of which he had many, and perpetuating the memories of the succession from the red to the white race in the ownership and control of the Western Hemisphere.

"We are indebted to the munificence of a fellow citizen, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, through whose generosity this beautiful memorial is to be erected. No monument has a more conspicuous place in the world. At the gate of the New World and facing the Old, it tells the story of the march of the empire westward and the progress of Christian civilization in its advance toward the uttermost limits."

Presents a Silver Spade.

Mr. Wanamaker handed to the President a silver spade, and the photographers and motion-picture men crowded forward so aggressively that they threatened to break the military line and overwhelm the circle of Indian chiefs. Dr. Dixon exchanged a few words in a loud tone with one of the coast artillery officers and commanded him to have the crowd held back out of the line of fire of the motion-picture machines.

"Patience, patience," said President Taft, soothingly, "we'll get through this in time. I'm glad to take the spade from Mr. Wanamaker."

"But this is historic, Mr. President," said Dr. Dixon, "and we want a perfect record of it."

"Yes," replied the smiling President; "everything is historic."

Then bending his broad back to the task, Mr. Taft added:

"Now, gentlemen, look out for your shoes."

Indian's Turn Next.

Plunging the spade into the soggy soil the President lifted a liberal shovelful and laid it aside. He was going on digging just as though he liked it, but the master of ceremonies relieved him and called upon Chief Wooden Leg, of the Northern Cheyennes, who shuffled forward and took out another section of the fortress. The same process was then repeated with a primitive stone hatchet—an Indian implement which was dug up from Staten Island and is supposed to be a relic many centuries old.

Dr. George Frederick Kunz, President of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society, presented the broad tablet marking the site of the memorial and also distributed, beginning with President Taft, 250 of the newly-coined five-cent pieces showing on one side the head of an American Indian and on the reverse the American bison. These had been obtained through the courtesy of the Director of the Mint. They were the first of the new coins to be placed in circulation and each of the Indian chiefs took one with him.

Chief Red Hawk, an Ogallala, from the Standing Rock Reservation, was the orator of the day, taking the place of Hollow Horn Bear, one of the principals in the Custer fight of the Little Big Horn. Hollow Horn Bear was unable to attend. When Red Hawk was introduced he stepped forward and, grasping the outstretched hand of President Taft, he grunted "How?"

Spoke in Indian.

"How?" came the President's cordial response, and then Red Hawk made his speech in his native dialect, a fellow Indian interpreting from him sentence by sentence. This is what the Sioux chief said:

"I am glad to meet you on this occasion. I am an American Indian. When the white man first came over here and discovered this country, we were here already and I am here now. It was our belief then and it is my strong belief now, that we were created to reside in this country. I being one of the rulers of this country at the time that you came across the ocean thought you came here only as visitors. But from then on you have greatly improved our country and here today you permit me to help raise the glorious flag of the United States. So I shall consider myself from now onward one of your citizens.

"As you see me dressed today I gave that up long ago on your advice and I now dress like the white man, but put on these skins and feathers only for this holiday occasion. My children and my grandchildren are being taught to follow the white man's ways and I am glad, though as yet we Indians are not able to manufacture even the poorest kind of calico. But we have been taught in our Indian way to love one another

as brothers and I think that you have been taught to love each other, too. Therefore let us join hands in brotherhood, and so you will help us to get out of the rut of the past."

Chiefs Raise the Flag.

After Red Hawk's speech had been applauded the band began the slow strains of Dr. Irvin J. Morgan's original Indian music, entitled "The Indian's Requiem." It is a dirge-like composition of sweet harmony, typifying the vanishing race. To the rhythm of the slow music the 30 chiefs, each holding one of the cords attached to the halyards, raised the Stars and Stripes to the top of the pole, where the ensign fluttered lazily in the murky air. As the colors reached the truck and a sergeant of Coast Artillery made fast the halyards, the dirge ceased and the combined bands rendered the "Star-Spangled Banner," while the civilian guests stood uncovered and the army and navy officers at attention.

To conclude the ceremony the Indians, who were in charge of F. H. Abbott, Acting Commissioner, and Major James McLaughlin, an inspector of the Interior Department, executed a fantastic dance around the flagstaff.

One of the most picturesque members of the party is Two Moons, a venerable chief of the Northern Cheyennes, who says he does not know how old he is. Two Moons is almost totally blind as a result of trachoma. He had to be led ashore and was carried up the hill in one of the vehicles provided for the older chiefs. He was one of several of those who helped raise the flag today who had been in the thick of the fighting on the Little Big Horn a generation ago.

"After that fight," said Two Moons, commenting on the battle, "the Great White Father said to me 'fight no more,' and then after that I fight no more. Indian too old to fight now. In the old times Indians and white man fight all the time—now Indian better smoke peace pipe."

The old chief's strong, mobile face relaxed in a smile and, suiting the action to the word, he fumbled in a beaded tobacco pouch strung from his girdle, filled his long-stemmed pipe and began to smoke contemplatively.

Characteristic Stolidity.

On the run down the river Major McLaughlin pointed out the lofty buildings of Manhattan. With characteristic stolidity the Indians refused to express astonishment, though only a few of them had ever before visited New York. Twenty Twos, one of the Crow chiefs from Montana and one who has become a good farmer and progressive, gazed at the Woolworth and Singer buildings contemplatively. "Plenty big tepee." That was the only public comment.

As the Statue of Liberty appeared through the murk, one of the interpreters explained what it was, and added "That is something like your memorial monument is to be."

"Ugh," grunted Medicine Crow. "Liberty very big squaw."

After their return to the city the Indians visited the Wanamaker store, where they were entertained with a motion-picture exhibition. In the evening they occupied several boxes at the Hippodrome, and attracted much attention. On Monday they expect to go to Philadelphia.

Through F. H. Abbott, Acting Indian Commissioner, the 30 Indian chiefs who attended the ceremony at Fort Wadsworth signed and presented to the Government the following declaration of allegiance in behalf of the tribes they represent:

"We, the undersigned, representatives of various Indian tribes of the United States, through our presence and the part we have taken in the dedication of this memorial to our people, renew our allegiance to the glorious flag of the United States and offer our hearts to our country's service. We greatly appreciate the honor and privileges extended by our white brothers who have recognized us by inviting us to participate in these ceremonies on this historical occasion.

"The Indian is fast losing his identity in the face of the great waves of Caucasian civilization, which are extending to the four winds of this country, and we want fuller knowledge in order that we may take our places in the civilization which surrounds us. Though a conquered race, with our right hand extended in brotherly love and our left hand holding the pipe of peace, we hereby bury all past ill feeling, and proclaim abroad to all the nations of the world our firm allegiance to this Nation and to the Stars and Stripes, and declare that henceforth and forever in all walks of life and every field of endeavor we shall be as brothers, striving hand in hand, and we will return to our people and tell them the story of this memorial and urge upon them their continued allegiance to our common country."

INDIANS PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO U. S.

Thirty-one Chiefs Sign Document Which is Attested to by President Taft.

Philadelphia Inquirer, Tuesday, March 4, 1913.

President Taft last night affixed his signature to the pledge of allegiance to the United States Government taken by the 31 chiefs of Indian tribes. This last "treaty" with the Indians was taken February 22 in New York at the dedication of the site of the proposed monument to their race to be erected by Rodman Wanamaker in New York harbor.

The declaration of allegiance was drawn up and signed by the Indians themselves. Below the signature of the 31 chiefs, President Taft wrote: "I hereby attest that this document was inscribed by the Indians herein named on the hilltop of Fort Wadsworth, the site of the National Indian Memorial, on the 22d day of February, 1913, President of the United States, William H. Taft."

The declaration follows:

"We, the undersigned representatives of various Indian tribes of the United States, through our presence and the part we have taken in the inauguration of this memorial to our people, renew our allegiance to the glorious flag of the United States, and offer our hearts to our country's service. We greatly appreciate the honor and privilege extended by our white brothers who have recognized us by inviting us to participate in the ceremonies on this historical occasion.

"The Indian is fast losing his identity in the face of great waves of Caucasian civilization, which are extending to the four winds of this country, and we want fuller knowledge in order that we may take our places in the civilization which surrounds us.

"Though a conquered race, with our right hands extended in brotherly love and our left hands holding the pipe of peace, we hereby bury all past ill feelings and proclaim abroad to all the nations of the world our firm allegiance to this Nation and to the Stars and Stripes, and declare that henceforth and forever in all walks of life and every field of endeavor we shall be as brothers, striving hand in hand, and will return to our people and tell them the story of this memorial and urge upon them their continued allegiance to our common country."

The chiefs, who have been in Washington since their visit to this city a week ago, will march in the parade at the inauguration of President Wilson today.

PHILADELPHIANS MADE TWO INDIAN TREATIES

First by William Penn and the Last at Instance of Rodman Wanamaker.

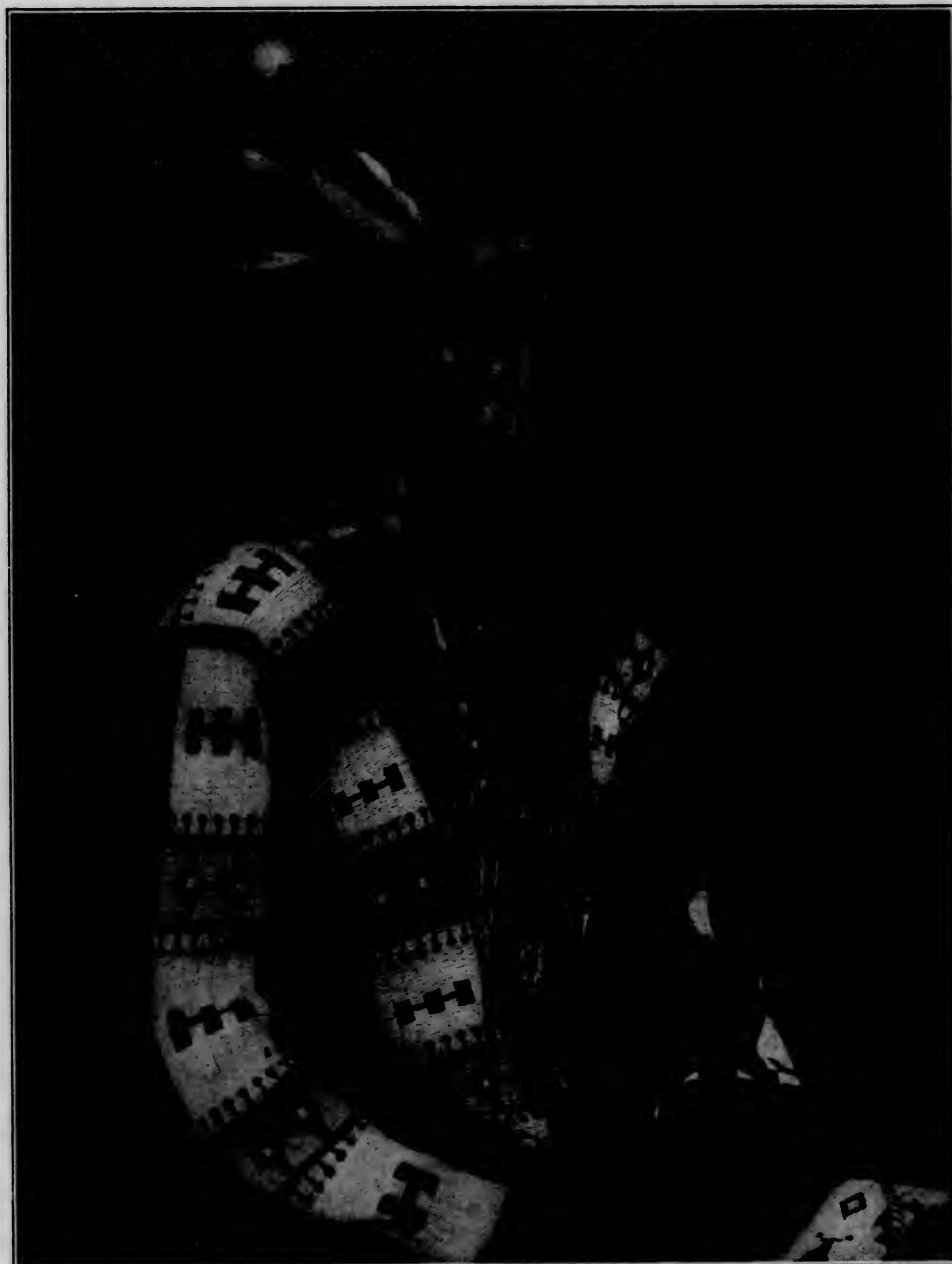
21 TRIBES SIGN PACT

Memorial Near Fort Wadsworth Will Mark Site of the Latest Peace Agreement.

The first treaty ever made in this country between a white man and the Indians was the peace pact drawn up by William Penn and signed under the famous Penn Treaty elm in Kensington. A public park now marks the site of this historic event.

What will undoubtedly be the last treaty of this sort was drawn up a week ago at the instigation of a Philadelphian—Rodman Wanamaker. The great Indian memorial, which is to be built at the entrance to New York harbor by Mr. Wanamaker, will recall, in years to come, this last peace pact between the Indians and their white brethren.

One of the last acts of former President Taft, just before he left office last week, was to affix his official signature to this last treaty, thus giving it the sanction of the United States Government. The treaty just signed has affixed to it, besides the signature of former President Taft, the signature of Indian chiefs representing 21 different tribes.



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RED CLOUD

It was drawn up at Fort Wadsworth, in New York harbor, near the site of which the Indian memorial will be located, and is already known as the "Fort Wadsworth treaty."

The Indian chiefs came East from their reservations especially to attend the ceremonies in connection with the inauguration of the Indian memorial and to personally sign the "peace pact." They were the guests, while in the East, of Rodman Wanamaker, who is known to scientists in this country and Europe because of his research work among the Indians.

The wording of the treaty, in which the Indians renew pledges of allegiance to the United States Government is interesting. It follows:

"The undersigned representatives of various Indian tribes of the United States, through our presence and the part we have taken in the inauguration of this memorial to our people, renew our allegiance to the Glorious Flag of the United States, and offer our hearts to our country's service. We greatly appreciate the honor and privilege extended by our white brothers who have recognized us by inviting us to participate in the ceremonies on this historic occasion.

"The Indian is fast losing his identity in the face of the great waves of Caucasian civilization which are extending to the four winds of this country, and we want fuller knowledge in order that we may take our places in the civilization which surrounds us.

"Though a conquered race, with our right hands extended in brotherly love and our left hands holding the Pipe of Peace, we hereby bury all past ill feelings and proclaim abroad to all the nations of the world our firm allegiance to this nation and to the Stars and Stripes and declare that henceforth and forever, in all walks of life and every field of endeavor, we shall be as brothers, striving hand in hand, and will return to our people and tell them the story of this memorial and urge upon them their continued allegiance to our common country."

The treaty is signed by the following Indian chiefs:

Joseph Packman	White Man Runs
Plenty Coups	Him
Two Moons	Medicine Crow
Edward Swan	Red Hawk
Red Cloud	Shoulderblade
Drags Wolf	Big Man
Richard Wallace	Little Wolf
Louis Baker	Frank Shively
Willis Rowland	Mat. Whitman
Harry Leeds	John P. Young
Robert Summer	Reginald Oshkosh
Yellowtail	Many Chiefs
Chapman Shenandoah	A. F. McDonald
Tennyson Berry	Milton Wankaus
Peter Deamline	Delos K. Lonewolf

Albany Journal

Albany, N. Y., February 22, 1913

A MEMORIAL TO A PASSING RACE

TAFT'S LAST TRIP TO NEW YORK AS PRESIDENT

New York, Feb. 22.—President Taft is spending Washington's birthday in New York, making what are probably his last public appearances outside of Washington before retirement from the Presidency. He arrived from Washington shortly after 7 o'clock this morning, and before the city was astir he and his party were driven to the home of his brother, Henry W. Taft, for breakfast. Mrs. Taft and her sister, Mrs. Thomas Laughlin, accompanied the President, as did Major Rhoades, his aide, and Charles D. Hilles, his secretary.

Three events were on the President's program for the day and evening. The first of these was at Fort Wadsworth, on Staten Island, overlooking the harbor entrance, where ground was to be broken for a memorial to the American Indian—which may some day displace the statue of Liberty as the first monument to be seen by the voyagers arriving at this port.

The afternoon feature of the President's program is in the interests of the blind, a charitable work to which he has often lent his aid here. This is the dedication of a new institution for these afflicted persons, known as the "Lighthouse." Joseph H. Choate, Helen Keller and others will participate in the exercises.

Tonight the President will conclude his round of holiday engagements here as guest at a testimonial reception and dinner under the auspices of the American Peace and Arbitration League. At the dinner the gold medal of the National Institute of Social Sciences will be presented to the President in recognition of his notable efforts on behalf of universal peace.

THE INDIAN MEMORIAL

PAUL P. CRET

Professor of Architecture, University of Pennsylvania

(From Philadelphia Evening Telegraph)

The Indian Memorial which is to be erected at the Narrows, near the entrance to the Bay of New York, and which is shown in the above illustration, has aroused a great interest, as proved by many communications to the papers of this city and New York.

Some of these comments are high in praise of the quiet dignity of the memorial; others are criticisms of the general spirit of the design showing more the eagerness than the knowledge of their authors.

The design selected by the committee provides a landing for small boats from which starts a road, passing back to old Fort Wadsworth and rising slowly to a first platform decorated by a statue of the modern Indian.

From this point a monumental flight of steps and a continuation of the road lead to the level of Fort Tompkins, whose strong foundations are to be used for the memorial.

The memorial itself is composed of a statue of heroic size (typifying the spirit of the red man) and a museum. The entrance is placed back of six heavy pillars of stone rudely carved with figures and animals, like the totem poles, and surmounted by the eagle.

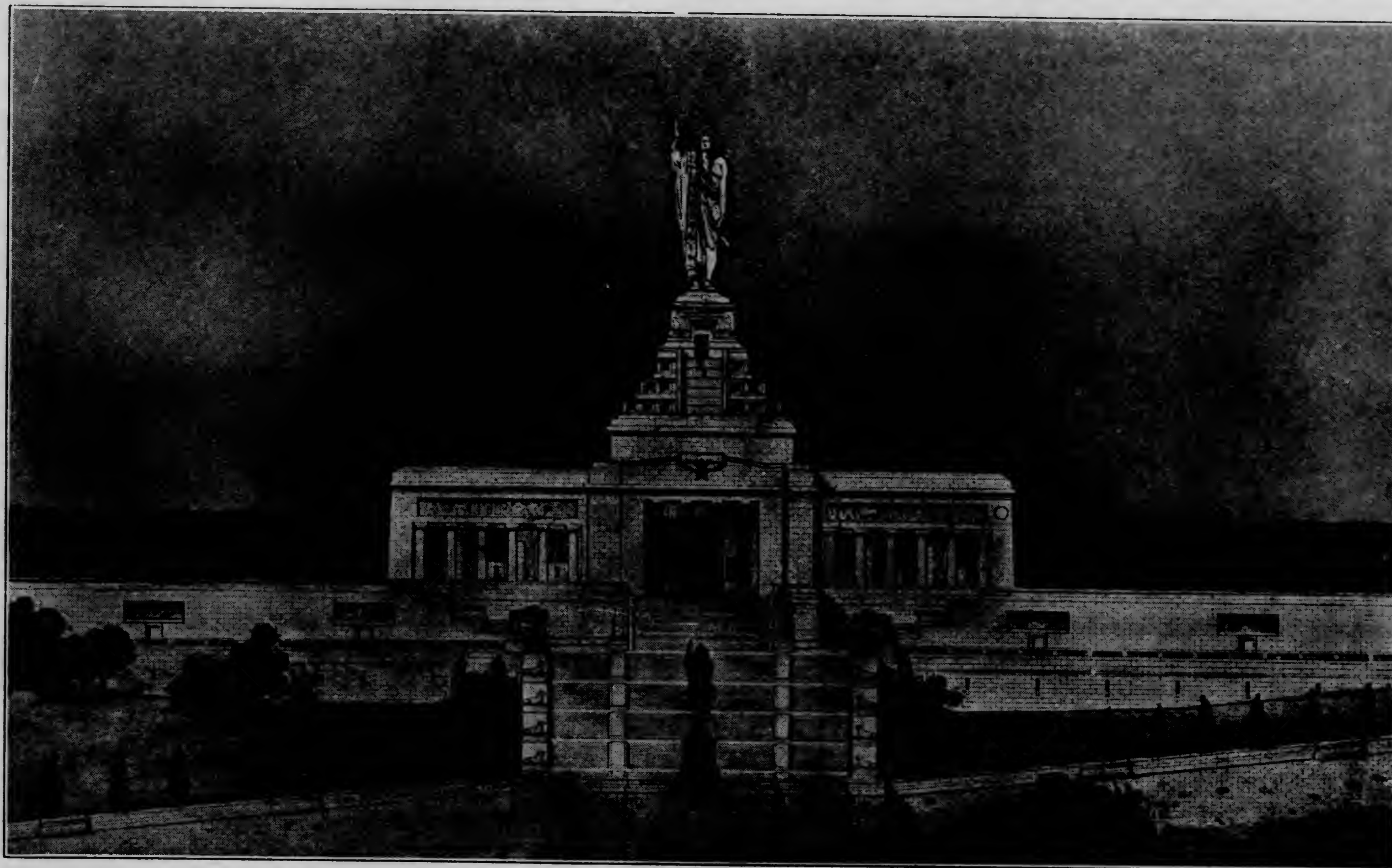
The two side aisles are decorated with rough pillars supporting bas-reliefs depicting scenes of the life of the tribes. In all this there is not a single Greek detail, although most of the criticisms have been directed at the supposed Greek character of architecture.

Above the museum the pedestal of the terminal statue was inspired by the most typical religious building ever erected by Indians, found both in Mexico and in Peru. It is called the Teocalli.

This is a tower made of retreating terraces, with a steep stairway leading to the sanctuary over which stands the gigantic statue.

As the illustration and this description show, there was little need for reproaching the use of Greek details, as there are none. Nor was there need for suggesting the possibilities of the architecture of Central or South America when the author of the design had already made ample use of them.

As for a recent suggestion of "a forest of pillars in their rude adornment of leaves and limbs, with Americanized (?) statues of Indian life standing on boulders," it reminds one in the most inopportune way of the trees and shepherds of the Noah's Ark of our childhood days. The monument, as it is planned, is a noble and fitting memorial to a great race. Nothing in American history is more worthy of being thus perpetuated.



GRANDEUR IN SIMPLICITY—A TRIUMPH OF ART

Plan of the National American Indian Memorial

FORT WADSWORTH, NEW YORK HARBOR

Daily Standard Union

Brooklyn, February 23, 1913

GROUND BROKEN FOR INDIAN MEMORIAL AT FORT WADSWORTH

President William Howard Taft and thirty-three of the most famous Indian chiefs alive today, grizzled warriors who were hailed as infamous in days that the white man still vividly recalls, were the

chief actors in a picturesque drama yesterday afternoon when they co-operated in harmony and good fellowship in the ceremonies attendant to the breaking of ground for The National American Indian Memorial, at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island.

The occasion marked an epoch in the history of the fast fading race, and its representatives played the parts assigned to them with dignity, feeling and precision, if not with a certain spark of regret at the idea of a public manifestation that their numbers are dwindling to such an extent that, at a comparatively early date, they will have all been practically absorbed in the melting pot of civilization.

These brave old chiefs who are visiting the metropolis spoke in gratification, however, that the time of erecting such a monument to the race had come before they had died, and they eagerly listened to the story of how Rodman Wanamaker, son of John Wanamaker, had inaugurated the movement for the memorial in the gateway of the New World.

Exemplification of Lasting Peace.

The memorial, to their minds, is a bronze exemplification of the lasting peace that has been declared between the two races, once engaged in such arduous and merciless conflict. The Indians appeared proud last night to have participated in the never-to-be-forgotten event, and they said they would carry back with them to their reservations a message of good will to their brothers from the citizens of the greatest city on the western continent.

Not a hitch marred the day's events, although hundreds of details had to be attended to. The full programme was carried out to the letter and a surprise was sprung for good measure in the distribution of the new nickels. On one side is the figure of a buffalo and on the other an Indian face. There was a rush for the coins as a fitting souvenir of the occasion.

President Taft turned the first spadeful of earth on the promontory on which the memorial statue will stand, on the highest spot on the Atlantic Coast between here and Florida, and used a pick for good measure, just to show that he did not care to hurry through his part of the performance just because the drizzle was scaring a number of the other guests of the occasion. Then Chief Red Hawk, with face lathered with yellow paint, continued the excavating process by using the thigh bone of a buffalo, the Indian's primitive implement.

As soon as the work had been officially declared started the guns at Fort Wadsworth fired a salute in honor of the redmen, who used to live on the very soil on which the guns are mounted.

President Taft listened with evident interest to the address delivered by Chief Red Hawk at the conclusion of his own tribute to the Indians. Chief White Swan, who comes from the Miniconjou Sioux tribe, acted as interpreter. Red Hawk is about 70 years old, but is still a lively individual. It so happened that of all the Indians present he was the only one who does not speak the English language reasonably well.

A bronze tablet marking the site of the memorial was presented by Dr. Frederick Kunz, president of the American Scenic and Historical Society.

Indian Chiefs Raise American Flag.

The incident in the programme which aroused the most enthusiasm from the spectators was the raising of the American flag by the chiefs. Each was tendered a halyard and pulled earnestly on the rope at a given signal—too strenuously, in fact, so that an army officer had to seize hold on one end of the rope and draw it tightly down, so that the banner did not reach the top until the band had completed its rendition of "The Indian's Requiem," original music by Dr. Irvin J. Morgan, composed especially for the Indian lectures resulting from the Wanamaker historical expeditions. When the flag reached the top the Marine Band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" as all bared their heads and applauded lustily.

But the most important part of the proceeding, in the opinion of those who witnessed it, was the signing of a declaration of allegiance to the United States by the chiefs. The document was prepared late Friday night by the Indians themselves and was signed under difficulties on the hilltop, on Staten Island. A chair was pressed into service for a table and each was forced to stoop in order to attach his name to the historic piece of paper.

F. H. Abbott, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, told the story of how the Indians had written the pledge of faithful recognition to the laws of the land. He stated that in conversing with several of his red friends late yesterday afternoon he suggested that it would be fitting to draw up some statement to be filed with the records of the day. The Indians told him to prepare a draft of such a statement and they would gladly sign it.

Mr. Abbott declined to do so. He stated that it was up to them, so the men of various tribes prepared three different statements. The best points were picked out of each last night and the result of the combined thought of the Indians was the following "Declaration of Allegiance."

The Indians arrived on the scene fully half an hour before the President. With the exception of Chief Two Moons, who is 70 years old and blind, and Chief Shoulder Blade, both of the Northern Cheyenne tribes, they all walked slowly up the steep and winding path which led to the site of the memorial. Chief Two Moons was one of those who was in the foremost of the skirmishes at the Custer massacre and in other battles where hundreds of white men lost their lives. He does not look his age. He weighs about 250 pounds and, despite his infirmity, is always smiling. He shook hands with a score of children who had managed to get by the soldiers and reached the top of the fort. He did not scare them a bit, but Chief Shoulder Blade, who drew a flaming red blanket close around him as he sat in a Government carriage, looked decidedly repellant, and the tots were afraid of him.



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BEAR GHOST

Richmond Dispatch

Sunday, February 23, 1913

INDIAN CHIEFS
FIRM IN LOYALTYSign Oath of Allegiance After
Hearing "Great White
Father."SEE HIM START
MEMORIAL WORKPresident Overturns First Earth
For Monument to Red Men.
He Also Dedicates "Light-
house" for Blind, and Re-
ceives Medal for Effort in
Behalf of Peace.

New York, February 22.—President Taft, making what is probably his final public appearance outside of Washington before retiring from the White House, spent one of the most eventful days he has ever passed in this city. Arriving here from Washington in time for breakfast, the President was taken here and there about the city by an automobile and tugboat, attending several functions as guest of honor, and retired late tonight, planning to return to Washington tomorrow afternoon. During the day he broke ground for an Indian monument overlooking the harbor, dedicated a "lighthouse" settlement for the blind, after watching sightless children drill, attended a private reception of the Sons of the Revolution at the Tavern, where Washington read his farewell address, and tonight spoke at a dinner of the American Peace and Arbitration League, which presented him with a gold medal in recognition of his efforts in behalf of universal peace.

Chiefs Watch "Great White
Father."

A band of Indians from Western reservations watched their "Great White Father" overturn a patch of earth with a spade and at the spot where a sixty-foot statue of an Indian warrior, the national American Indian memorial, will arise at Fort Wadsworth. The "red men" signed an oath of allegiance to the United States after President Taft, in a brief speech, referred to the North American Indian as a force with great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races.

The "lighthouse" which the President dedicated is the new club building of the New York Association for the Blind in East Fifty-ninth street, of which he laid the corner-stone a year ago. Miss Helen Keller sat at the President's right. Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to Great Britain, presided at the ceremonies. Blind Boy Scouts saluted the President as he entered the "lighthouse" and acted as his guard of honor.

The President declared he often wondered when reading the Constitution what blind persons thought of the text that "all men are created free and equal." In the sense in which that is generally understood, we are not all created free and equal, "equal in opportunity," he said, and for the blind every effort should be made to bring about as near an equality of opportunity as possible.

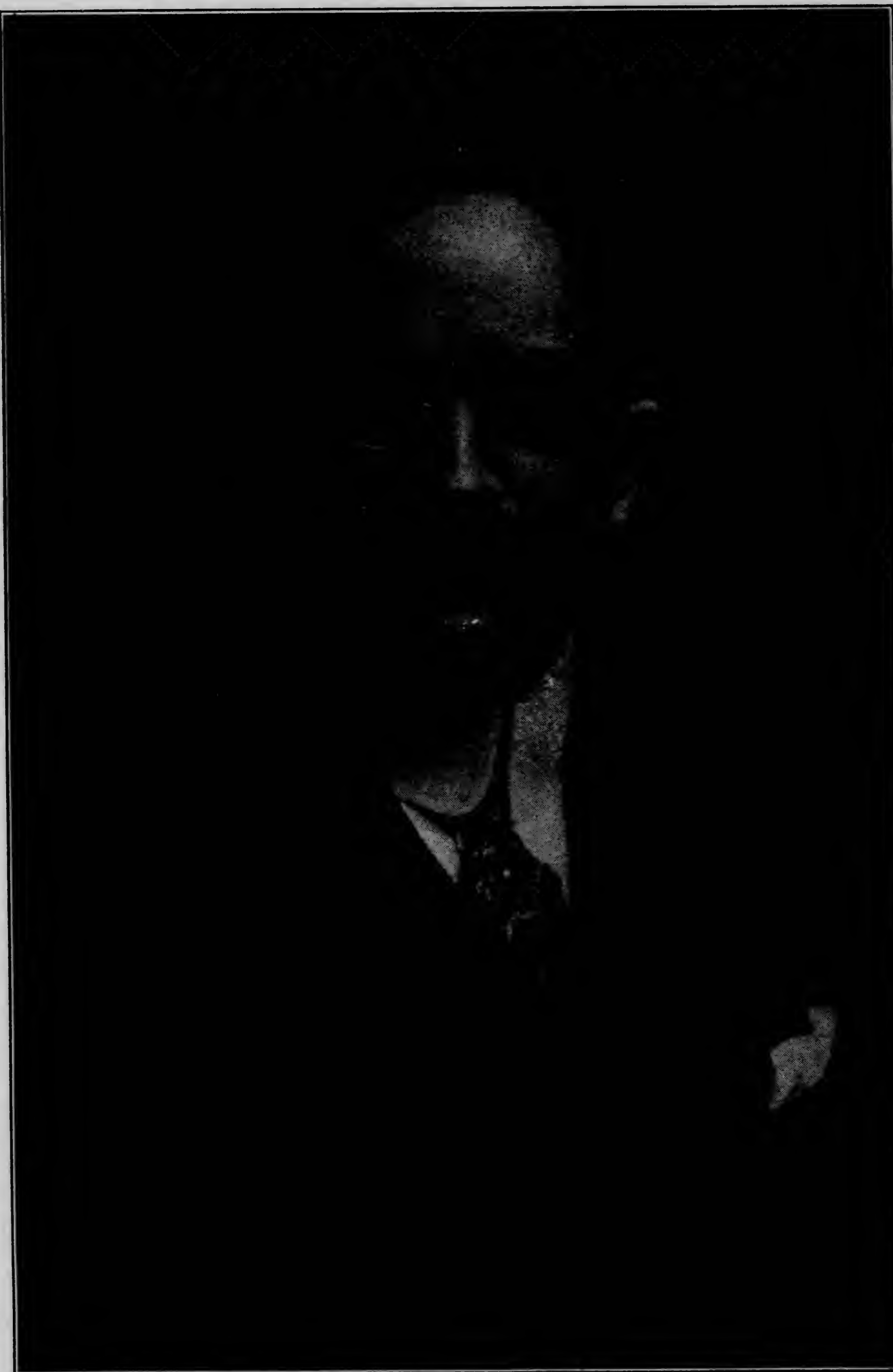
"Those of us who are blessed with sight feel that those who have no sight have not been given a square deal. The blind will be helped through the State and every other agency of modern life. We find in the course of attempting to help these unfortunates that cannot see that we do best for them when we offer them the opportunity to help themselves—to apply the faculties they have in place of those they have not.

Tribute to Choate.

"My friend, Mr. Choate, and I have been the figureheads of this movement for the last three years. I want to testify, if only as a Roland for his Oliver, the pride that this country has in him. He is eloquent and sweet in his old age, and he is growing younger every day for the inspiration of the whole country."

After the President left it was announced that he had subscribed \$500 toward paying the "lighthouse's" debt.

In the room of Frances Tavern, where Washington said farewell to his officers, the President was formally received by members of the Sons of the Revolution, of which Edmund Wetmore is president-general. The relics of historical interest that have been collected by the organization were inspected by the executive.



THOMAS HASTINGS, Architect of the National Indian Memorial

The President went then to the home of his brother, Henry W. Taft, for a brief rest before going to the peace dinner.

Twenty-nine full-blood Indian chiefs from Western reservations, bedecked in the regalia of their rank, marched stolidly up the hill at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, today with their "Great White Father," President Taft, and members of his official family. At the crest of the hill, the highest point of the Atlantic Coast between New York and Florida, they formed a silent group as the President upturned a spadeful of earth, breaking ground for the National American Indian Memorial, a sixty-foot bronze statue of an Indian warrior, which will tower 165 feet above the highest elevation around New York harbor, a tribute to a vanishing race.

The guns of the fort roared a national salute of twenty-one guns at the moment the President placed his foot on the spade. As he stepped back, Chief Hollow Horn Bear, of the Yankton Sioux, came forward from the group and upturned a second bit of earth with the thigh bone of a buffalo. That done, the chief replied with a speech.

Famous Indians Present.

As Hollow Horn Bear's voice died away the Stars and Stripes were run up a great flagpole nearby, to the rhythm of Indian folk songs, sung by the chiefs. When it reached the top the band broke out with "The Star Spangled Banner." The gathering of the Indians marked the last time, perhaps, that so many native chiefs will assemble in the East.

Most of them are between seventy-five and eighty years of age. Some of them fought against Custer, among them being Chief Hollow Horn Bear, who stands six feet four inches tall, and Chief White Man Runs Him, more than seventy years old, tall, straight as a pine tree and one of the finest specimens of the Indian alive today. White Man Runs Him was chief of the Custer Scouts. Others were Chief Two Moons, eighty, nearly blind, and almost hidden by feathers, bespeaking his prowess; and Pretty Voice Eagle, of the Sioux, seventy odd, who carries in his body twenty-one bullets picked up in seventy fights and skirmishes with Government troops and neighboring tribes.

In his reply the Indian Chief said that he and his companions considered

themselves from this day forward citizens of the United States.

"To the end of our days," he said, "we will encourage our children to take the advice of the white man. We ask him to join us and help us get out of the rut in which we have existed so many years. We thought that when the white man came he came as a visitor, but we found he came to rule us. We see now that he was fated to come and to improve our country and teach us civilization."

"It is my strong belief," said old Red Hawk, "that we were created by the Great Spirit to live in this country. You white men found me here. I am here today. I met the ruler here in that time when he first crossed the great Atlantic, and I thought you had merely come as a visitor. From that time to this day you have improved our country. You have had me as a part of this country."

"You have had me raise the flag of the glorious United States today, and from today I shall consider myself a member of your country. This dress I wear I gave you long ago by your advice. I put on these things today to show that they are things of the past. My son and my grandchildren have been taught by you to follow your ways. I have encouraged them in this and will encourage them to the end of my days. "As an Indian I was not able to make the coarsest calico. But we have been taught in our Indian ways to love one another as brothers. I hope you all have been taught so. Let us join hands and minds to help us get out of the rut for the rest of our lives."

So Spoke Red Hawk, and grasped the Great White Father by the hand.

"How," he said, and, turning, bowed ceremoniously over the hand of Rodman Wanamaker. "How," he said again.

Then Dr. George F. Kuntz, on behalf of the American Scenic and Historical Preservation Society, held the crowd for one moment while he announced that this, a memorable day in the history of the Indian, should be further marked by the first appearance in circulation of the new nickel, that bears for the first time the Indian head on that coin. Then he produced a bag fresh from the mint, and it was to this largesse and to the blast of martial music from the band that the assemblage dissolved, and took the different pathways leading down to the shore.

Indian Guests Enjoy Trip.

The Indian chiefs will not leave this city until tomorrow morning, when the Wanamakers will show them all that is to be seen in Philadelphia. If any of them felt something of the irony of their invitation to the inauguration of their memorial as a race no gleam of such feeling showed in the shrewd old faces. Chief Oshkosh, of the Menominees, explained that those who felt that way about it had stayed behind, suspicious of the invitations and reluctant to venture from the reservations. And the Indian agents, from the veteran of them all and that flower of Buffalo Bill Cody's world, Major Burke, to the youngest man in the active service, are authorities for the statement that those who have come East for this ceremony are having the time of their lives.

The chiefs will return to their reservations with a new glory. In their councils they will talk of this trip to New York to the end of their days, and they will be listened to wonderingly by the younger men. They will be the greater and the more sage for this marvelous experience. If any of them were saddened by yesterday's services at Fort Wadsworth they did not show it. For them the day was one of repressed but obvious celebration. On the way to Fort Wadsworth they gathered on the upper deck of the little army steamboat and sang strange Indian melodies, while the fattest of them all beat furiously on a deer-skin tomtom.

Boise Statesman

Boise, Idaho, March 1, 1913

INDIAN MONUMENT
MEMORIAL

That was a touching and significant scene the other day when on the highest point on the Atlantic coast, between New York and Florida, President Taft, in the presence of his official family and 29 full-blooded Indian chiefs from Western reservations, broke ground for the erection of the national American Indian memorial, which will be a tribute to a vanishing race.

The monument is to be a 60-foot bronze statue of an Indian warrior, towering 160 feet above the highest elevation around New York harbor. When President Taft put his foot to the spade the guns of the fort roared a salute. After the President came Chief Hollow Horn Bear of the Yankton Sioux, who turned a bit of earth with the thigh bone of a buffalo.

When the ceremony was complete the Stars and Stripes were run up and the Indian chiefs sang folk songs and when the flag reached the top of the flagpole the band played "The Star Spangled Banner."

It is not likely that so great a gathering of native Indian chiefs will ever again be seen in the East. They ranged in age from 75 to 80. Some of them fought against Custer. One of the chiefs assembled there, Pretty Voice Eagle of the Sioux, carries in his body 21 bullets picked up in his wars with the whites. President Taft's address was brief. He said:

To the end of our days, the North American Indian has had a right to be treated, not as a relic of prehistoric man, but as an existing force with the great and immediate and direct influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white race.

To this address Hollow Horn replied:

We will encourage our children to take the advice of the white man. We ask him to join us and help us get out of the rut in which we have existed so many years.

In one of McGuffey's readers is a speech of an old-time orator in which occurs this significant paragraph: "The Indian of the falcon glance and lion daring, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone, and his degraded offspring now crawls upon the soil where he walked in majesty to remind us how miserable is man when the heel of the conqueror is on his neck."

That was spoken more than half a century ago. At that time the Indian race was viewed as one in the course of ultimate extinction. The ravages of time and the frequent wars since then and the struggle amid hindering environments has depleted the ranks of this race until only a comparatively few are left.

One may picture the feelings of the last descendant of that once mighty race, one in whose veins flow the blood of Red Jacket or Tecumseh, with something of primitive imagination and sympathy, looking on the monument that will soon be erected after a century or so has gone by, and recalling with tears that of all the copper-colored tribes that once fought and bled for their rights, whose council fires glared from the Atlantic to the Alleghenies and whose war-whoops woke the echoes of wood and mountain, none but he remains. There is an element of tragedy in the thought.

The Roanoke News

Roanoke, Va., February 24, 1913

INDIAN CHIEFS FIRM IN LOYALTY

Sign Oath of Allegiance After Hearing "Great White Father" Taft Puts in Strenuous Day.

New York, Feb. 22.—President Taft, making what is probably his final public appearance outside of Washington before retiring from the White House, spent one of the most eventful days he has ever passed, in this city. Arriving here from Washington in time for breakfast, the President was taken here and there about the city by an automobile and tugboat, attending several functions as guest of honor, and retired late tonight, planning to return to Washington tomorrow afternoon. During the day he broke ground for an Indian monument, overlooking the harbor; dedicated a "lighthouse" settlement for the blind, after watching sightless children drill; attended a private reception of the Sons of the Revolution at the Tavern where Washington read his farewell address, and tonight spoke at a dinner of the American Peace and Arbitration League, which presented him with a gold medal in recognition of his efforts in behalf of universal peace.

A band of Indian chiefs from Western reservations watched their "Great White Father" overturn a patch of earth with a spade at a spot where a 60-foot statue of an Indian warrior will arise. At Fort Wadsworth "The Red Men" signed an oath of allegiance to the United States, after President Taft, in a brief speech, referred to the North American Indian as "a force with great and immediate influence upon the settlement and development of this country by the white races."

The "lighthouse," which the President dedicated, is the new club building of the New York Association for the Blind, in East Fifty-ninth street, of which he laid the cornerstone a year ago. Miss Helen Keller sat at the President's right. Joseph H. Choate, former Ambassador to Great Britain, presided at the ceremonies. Blind Boy Scouts saluted the President as he entered the "lighthouse," and acted as his guard of honor.

All Men Not Equal.

The President declared he often wondered, when reading the Constitution, what blind persons thought of the text that "all men are created free and equal."

"In the sense in which that is generally understood, we are not all created free and equal in opportunity," he said, "and for the blind every effort should be made to bring about as near an equality of opportunity as possible."

"Those of us who are blessed with sight feel that those who have no sight have not been given a square deal."

"The blind will be helped through the State, and every other agency of modern life. We find in the course of attempting to help these unfortunates that can't see, that we do best for them when we offer them the opportunity to help themselves—to apply the faculties they have, in place of those they have not."

"My friend, Mr. Choate, and I have been the figureheads of this movement for the last three years. I want to testify, if only as a Roland for his Oliver, the pride that this country has in him. He is eloquent and sweet in his old age, and he is growing younger every day for the inspiration of the whole country."

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Attended by Indian Chiefs.

The President went then to the home of his brother, Henry W. Taft, for a brief rest, before going to the peace dinner. Twenty-nine full-blood Indian chiefs from Western reservations, bedecked in the regalia of their rank, marched stolidly up the hill at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, today, with their "Great White Father," President Taft, and members of his official family. At the crest of the hill, the highest point of the Atlantic coast between New York and Florida, they formed a silent group as the President upturned a spadeful of earth, breaking ground for the National American Indian memorial, a 60-foot bronze statue of an Indian warrior, which will tower 165 feet above the highest elevation around New York Harbor, a tribute to a vanishing race.

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Fought Against Custer.

The gathering of the Indians marked the last time, perhaps, that so many native chiefs will assemble in the East. Most of them are between 75 and 80 years old. Some of them fought against Custer, among these being Chief Hollow Horn Bear, Chief White-Man-Runs-Him, who stands six feet four inches tall and, more than 70 years old, straight as a tree, is one of the finest specimens of Indians alive today. Chief White-Man-Runs-Him was chief of Custer scouts; Chief Two Moons, almost hidden by feathers, bespeaking his prowess, and Pretty-Voice Eagle, of the Sioux, 70-odd years old, who carries in his body 21 bullets, picked up in 70 fights and skirmishes with Government troops and neighboring tribes.

In his reply, the Indian chief said that he and his companions considered themselves from this day forward citizens of the United States.

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The Phoenix Gazette

Phoenix, Ariz., March 31, 1913

COLOSSAL INDIAN STATUE

Erected in New York in Commemoration of the Rectitude of the American Redskins.

Crowning the summit of Staten Island, on the highest point in or around New York harbor, and visible from approaching ships a long distance, will soon stand a gigantic statue of the American Indian, on a base representing an Aztec temple. Visible at a long distance and more impressive than the figure of Liberty, which has become world noted as marking the gateway into the land where liberty is enthroned, this statue to the aborigine of the western world will be the most impressive memorial the people of one race ever erected to those of another.

It was fitting that the ground for this statue should be broken on Washington's birthday, a few weeks ago, and that the first shovel of dirt should be thrown by the President of the United States, successor of that first great President, whose name is honored in every Indian tepee, lodge and wigwag from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And it was also fitting that twenty-nine of the chiefs of the largest tribes still existing should be present and participate in the ceremonies of the inauguration of this great memorial to their race.

There are not now living any descendants in tribal organization of the tribes which occupied the region along the Atlantic coast when our forefathers first settled there and received a hearty welcome. The Narragansetts are gone. The Mohawks, the Senecas, the Iroquois, the Mohicans, have disappeared, as have also most of the interior tribes, the Shawnees, the Algonquins, the Miamis, and there are left but few representatives of the Chippewas, the Illinois, the Pottowatomies and others of the central west.

The great southern tribes, the Creeks, Choctaws, Seminoles, Chickashaws and others are well represented in Oklahoma, most of them so civilized as to have lost many of their Indian characteristics. In modern life we know more about the great tribes of the western plains and mountains, the Sioux, Blackfeet, Crows, Shoshones, Comanches, Arapahoes, Nez Percés, Cayuses and Apaches. Of these the most powerful and virile are the Sioux, once inhabiting the upper reaches of the Mississippi, but now moved farther west, a tribe typifying all that is best and strongest and noblest in Indian character. One of these has been chosen for the model of the statue and several of them were present at the dedication. Chief Hollow Horn Bear, of the Yankton Sioux, was the one who replied to the speech of ex-President Taft and turned the second shovel of dirt.

To Rodman Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, is due the initiation and successful completion of this movement to honor the American Indian. The movement had its inception at a dinner given by him at Sherry's, in New York, May 12, 1909, to Col. W. F. Cody, the famous "Buffalo Bill" of the plains and the canvas. There were present many men of note on that occasion, such as Colonel Cody, Mr. Wanamaker, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Gen. Leonard Wood, Gen. Horace Porter, Gen. O.

Howard, James M. Beck, grandson of missionary to the Indians; Robert C. Ogden, Frederick Remington, whose Indian paintings and sketches are world famous; Homer Davenport and many others. Most of these men know—or rather knew, for some of them have since gone to rest—the Indian from intimate association with him. Some had made treaties with him and fought him and yet called him friend. The highest tribute to the character of the American Indian was paid by these men who had warred with him and knew him as he is.

On that occasion Colonel Cody said of the Indian: "I have met him in councils, I have met him on the warpath, and I must say I have never found him dishonorable in peace or in war. Many unlikable people ask why do the Indians go to war and why are they so cruel in mutilating the victims whom they kill? I do not know, but I do know that they have been driven from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back and forth again until they are as wanderers upon the face of the land they once owned."

Said General Miles: "Tell me, if you know, of a people anywhere in history who have contended for more than 200 years against a superior race, equipped with all the appliances of war and carried on with such a vigor as our war against the Indian race has been prosecuted. They have contended inch by inch for the land of their fathers, their homes and the burial grounds of their ancestors."

General Wood said: "My experience with the Indians was principally among the Apaches, who had many good qualities—among others gratitude. I haven't seen any men anywhere in the East who come even near the Indian in simple dignity, courage, character or manner, and I think we can safely say our American Indians are perhaps the best of the brown races, both in bravery and in the moral qualities."

Hon. James M. Beck, grandson of a missionary among Indians, paid their character a high tribute when he related the following incident:

"One of the most interesting sights I have ever seen, one that brought humiliation to me as the representative of the white race, was one I witnessed when I was officially connected with the Government at Washington. There was a great reception at the White House, a diplomatic reception."

"That morning some Indian chiefs had called at the White House, and President Roosevelt had invited them to come to his reception. The place was thronged with beautifully gowned women and richly dressed and uniformed men of the diplomatic corps, officers of the United States army with all their dress-parade regalia, Senators, Congressmen and many others in official life—all evidences of advanced civilization. The Indians were in characteristic costume, and stood with their backs to the wall, and faces as impassive as fate, that in their stolidity seemed to show submission to the inevitable fate that awaited their race, and simply looked on at the pomp and circumstances of this great reception, in strong contrast to their modest behavior, the white people gathered about these Indians, some within arm's length, and with an imprudence that showed the arrogance of a superior race, and without the faintest trace of politeness, steadily gazed into the faces of these Indians, as though they were painted wooden idols, at whom one could stare without any consideration of common humanity."

"And yet the Indians, insulted as they pardonably might have been, simply stood there for hours, because they were the guests of the President, without change of feature, without the slightest show of resentment even to that which was pure insolence; they stood there until the reception ended and departed with dignity. Now, gentlemen, a race of that fortitude is no mean race, and Mr. Rodman Wanamaker has done his generation a kindness, to do justice to those who have been called our brown brethren, when he gave us the opportunity to pay some slight tribute to them."

The inspiration of the dinner was acted upon. Rodman Wanamaker at once organized a campaign to make actual the plan of such memorial. The intervening years between the dinner and the breaking of ground on the twenty-second of last month were occupied in the details of securing the money and making the design, as well as obtaining from Congress authority to erect the statue on the eminence of Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island. Mr. Wanamaker directed the campaign, ably seconded by Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, the order of Red Men taking great interest in it.

The Portland Press

Portland, Me., February 25, 1913

AN INDIAN MEMORIAL

Lo, the Poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way.

One of the last and not least pleasing functions which President Taft has been called upon to perform was the ceremon-

ial breaking of ground for the memorial to the American Indian, which is to be erected at New York, on the height where Fort Wadsworth overlooks the Narrows. This was done on Washington's birthday, the natal day of the man who was with Braddock on that ill-fated expedition and who himself fought Indians before he fought the British. The structure as described is to be a notable one, the gift of Rodman Wanamaker, of Philadelphia. It is to consist of a gigantic bronze statue of an Indian in native costume, carrying in one hand a bow and arrow and pointing the other to the sky, with two fingers extended in the sign of peace. This is to stand on a lofty granite pedestal, and to be flanked on either side by an Indian museum in granite in Aztec style, which is to contain Indian relics. The whole, surmounting a height 168 feet above the water, and itself towering a hundred feet above the base, will be a slightly and impressive object to those approaching the city from that side, and will be a great addition to the monumental adornments of the metropolis.

The occasion was made particularly interesting by the attendance and participation of some thirty Indian chiefs of the various tribes, including a number of the older ones who had been in the Indian wars and bore marks of conflict upon their bodies. There was Chief Two Moons, of the Cheyennes, 80 years old and nearly blind. There was White-Man-Runs-Him, of the Crows, who was Custer's chief scout. There was Chief Pretty-Voice Eagle, of the Yankton Sioux, who was in 70 fights and who is said to carry 21 bullets in his person. There was Chief Hollow-Horn Bear, of the same tribe, who fought against Custer and participated in the Little Big Horn Massacre, and who made the speech in behalf of his race. And there were many others of lesser note, all in full costume, with feathers and paint.

If the Indian is given to introspection, it must have been a melancholy occasion for the chiefs. They must have seen in it the beginning of the end. There is no more fight in them. The Indian wars have passed forever. The rounding up of Geronimo and his Apaches in New Mexico was the latest and probably the last of the brushes of any consequence. Now and then some of the young "bucks" grow restive and leave the reservation and pretend to go on the warpath for some grievance, but they are generally persuaded to go back before it gets to the shooting point. The Indian fought intermittently but hard for 250 years against white aggression, but it was of no use. He had to succumb before superior numbers and superior science and acknowledge the mastery. The speech of Hollow Horn Bear expressed resignation to the inevitable. The Great Spirit, he said, had ordained that the white man should possess the land, and the Indian had bowed his head. His people were thankful for the memorial which the white man proposed to raise, and they would encourage their children to take the advice of the white man and learn civilization.

The Lowell Sun

Lowell, Mass., February 27, 1913

THE STATEN ISLAND INDIAN

In New York city at present are picturesque groups of Indians in their quaint native costumes, who have come from the West and Northwest to be present at the dedication of a memorial to their race which is to be erected in Staten Island, at the entrance of New York Harbor. The memorial will consist of the gigantic figure of an Indian warrior which, in its proportions, will rival the famous Statue of Liberty. It is fitting that such a statue should be erected, and the site is appropriate and worthy of the subject. Immigrants of the future in their first glimpse of America will see not only the noble figure of Liberty, with her beacon light, but this pathetic reminder of the original and only native race that was crushed out in the westward march of civilization. It will serve as a revelation of the enterprising spirit of a great nation that in a few centuries changed the land of the Indian, with its trackless forests and unharnessed rivers, into the new America of which New York is the embodiment.

If only the bronze Indian were given the power of thought and speech, how many things he might say that would guide and warn us. Not only would he, the native American, plead the law of equality and humanity for the incoming alien, but, looking over on the horizon of towers and skyscrapers, he would in all probability find a parallel between the decadence that destroyed his own once vigorous race and the modern reckless pursuit of wealth and pleasure that will as surely destroy any race if not checked in time by reason. Finally, musing on the legends of his vanished kindred, he would sweep the restless panorama of the present with a keen glance, and, finding nothing of the old free life of forest and glade, he would look over to the majestic figure of the Bartholdi statue and cry out, in the words of Madame Roland, "O Liberty, how many excesses are committed in thy name."

COUNCIL OF ELEVEN TRIBES

Office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs

The Council of Indian Representatives of the Eleven Tribes met in the office of Honorable F. H. Abbott, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, on the morning of March 3, 1913. The Indians present participated in the Inauguration Ceremonies of the National American Indian Memorial at Fort Wadsworth, New York Harbor, on February 22, 1913.

MR. ABBOTT. My friends, I am glad to see you again this morning. You have been asked to meet here in order that Dr. Dixon, representing Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, might present to you photographic copies of the declaration of allegiance prepared by representatives of the Eleven Indian Tribes who attended the ceremonies in New York. You have all remained over in Washington for the purpose of participating in the inaugural exercises. It is very fitting indeed that copies of this declaration should be given to you at this time. This declaration from you is a fitting certificate of your qualifications to take part in the Inaugural Parade and any other exercises tending to express your loyalty to the new President of the United States, Hon. Woodrow Wilson. I shall ask Dr. Dixon to present to you his copies of the declaration of allegiance, with such remarks as he may care to make.

DR. DIXON. I would like to say good morning to my Indian friends, and tell you how glad I am to look in your faces again. It was a great pleasure for me to meet many of you out on the Western plains, and have you associated with me in my work out there in gathering together records of your race, and it was an exceeding pleasure to have you come to help inaugurate the memorial in New York harbor founded by Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, a memorial that is to stand on the highest point of ground on the seacoast between New York Harbor and Florida. It is proposed that this memorial shall house all that the Indian handled and lived with in his native habitat, so that the future generations of the world may know the kind of people who first inhabited this country, a great and noble people.

That bronze figure of the Indian, sixty feet high, standing on a pedestal ninety-five feet high, will face the sea, giving welcome to the nations of the world as they come into that harbor. During the ceremonies of the inauguration of the memorial, when the President dug the first shovelful of soil, and Chief Wooden Leg with the thigh bone of a buffalo continued digging, you hoisted the Stars and Stripes slowly to the rhythm of Indian music. In hoisting that flag you typified your allegiance to the United States Government; you typified the merging of the primitive life of this country with the civilization for which the flag stands; and as you hoisted that flag, it was a prophecy of the monument to be raised to your race on that hill-top. The flag went up to your own weird Indian melodies, and when it was mast-headed the united military bands burst into the National anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was then that you signed this treaty of allegiance to the United States Government, your own composition, the heart throbs of your own best impulses toward the Government, your race, and the future.

On behalf of Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, who founded this memorial to your race, I am here to meet you this morning in this solemn council, and to present to you a photographic copy of that declaration of allegiance which you signed on that memorable day.

(Dr. Dixon here presented the photographic copies of the declaration.)

Major McLaughlin, then, speaking on behalf of the eleven tribes in council, said:

MAJOR JAMES McLAUGHLIN. My friends: Representatives of Eleven Tribes of Indians participated in the proceedings looking to the erection of that monument. This is a copy of the declaration prepared by you for that occasion, and I have been requested by the Indians to say that they reaffirm now the sentiments expressed in this declaration, and to show their readiness and willingness and great desire to become a part of this great nation, and to be fully recognized by their white neighbors. And they desire to participate in the inauguration of the new President tomorrow.

MR. ABBOTT. Dr. Dixon, I want to say that Mr. Wanamaker has not only performed a great service to the Indians as a race in a historical way, but, by the kindness and courtesy of manner in which he has performed this service, he has given a new inspiration to the Indians who have had the privilege of meeting him personally, while attending the ceremonies. He has not only given new inspiration to the Indians who will return to their tribes, and inculcated in them renewed loyalty to the Government, and a new initiative in industry, but he has helped this Bureau of the Government in its efforts to establish constructive meth-

ods of administration, and to secure beneficial legislation by creating through the press a wholesome public sentiment toward the Indian of today. The value of this indirect service to the Government and to the Indians in the administrative problems of today cannot be expressed in words. The effect of this meeting in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, including the participation of these Indian people in the Inaugural Parade, and the attendant exercises, will live on forever.

DR. DIXON. My Indian friends, Mr. Abbott, the Commissioner, has just said some very worthy and true things about Mr. Wanamaker. Knowing him intimately as I do, knowing his real heart purpose in furthering the interests of the Indian, I want to emphasize what Mr. Abbott has said. Mr. Wanamaker thinks so much of the Indian and his powers of oratory, and the virility of his character, that he asked me to write ten commandments based upon the Indian's philosophy of life. He has one supreme desire—a desire to help the Indian, and to perpetuate the history of the race in record and in this memorial.

His heart was full to overflowing with gladness because he could meet you men face to face and take you by the hand. And when you get away to your far Western homes beyond those great mountains, and under those glorious Western skies, you can feel that you have a true friend in Mr. Wanamaker.

CHIEF PLENTY COUPS (CROW NATION). I came from Montana. Since I came to this place, and from here to New York, I have had no trouble of any kind, and my heart was glad. And as I see my friends present here, it makes me feel all this much more. It is always a pleasure to me everywhere I turn. What we are doing now, it is a great and important work. This is a great occasion, and we are not going to keep it just here, we want to spread it to the world. Send my people a copy of what we have said, to be sent to their homes. I will send mine to Yellowstone River, and my Dakota friends will send to their homes. We want copies of what we have said as a matter of friendship to stand forever, that the Indians will get together here, will talk the matter over among ourselves and say, this, "Let's put away our old feelings against the white people. If white people come to our homes hungry, feed them. Put away this vanity. Let's get down and be among our friends, hold our hands together in friendship, and give a grasp of the hand to all the white people and all the Indians." When people hold their hands together in friendship, it is always understood we stand by it. If you are in trouble, we help you; if we are in trouble, you help us. We understand it that way. It is friendship from now on. You were my friend (to Mr. Abbott) before, but now you are my special friend. (To Dr. Dixon): You and Mr. Rodman Wanamaker are my special friends on behalf of my Indian friends. You have tried to do something for the Indian tribes; on their own place some might be poor, some might be wealthy, but do the best you can for them. Don't wrong them any way or form, but see and try to do the best you can, and at home we are going to make a start to comply with your wishes to be among our people as the white people, so that we may all eventually combine into one nation. I always thought Washington was a long ways off, but every time I come here I see more Indians, more white people. It must be the centre of all the tepees together. We want the Indians to be well content, and if we want to see the Commissioner, or the President, we can get on the cars and be here in a few days, and be as welcome here as anywhere else, and make this the headquarters of all the nations.

HOLLOW HORN BEAR. My friends, I would like to take about three steps in this speech. While I was here looking at these people, I saw some nice-looking men. I was glad to see them, but at the same time I was very sorry about some matters. I was sorry about our former fathers, our grandfathers, about their ignorance. If our forefathers had been wise, there might be better friendship today. Our forefathers were ignorant, they were disposing of a whole lot of land which they ought not to have disposed of, and having war with the white people. Now, the white people have multiplied so much they have driven me, and driven me toward the West, and driven me into certain places, the reservations, small places where I am penned up. I can

now see that the open road for happiness and prosperity among my people is to join hands with the white brother, and receive into our own lives the civilization and education that he offers and join with our white brothers in supporting the flag. There is something else: I am proud about Mr. Wanamaker putting up a great monument for the sake of the Indian. In the past time we think this world was never anywhere; we find out that it was a big sea. Now, there is one thing I am very glad and proud of; it is this, we are going to parade when our new President is going to take his chair, because we have made a pledge to the flag. It is something I am proud of. We have great respect for our new President, Mr. Wilson.

Today I think you people treat me with respect. Now you have thrown a big light to us in our minds, but we have been having hard times and hard work for the Indians. Now we see what you are trying to do for us. We have been here in the Indian Office and the Commissioner treated us nice, and also all his clerks treated us nicely, and we are very glad indeed, and we appreciate what has been done for us, and we are going to take that home to tell to our people. Now I am going to shake hands with my friend with a glad heart (taking Dr. Dixon by the hand). That is all I have to say.

DR. DIXON. I am glad to shake a good Sioux hand.

MOUNTAIN CHIEF (BLACK- FEET). My friends, take a good look at me and open your ears. Words cannot express the courtesy that has been given by Mr. Wanamaker. I took Mr. Wanamaker as a friend. This is the second time the Indians have taken part in helping to inaugurate the Indian Monument. We were blind in the years past, but Mr. Rodman Wanamaker opened our eyes. He is going to raise the monument to the North American Indian, which we will recognize as our protection. I have it in my heart, in my mind, this great monument they are going to put up to face the ocean. The men are made happy, and they entreat Almighty God.

There is another thing I am going to speak about to my friends. That is, I believe when we have a good Commissioner, and he commences to know the ways of the Indians, he ought to stay Commissioner until there are charges against him to remove him. Whenever we get a good Commissioner they change them so often, a new one comes in, he has to begin all over again, just like a scholar. When we have a Commissioner that stays with us and begins to know the condition of the Indian and gets in touch with the Indians, I think he ought to remain. There is another thing; I don't like, when we get a good Indian agent in our agencies, to have them changed so often. When we get good agents, I believe they ought to remain there after they commence to know the Indians, the country and the conditions of the different reservations. Of course, if we have a bad one, we don't want him

to stay there. The Government sent out different representatives to different agencies to get the scholars for those great schools in the East, and they promised us when these young Indians became educated they will fill the places at the agencies, and be employed by the Government. I don't think this is fulfilled now. That is what I believe. I believe when they fill these agency positions, such as farmers, put those returned students in the place of a white man; because when the Indian takes the place of a white man, the money will be circulated in that reservation. When we get a white man he simply pockets the money and never spends a cent on the reservation. When we get a position, the money is circulated among us. There is another thing that keeps me here—I am anxious to take part in the inauguration, and that won't last forever. There are three men right here standing before you, who are our friends, as well as our agents (Mr. Abbott, Dr. Dixon, Major McLaughlin). They have fathered us, and the Honorable Mr. Wanamaker has done the same, and his noble son Rodman Wanamaker. When I was down here alone I felt awful. My friend and my brother (taking Dr. Dixon by the hand), I was glad to face you, and you faced me and your ears were opened and your eyes were wide open. That is all. There was one thing yet I want to tell you, my friends. We took part in the opening of the ground for the Indian Monument in New York harbor, where there is to be a statue to the Indian; there we raised the Stars and Stripes, there we pledged our allegiance to the Government. Today we renew that pledge, and so with happy hearts we can take part in the inauguration tomorrow, for we now feel that we are a part of this great country.

MR. ABBOTT. I want to repeat again—I have been proud, everybody who is interested in Indian affairs has been proud, of the dignified conduct of the representatives of the various tribes while they were in New York and Philadelphia. I know we will all be proud of the showing that you will make tomorrow in the Inaugural Parade. Now, as long as you are in Washington, I want to remind you again of my remarks when you first came here, that I want you to make this office your headquarters. Come here at any time, and if there is any business you have not finished heretofore, as soon as these ceremonies are over, come up and we will take care of every detail of your business before you go home. I am very glad to have seen you again this morning.

MAJOR McLAUGHLIN. Dr. Dixon wishes me to say to you that he is having pictures prepared of us, as we were marching up to the monument, at the monument, when returning to New York, and at Philadelphia, all of which will be sent to your agency for distribution to those among you who participated in that celebration, so that you can expect them all in due time.



PRESIDENT TAFT DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS AT FORT WADSWORTH



Woodrow Wilson
1913

ADDRESS OF THE
President of the United States
WOODROW WILSON
TO THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN

Delivered into an Edison Phonograph, at the White House, Washington, D. C., May 24, 1913

This address is to be reproduced by an Edison Phonograph in the presence of all the Indian tribes in the United States, assembled in council upon their respective reservations, to hoist the American flag and sign an oath of allegiance to the United States Government

My Brothers:

A hundred years ago, President Jefferson, one of the greatest of my predecessors, said to the Chiefs of the Upper Cherokees:

"My children, I shall rejoice to see the day when the Red Men, our neighbors, become truly one people with us, enjoying all the rights and privileges we do, and living in peace and plenty as we do, without any one to make them afraid, to injure their persons, or take their property without being punished for it according to fixed laws."

This I say to you again today; but a hundred years have gone by, and we are nearer these great things than hoped for, now, much nearer than we were then. Education, agriculture, the trades, are the red man's road to the white man's civilization today, as they were in the day of Jefferson, and happily you have gone a long way on that road.

There are some dark pages in the history of the white man's dealings with the Indian, and many parts of the record are stained with the greed and avarice of those who have thought only of their own profit; but it is also true that the purposes and motives of this great Government and of our nation as a whole toward the red man have been wise, just and beneficent. The remarkable progress of our Indian brothers towards civilization is proof of it, and open to all to see.

During the past half-century you have seen the schoolhouse take the place of the military post on your reservations.

The administration of Indian affairs has been transferred from the military to the civil arm of the Government. The education and industrial training the Government has given you have enabled thousands of Indian men and women to take their places in civilization alongside their white neighbors. Thousands are living in substantial farmhouses on their own separate allotments of land. Hundreds of others have won places of prominence in the professions, and some have worked their way into the halls of Congress and into places of responsibility in our State and National Governments. Thirty thousand Indian children are enrolled in Government, State and Mission schools. The Great White Father now calls you his "brothers," not his "children." Because you have shown in your education and in your settled ways of life staunch, manly, worthy qualities of sound character, the nation is about to give you distinguished recognition through the erection of a monument in honor of the Indian people, in the harbor of New York. The erection of that monument will usher in that day which Thomas Jefferson said he would rejoice to see, "when the Red Men become truly one people with us, enjoying all the rights and privileges we do, and living in peace and plenty." I rejoice to foresee the day.

It gives me pleasure as President of the United States to send this greeting to you and to commend to you the lessons in industry, patriotism and devotion to our common country which participation in this ceremony brings to you.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 26, 1913

My dear Mr. Dixon:

I hope most sincerely that your expedition among the North American Indians will be most successful and most stimulating, not only to our friends the Indians themselves but also to all who are associated with them. My best wishes go with you.

Sincerely yours,

Woodrow Wilson

Mr. Joseph K. Dixon,
c-o John Wansmaker,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Message of Rodman Wanamaker

TO THE
Indian Tribes
of the United States

To be Translated into Every Indian Tongue and Read Before
Each Indian Tribe on the Expedition of Citizenship

THE CAUSE

In undertaking this Expedition of Citizenship to the North American Indian, the sole desire has been to strengthen in the hearts of the Red Men the feeling of allegiance and loyalty and friendship, to be eternally sealed as a covenant in the Indian Memorial, for which ground was broken at Fort Wadsworth, in the Harbor of New York, by the President of the United States, on Washington's Birthday, 1913.

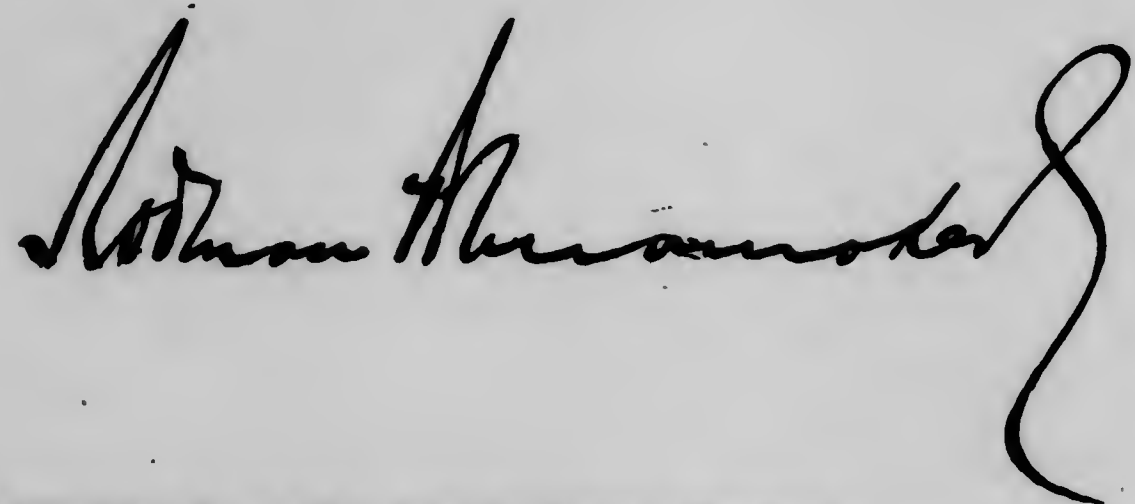
As the older noble chiefs of the Indian nations are passing away, they will give their allegiance in their own words to that flag which will fly over their graves and protect their young. They will feel that they can hand down to their own children a deeper reverence for their country which will sustain them, and thus create an uplifting inspiration for all who are to come after them to live a true and noble life.

By the great hope that is born in the heart of every true man, who knows not how he came into the world nor how he will depart therefrom, he still clings to the everlasting faith which brings peace to the soul and rest to the weary.

And so, in sacred council, as you lift the flag of your country to the sky above in faithful homage to your Almighty Maker and to the country that shields you and prays for your loyalty, honored influence, progress and noble impulse, I ask that you repeat together, in your own tongue, these words:

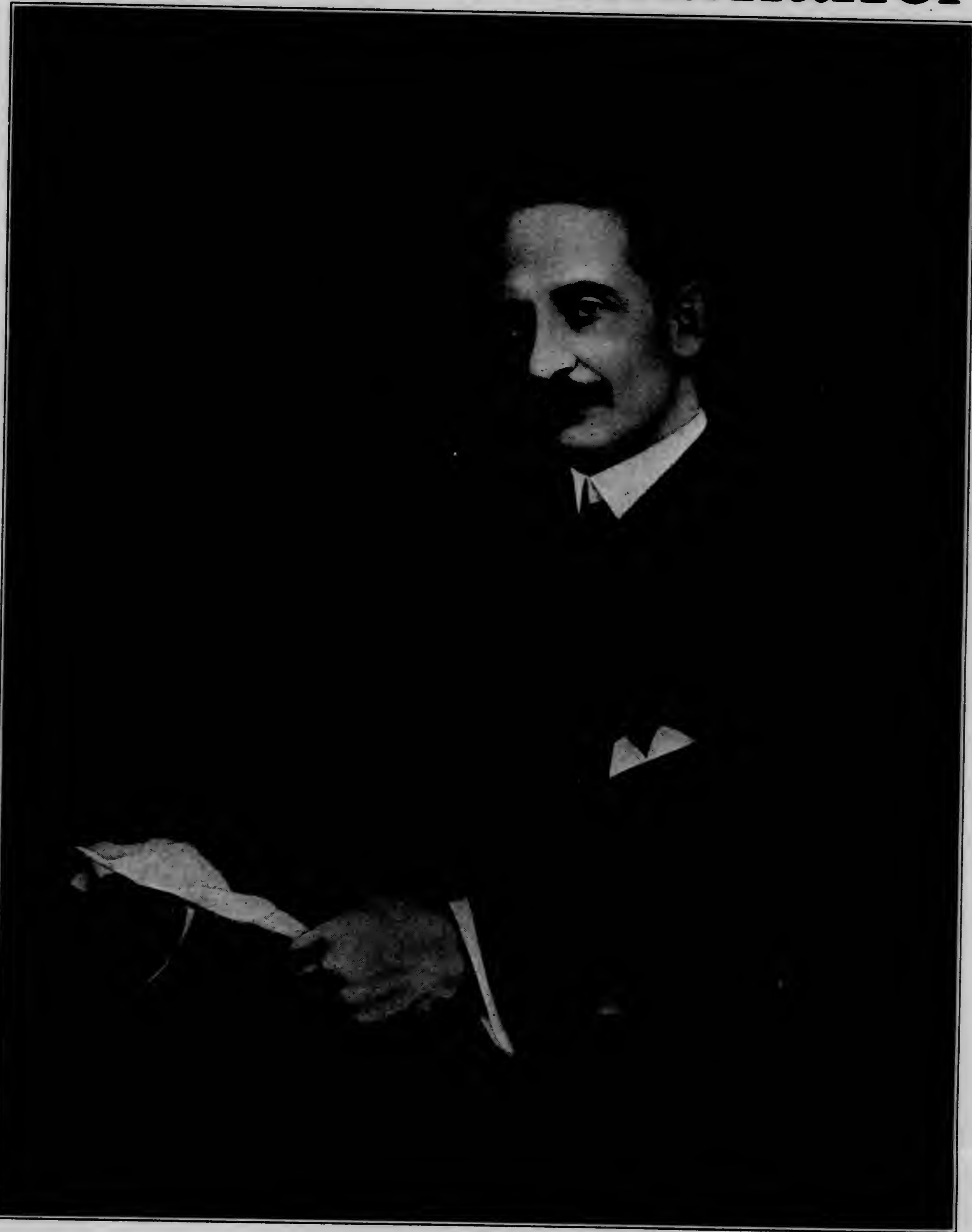
"Under the blessing of God, who has made the Red Man and the White Man one and alike in heart, and under the great dome of blue, where the White Man looks for his Heaven and the Red Man looks for his Happy Hunting Ground, we are assembled in solemn council this day to attest anew, in common brotherhood, our love for the Great Mystery, for Man, and for our Country.

"As the Great White Chief and the Great Red Chiefs, together representing the united country, raised at Fort Wadsworth the flag of allegiance—the Stars and Stripes—the flag of our forefathers, of our fathers, and of our children—and solemnly broke ground for the colossal Memorial which shall stand forever in eternal bronze as a token to all the world of the one and indivisible citizenship of the Red Man and the White Man of these United States, so we now, under authority of our common President, raise the flag again, here in our homes, and on our own Indian ground, making sacred these ceremonies and thereby completing the circle of sacred ceremonies inaugurating the Indian Memorial, the pledge of a new life and peace everlasting."



THE EXPEDITION OF CITIZENSHIP

The President of the United States, William Howard Taft, on Washington's Birthday, 1913, on the highest point of land in the Harbor of New York, officially inaugurated the National Memorial to the North American Indian. There were present on this momentous occasion 32 noted Indian warriors and statesmen, eminent Chiefs representing 11 different tribes. Chief Wooden Leg, a Northern Cheyenne, with the thigh bone of the buffalo, followed the President of the United States in digging the soil, thus opening the ground for the Memorial. After President Taft and Chief Red Hawk, a noted Sioux warrior and orator, had spoken, the Indians, each holding a guy line, hoisted the Stars and Stripes to the slow-measured rhythm of Indian music. When the flag was mast-headed, the combined military bands broke forth in the national air, "The Star-Spangled Banner." Beneath the folds of the flag that the Indians had lifted to the breeze, they placed their signatures, with pen and thumb-mark, upon a parchment containing a Declaration of Allegiance to the Government of the United States, entirely of their own composition. The Indians participating in the ceremonies connected with the inauguration of the Memorial to their race expressed themselves with great earnestness as having had born within them a new feeling of loyalty to the flag and a new desire for citizenship under that flag. To use their own



RODMAN WANAMAKER

expression, they said: "We never before have felt that we were a part of this country." In one of the addresses made by the Indians, Chief Hollow Horn Bear said: "I lament the ignorance of my forefathers. We would not now be driven into the small places of the earth had our grandfathers dealt with wisdom with reference to our lands and our homes, and I can now see that the open road for happiness and prosperity among my people is to join hands with the white brother, and receive into our own lives the civilization and education that he offers, and join with our white brother in supporting the flag." This utterance fell from the lips of the old Sioux warrior and orator at a Council of Indians in the Commissioner's Office on Monday, March 3d. On March 15th, Hollow Horn Bear died in Washington. His last utterance seemed prophetic and holds, for the white man as well as his own race, the majesty of a great idea, and forces upon our time a problem of infinite dimensions.

It would seem to be, therefore, a pregnant moment for the prosecution of a great and salutary influence for the weal of the red man. An opportunity that occurs only once in a cycle and seems to have swept within the range of possibility and responsibility, affording the white man an open door to the Indian heart, and thus an opportunity immeasurable in its scope for the unification of this great original race of people, to the principles of the Government of the United States.

At this moment we may not trace the history of the tragedies wrought out on American soil with reference to the North American Indian, but we may fully comprehend and seize upon a great idea, given us by the Indian himself, for the linking of all of the tribes on American soil to this Memorial to be reared in the Harbor of New York. However much we may lament the transactions of other days, we are face to face with a privilege and a responsibility that beckon us from the curling smoke of every wigwam, and the echo of every Indian footfall as he marches toward the receding sands of the Western ocean. It is a high, imperative call before the last of this great race shall succumb to the iconoclasm of civilization, to unite Indian hand with Indian hand in brotherhood to themselves, and an acknowledgment of the fatherhood of the great White Chief at Washington.

It is proposed that an expedition of citizenship, of fealty to the flag, be sent to every reservation in the United States, and there meet in Council the most eminent Indians of the tribe, at which time the story of the Memorial will be told them and they will be asked to raise the same flag lifted by their brothers at Fort Wadsworth, using the same ropes, and thus join with the 11 tribes who have already participated, in one common act—thus every Indian in the United States will have personal share in the inauguration of the Memorial that is to stand through coming ages as an expression of aboriginal life on this soil.

The Rodman Wanamaker Expedition of Citizenship to the North American Indian

Summer, 1913

Under Authority of the President of the United States

It is the Purpose of the Expedition under the Leadership of Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, to Visit Every Tribe of Indians in the United States. The Map is Referred to on the Third Page of the Cover.

The Expedition Will Cover By Rail, About 19,429 Miles; By Stage, About 2,298 Miles;

By Water, About 315 Miles; A Total Distance of About 22,052 Miles.

Approximate Time to Carry Out The Purpose of the Expedition, Six Months

The following letter was sent by Honorable F. H. Abbott, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs to the Superintendents of Indian Reservations in the United States.

To the Superintendents of Indian Reservations:

By authority of the President, Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, of Philadelphia, representing Hon. Rodman Wanamaker, will visit your reservation during the summer of 1913, to give the Indians under your jurisdiction an opportunity to participate in ceremonies incident to the erection of a national monument at Fort Wadsworth, New York Harbor, projected by Mr. Wanamaker and approved by Congress and the President of the United States, in honor of the North American Indian. These ceremonies will be similar to those held on Washington's birthday, 1913, at Fort Wadsworth, in which thirty-two representative Indians of eleven different tribes participated by raising the American flag to the rhythm of Indian music, while the President of the United States and Wooden Leg, a member of the Northern Cheyenne tribe, opened ground for the memorial, which will stand as a fitting recognition by the nation of the noble and worthy and virile qualities of Indian character.

Dr. Dixon will have with him on your reservation the same flag which was hoisted by Indian hands in New York harbor, and the same program, so far as possible, will be followed, thus linking the Indians of every tribe in all parts of the country together in the erection of this national tribute to the American Indian.

The part of the program in New York which attracted most general attention was a declaration of allegiance inspired by the Indians themselves, and signed by them at the close of the ceremonies. The statement was as follows:

DECLARATION OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES BY THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

We, the undersigned representatives of various Indian tribes of the United States, through our presence and the part we have taken in the inauguration of this memorial to our people, renew our allegiance to the glorious flag of the United States, and offer our hearts to our country's service. We greatly appreciate the honor and privilege extended by our white brothers who have recognized us by inviting us to participate in the ceremonies on this historical occasion.

The Indian is fast losing his identity in the face of the great waves of Caucasian civilization which are extending to the four winds of this country, and we want fuller knowledge, in order that we may take our places in the civilization which surrounds us.

Though a conquered race, with our right hands extended in brotherly love, and our left hands holding the Pipe of Peace, we hereby bury all past ill feeling and proclaim abroad to all the nations of the world our firm allegiance to this nation and to the stars and stripes, and declare that henceforth and forever in all walks of life and every field of endeavor we shall be as brothers, striving hand in hand, and will return to our people and tell them the story of this memorial, and urge upon them their continued allegiance to our common country.

So beautiful and patriotic is the sentiment contained in this declaration that its influence cannot fail to be helpful to all who may read or hear it. It is the intention of Dr. Dixon to give all the Indians whom he visits an opportunity to sign this declaration, believing that it will influence their minds to a deeper feeling of loyalty to the Government.

Inspector James McLaughlin has been directed by the Secretary of the Interior to accompany Dr. Dixon on his visit to the reservations, in order that this ceremony may have not only historical and inspirational value, but that it may result in real constructive benefit to the Indians on your reservation, by increasing their self-respect, inspiring in them higher ideals and broadening their views.

It is important that as many of the Indians within your jurisdiction as possible should be encouraged to be present. Efforts should be made in assembling the Indians to see that their crops and their industries shall not be neglected nor interfered with, and that the whole ceremony shall be conducted on the very highest moral and educational plane.

As each tribe has a distinctive costume, and as a record will be preserved of the meeting through photographs of Indians who assemble, which will be placed within the galleries of the national memorial, it is highly desirable for historical purposes that Indians who may care to do so should appear dressed in their native regalia, as did the representatives of the eleven tribes who raised the flag on the site of the monument in New York Harbor.

The Secretary of the Interior was so deeply impressed with the possibility of making the expedition fruitful in the way of far-reaching constructive benefit to the tribes visited that he not only determined to detail one of his most experienced Inspectors to assist to that end, but he proposed to deliver a message to the various tribes visited by means of the phonograph, and the President of the United States, at his suggestion, gladly consented to deliver a message to the Indians in similar manner. The delivery of these messages to the Indians through the phonograph will be most interesting, and will give them an opportunity to hear the voices of the President and the Secretary, who are taking the keenest and most sympathetic interest in their protection, civilization and development.

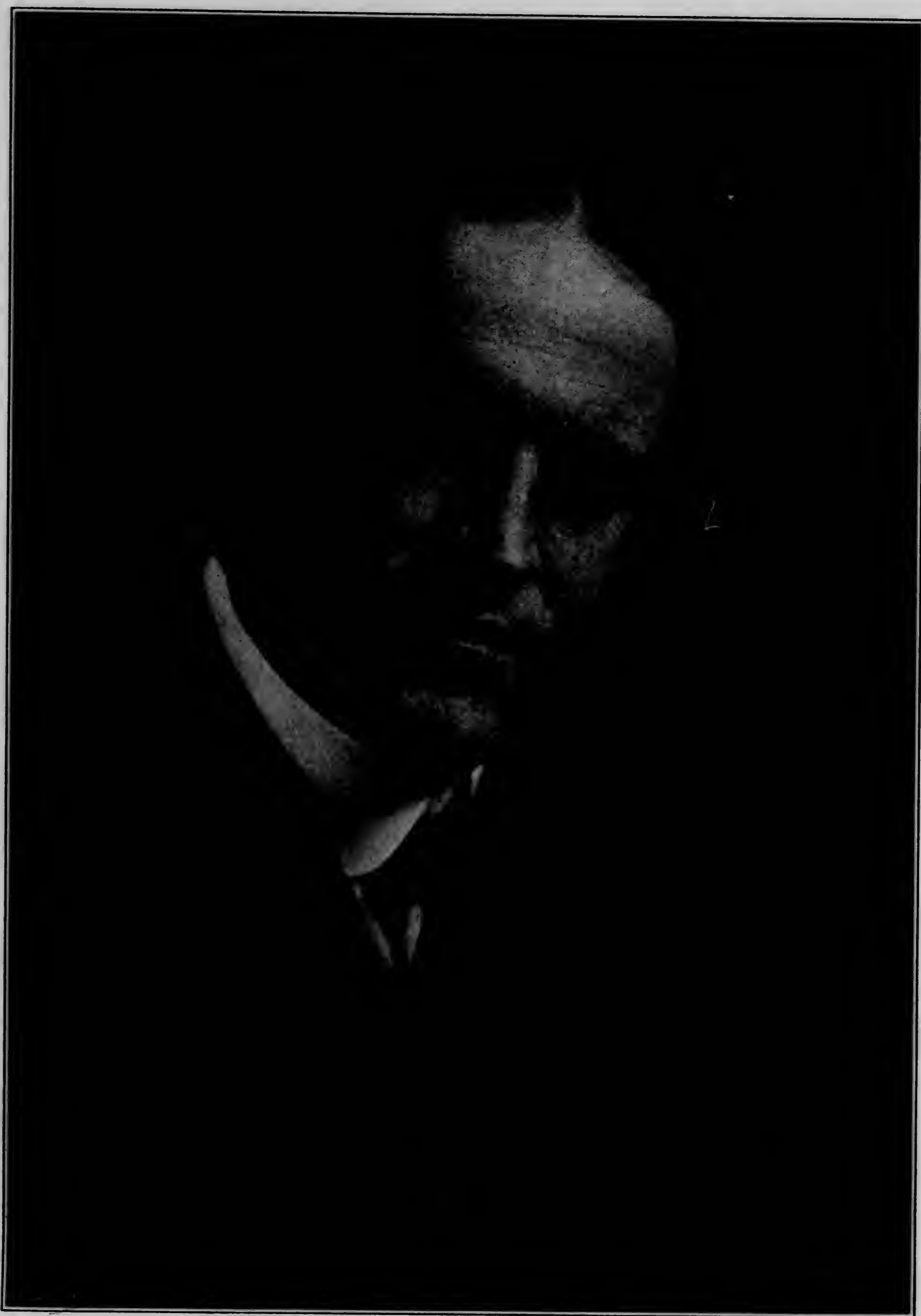
It is my desire that you leave nothing undone to make the visit of Dr. Dixon and Inspector James McLaughlin, representative of the Secretary of the Interior, one of the greatest possible benefit to the Indians in your charge.

A full program of the ceremonies in New York Harbor is being sent you under separate cover, as well as a "reprint" of pictures and the comments of the Press upon this noteworthy event. I commend them to your careful reading.

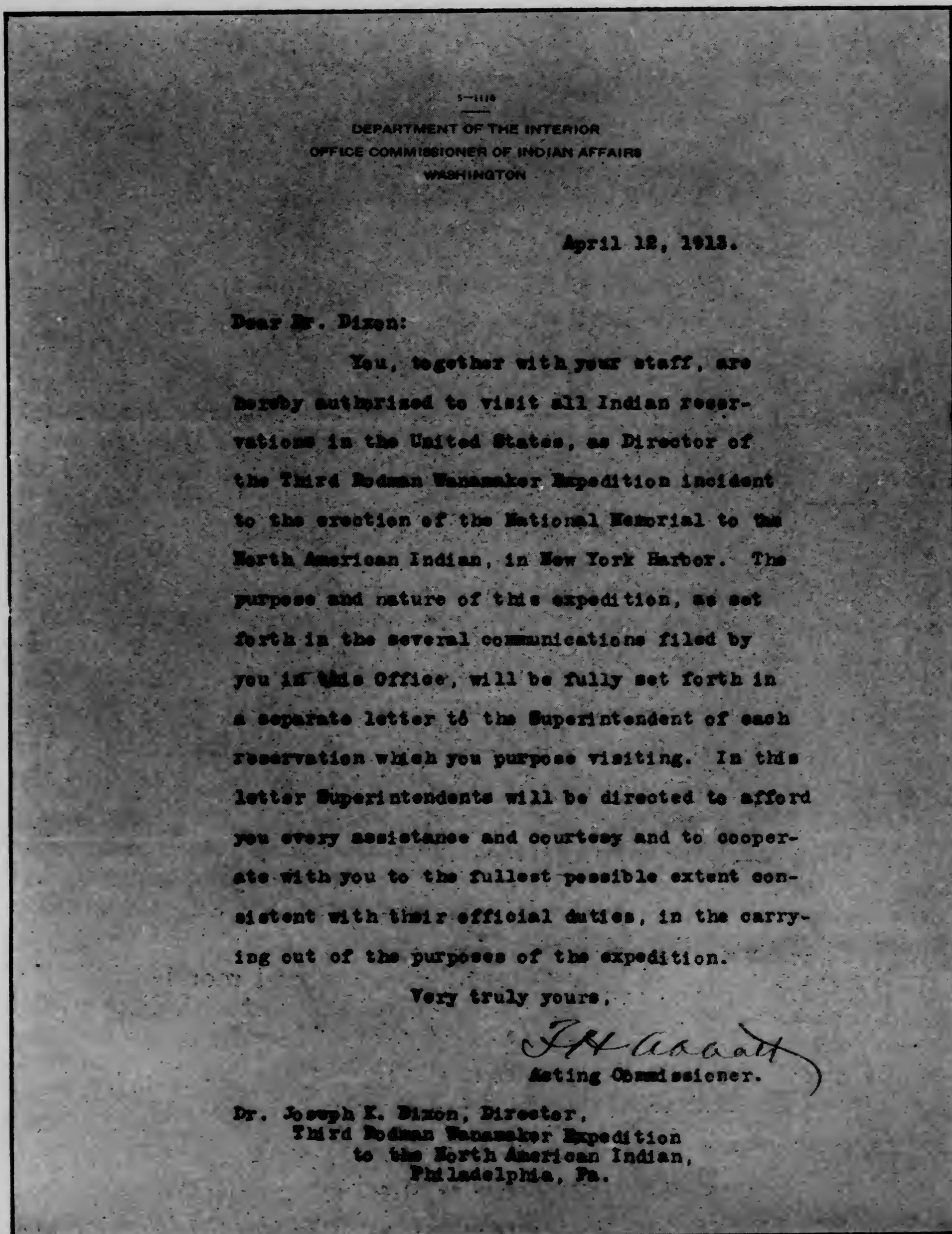
As the proposed expedition will cover several months, it is desired that local arrangements for the ceremonies shall be completed so as to avoid delay. To enable you to have everything in readiness at the appointed time, Inspector McLaughlin will wire you several days in advance the exact date he and Dr. Dixon will reach your reservation.

Respectfully,

F. H. ABBOTT,
Acting Commissioner.



J. H. Abbott



Address

OF

HONORABLE F. H. ABBOTT

ACTING COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

Delivered into an Edison Phonograph at the White House,
Washington, D. C., May 24, 1913

This address is to be reproduced by an Edison phonograph in the presence of all the Indian tribes in the United States assembled in council upon their respective reservations, to hoist the American flag and sign an oath of allegiance to the United States Government.

My Friends:—

I have travelled in your country and know many of your people personally. Therefore, it gives me special pleasure to send you this long distance greeting.

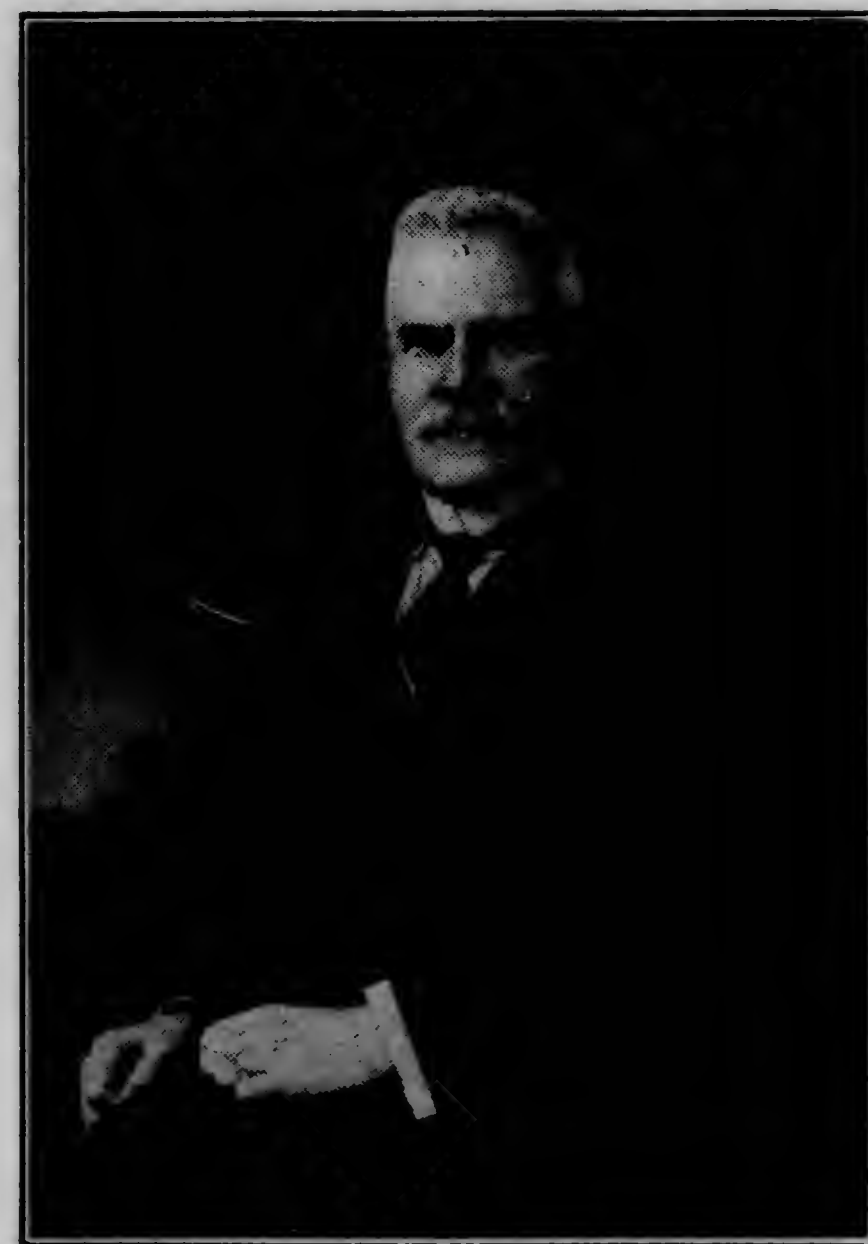
Mr. Rodman Wanamaker and others have become interested in your history and your future welfare. Because of that interest they are going to erect a great monument to the North American Indian. This monument will give distinctive national recognition to the virtues of Indian character. On this occasion you are given opportunity to unite with other members of your race in a beautiful ceremony connected with the erection of this great national memorial. You will have the privilege of raising the same American flag that was raised by your red brothers in New York harbor last February; of signing the same oath of allegiance to our great common country which they signed at that time.

You will hear words of inspiration and good advice from the lips of Dr. Dixon, representing Mr. Wanamaker, and Inspector James McLaughlin, representing the Government. You all know Major McLaughlin. He has been the true friend of the Indian, and served him without faltering for more than forty years. Their words will inspire in your minds ideals of lofty patriotism and useful citizenship. If you will live up to those ideals, your children and grandchildren will have better homes than you now have; they will be more prosperous, better educated, happier, and more useful citizens.

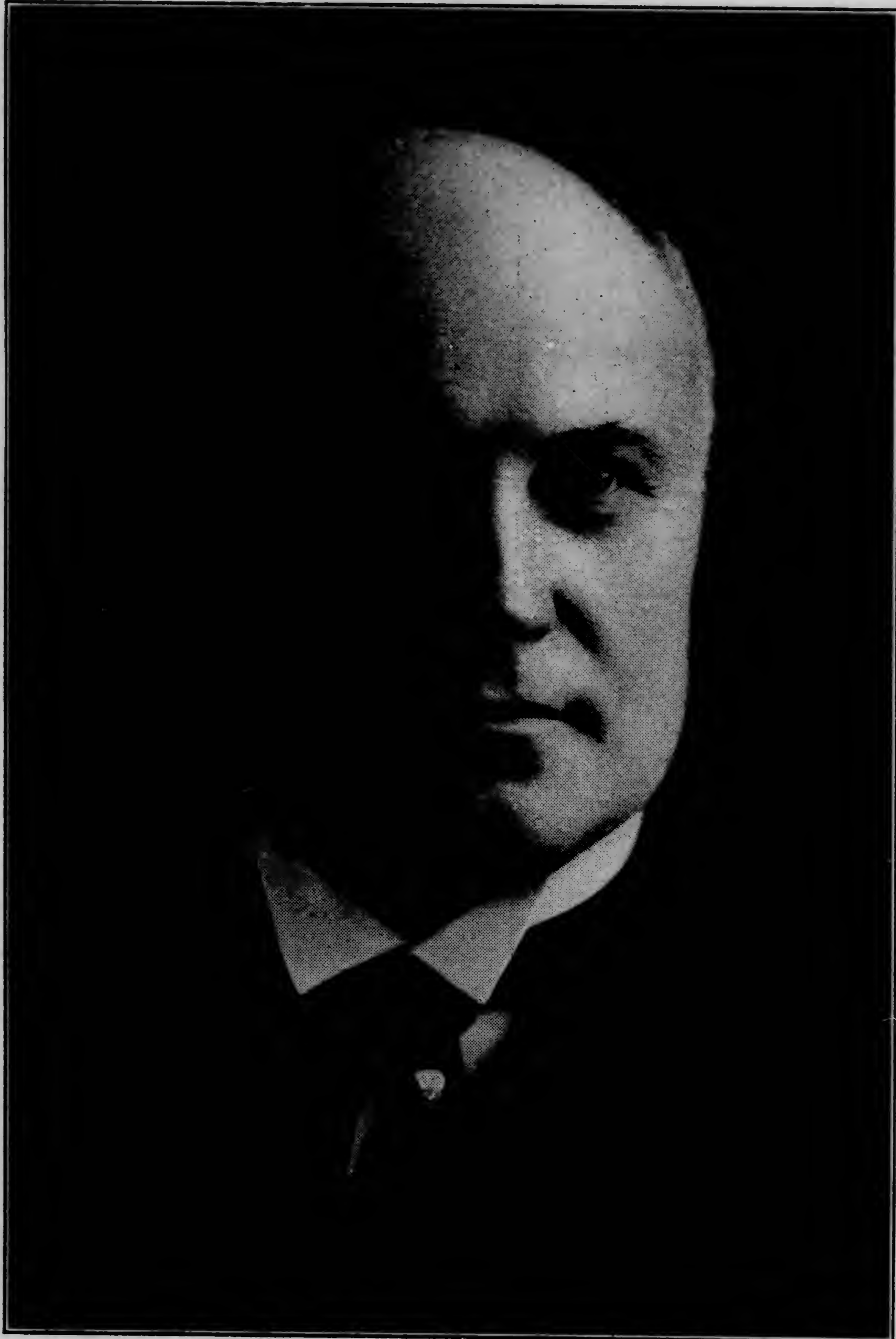
During my visits at some of your reservation homes you have appealed to me to help you keep your reservation lands. I have always told you that the Government cannot permanently protect your lands so long as they remain unused and undeveloped; that you must protect them yourselves; that the only way you can fully protect them is to use them and to make as productive use of them as the average white man in the locality makes of his land. I have told you that education, untiring industry, hard work, selfsupport, temperate living truthfulness and honesty in all your dealings with your neighbors offer the only complete solution of your difficulties, just as the same qualities offer the only solution for the white man's difficulties.

The same red blood flows in your veins that flows in the veins of the white man. The red man's goal in the civilization of our Nation is the white man's goal, and there is only one trail leading to that goal for the red man and the white. The Government, through its schools and its policy of industrial education, is doing its best to help you to find that trail.

Four years of close acquaintance with your affairs have filled me with faith in you and your future, and with the deepest interest in your success and happiness. That faith and interest will live as long as the Great Spirit permits me to breathe the same air that you breathe. One reason why I am hopeful for your immediate future is the man whom President Wilson has appointed Secretary of the Interior, Honorable Franklin K. Lane, is your true friend. His heart is with you. I look for great advancement in Indian affairs with him as your Chief. I have the pleasure and the honor of introducing Honorable Franklin K. Lane, who will now speak to you.



James McLaughlin



Franklin K. Lane

The ten-year-old daughter of the Secretary of the Interior puts a "shall" upon the treatment of the Indian by the U. S. Government, and prescribes the program of the Department of the Interior.

During the time occupied in changing the wax discs on the recording machine, Nancy asked her father for his manuscript and a pencil. Then, on the back of the page, she wrote her little speech, and delivered it into the recording phonograph.

ADDRESS OF HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

Delivered into an Edison Phonograph, at the White House,
Washington, D. C., May 24, 1913

This address is to be reproduced by an Edison phonograph in the presence of all the Indian tribes in the United States assembled in council upon their respective reservations, to hoist the American flag and sign an oath of allegiance to the United States Government.

My Friends:

I call you my friends because you are my friends, and I am to be your friend. I want you always to feel that you have in me one who is devoted to your interests. I come from the same part of this country that you live in—the Western land. I know the plains, and I know the mountains, and I know the big game country.

Most of the big game in your country and in mine, the Western country, such as buffalo, the elk, and the antelope, has gone. There are just a few wolves left. When I have been hunting I have made a fire which protected me against the wolves at night, and there was always some man in the party who would watch so that he could throw a firebrand out to scare them off. I have been chosen by the Big Chief in the White House to sit up and watch, to keep the wolves as far away from you as I can.

You know that I stand here as the voice and with the hand of the great man in the White House. Some of you have seen President Wilson. All of you have seen his pictures. You men know how to read a man's face, and you know that President Wilson is an honest man and a very good man. He loves to do justice above all things. He will see that justice is done you. You will now hear him in his own voice.

THE LITTLE SPEECH OF LITTLE NANCY LANE:

*My friends the Indians have not
been as well treated. Now
under the Sec of In. Franklin
K. Lane. ~~you~~ you shall
be treated well—as well
as the white-men.*

Nancy Lane



THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR
WASHINGTON

April 12, 1913.

Superintendents of Various Indian Schools and Reservations:

This will be presented to you by Dr. Joseph K. Dixon,
Director of the Third Rodman Wanamaker Expedition to the North
American Indians. By recent letter of the Acting Commissioner
of Indian Affairs you were advised of the nature and purpose
of this expedition. You are hereby authorized to permit Dr.
Dixon and his staff to enter your reservation. The Department
will be glad to have you afford him such assistance and coopera-
tion as may be possible consistent with your official duties and
the work of your office to further the objects of this expedition.

Very truly yours,

Franklin K. Lane

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR
WASHINGTON

April 12, 1913.

Dear Dr. Dixon:

In connection with the Rodman Wanamaker Expedi-
tion relative to the erection of the national memorial
to the American Indian at Fort Wadsworth, New York
Harbor, which you contemplate making to the various
Indian Reservations in the near future, I take pleasure
in enclosing herewith a general letter of introduction
to the various Indian Superintendents authorizing you
to enter the reservations and requesting them to ac-
cord you every possible assistance consistent with
their duties.

Cordially yours,

Franklin K. Lane

Dr. Joseph K. Dixon,
Washington, D. C.

THE NEW YORK HERALD

New York City, May 26, 1913

GOING 22,000 MILES
TO 320,000 INDIANSNancy Lane, Daughter of the
Secretary, Also Talks in
Phonograph.Dr. J. K. Dixon, Head of Rodman
Wanamaker Expedition,
Ready for Long Tour.

Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, who is to head the Rodman Wanamaker Expedition of Citizenship to the North American Indian, arrived in New York yesterday from Washington, where he attended the ceremonies at which President Wilson, talking into the phonograph, made a speech which is to be reproduced to each of the Indian tribes in the United States. Dr. Dixon, who has been a close student of Indian affairs for fifteen years, said that he believed the speech in President Wilson's voice delivered before the Indians would have great effect for good in the effort to take citizenship to the red men.

The Rodman Wanamaker expedition is the third of a similar nature sent out by Mr. Wanamaker since 1909. Dr. Dixon goes with the authority of President Wilson, Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, and F. H. Abbott, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He will travel more than twenty-two thousand miles, will be away six months at least and will go to every one of the 169 tribes in the United States.

Flag to Each Tribe.

Nancy Lane, little daughter of the Secretary of the Interior, speaking in a phonograph after President Wilson and her father had made addresses to the Indian wards of the nation, added her assurance that hereafter the red men will have fair treatment in Washington. Joseph K. Dixon, head of the Rodman Wanamaker expedition, will take the messages to all the tribes.

Dr. Dixon will make an effort to arouse patriotism and loyalty to the flag and will give to each tribe an American flag. The presentation will be made with impressive ceremonies, which Dr. Dixon believes will appeal to the Indian's natural sense of reverence and so awake in him true loyalty.

At each of the presentations President Wilson's speech, an address by Mr. Abbott and one by Secretary Lane, will be reproduced by the phonograph, and Dr. Dixon will speak. The translation will be made by Major James McLaughlin, inspector of the Department of the Interior, who has been detailed to accompany Dr. Dixon.

Dr. Dixon told of an interesting event which was not on the program for the ceremony in Washington Saturday, and for which Nancy Lane, ten years old, daughter of the Secretary, was responsible. Little Miss Lane is much interested in the Indians and was present at the preparation of the speech records. As her father finished speaking into the phonograph she stepped up to the horn and, before her father could stop her, said:

"My friends, the Indians, have not been well treated. Now, under the Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, you shall be treated well—as well as the white men." Nancy Lane.

Both President Wilson and Mr. Lane

LITTLE NANCY'S
LITTLE SPEECH

"My friends, the Indians, have not been well treated. Now, under the Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, you shall be treated well—as well as the white men."

NANCY LANE.

CHIEF PLENTYCOUPS

JOSEPH K. DIXON

MISS NANCY LANE

were delighted with this sentiment, and Miss Lane's voice will be heard on the Western plains with that of the Great White Father in the programs of the Rodman Wanamaker expedition.

The program at each tribal headquarters will close with the signing by the chiefs of the declaration of allegiance to the United States Government prepared by representatives of eleven tribes who participated in opening ground for the National American Indian Memorial at Fort Wadsworth February 22.

How to Gain Prosperity.

It is the purpose of the expedition to make the Indians realize that through closer attention to their farms, their schools and their business education they can best show their patriotism and become citizens of the United States. The expedition will leave New York June 3 in a special car and follow an itinerary made out by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The first stop will be at Muskogee, Okla., and from there the trip will be across Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Lower California. The expedition then will go north along the Pacific coast, stopping at the reservations in California, Oregon and Washington, and then back through Idaho, Montana, the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin to the reservations in New York State and the East. Twenty thousand miles of the journey will be in the private car, about two thousand by stage and on horseback and several hundred miles by water.

Washington Times

Washington, D. C., May 26, 1913

Speaking as the "Great White Father" to the Indians of the United States, President Wilson today dictated to the phonograph a long address which will be read to the eighty-nine Indian tribes at the sixty-six reservations on an expedition soon to be made by Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, of Philadelphia, and Major McLaughlin, the noted Indian scout.

President Wilson opened his address by recalling that one hundred years ago President Jefferson addressed the chiefs of the upper Cherokees as "My children."

Calls Indians "Brothers."

Continuing, the President said: "The 'Great White Father' now calls you his brothers, not his children. Because you have shown in your education and in your settled ways of life stanch, manly, worthy qualities of sound character, the nation is about to give you distinguished recognition through the erection of a monument in honor of the Indian people in the harbor of New York."

One of the features of the ceremony attending the breaking of ground for the memorial was the unfurling of an American flag. The patriotic sentiments inspired by this flag-raising among the Indian chiefs led Mr. Wanamaker to form the decision to equip every Indian reservation in the country with a flag. Accordingly, Dr. Dixon and Major McLaughlin were commissioned to present the flags to the Indians, and the idea was then formed to have President Wilson deliver a phonographic address, records of which should be taken and delivered as a part of the ceremony of flag-raising at the Indian reservations.

In addition to hearing the President's address and witnessing the raising of the flag, the chiefs of the eighty-nine tribes will be asked to sign the same declaration of allegiance to the laws of the country that was signed by the Indians attending the ground-breaking ceremonies at Fort Wadsworth.

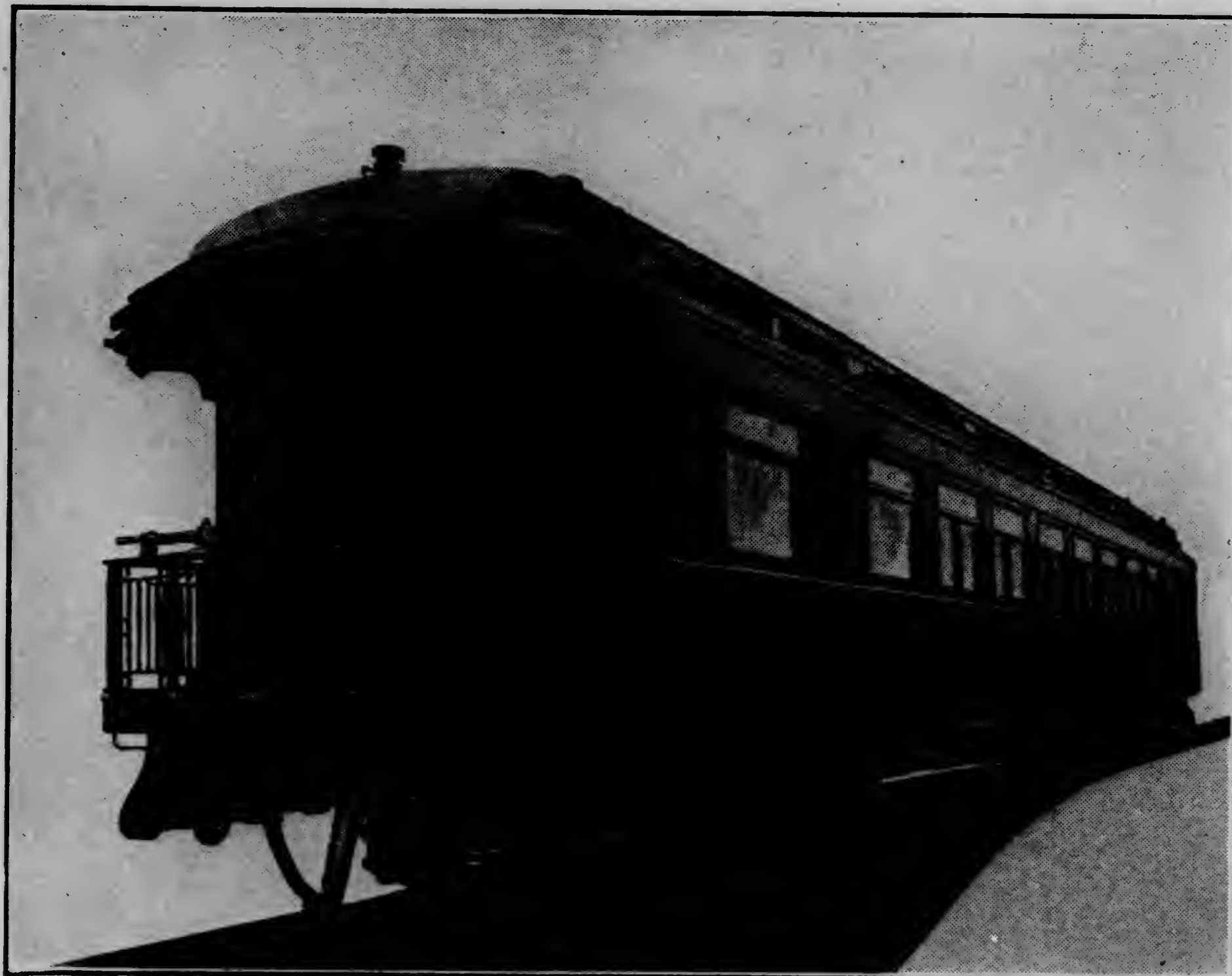
THE INDIAN—SENTIMENT—PATRIOTISM

Editorial by the Leader of the Expedition

A truly great organization in any department of the commercial world dare not disregard "sentiment" as a master factor. And thus sentiment becomes sense. Patriotism is sentiment aroused to a superlative degree. The red man needs sentiment as well as the white man. He lives absorbingly in a mystic land, his moccasined feet tread the great wide stretches of the Prairie, his eye tells the stars in the greater stretches of the sky and he finds rest in communion with the Great Mystery. But, there has been much to deaden the every sensibility of the Indian and crush the ardor of his spirit. The Indian is a man without a country. He does not own an American flag, he never did own one. When the Government placed the Indian Tribes upon Reservations an allotment of land was reserved for the office buildings and the use of the United States Government. Here you will find a flag staff, and according to Government regulations an official of the Government hoists the flag at sunrise and lowers it at sunset. No eye has ever yet beheld the stars and stripes floating on any single foot of land belonging to the Indian in all the Reservations of the United States. Is it wonder then that the thirty-two Indian chiefs felt a new and inspiring thrill when on that eventful day in February, sixty-four hands held guy ropes and hoisted the glorious flag of our country, on the hill top where ground was opened for the Memorial to their race. Is it wonder that they said "We never before have felt that we were a part of this country, we now feel that we are the white man's brother, and our desire is to live for the flag." The inspired idea filled the heart of Mr. Rodman Wanamaker to reach every Indian tribe in the United States with this same sentiment of patriotism, and link every Indian tribe with the Indian Memorial at Fort Wadsworth, in the Harbor of New York. The same flag and the same ropes will be used at the ceremonies upon the various reservations when the Indians assemble in council—so that when the expedition has finished its work, every Indian tribe will have handled these same ropes and looked upon the floating folds of this same flag, finally to find a home in the galleries of the museum beneath the memorial. Beyond all this a helpful circumstance that has never happened before, in our history, every Indian tribe will hear the voice of the Great White Father, the Secretary of the Interior, and the Acting Commissioner of Indian affairs—words of cheer stimulus and encouragement.

The ceremony of hoisting the flag and signing the declaration of allegiance to the Government will be made as solemn and sacred as when the priests of old bore the Ark of the Covenant into the Temple enclosure. The Indian knows the *white stripes*, because, when untouched by the despoiler, he follows the trail of purity from his teepee to the throne of the Great Mystery—the red stripes are a shade of his own color—they represent blood—life—he will be told that brave men have shed their blood to keep the folds of this flag from trailing in the dust—and that now comes his time to show valor to the flag by leaving the old ways of the old days, educating his children, making a good home and putting a steel plow share into the virgin prairies. The field of blue which holds the stars—will be familiar to him—he has his winter star—his war star—his love star—his peace star—and now we can tell him that he is to use his love and peace stars towards his brothers and toward the white man—his war star he is to follow against all that hinders him in his upward climb.

As a climax of it all—a large American flag will be presented by Mr. Wanamaker to each tribe—they will be asked to hoist it to the fair winds of the west, and the Expedition will turn to other fields, leaving behind them the inspiration of an American flag flying on *Indian soil*—the glad possession of Indians—a prophecy, let us hope, of their coming citizenship and uttermost blending with the civilization that crowns the age.

CAR "SIGNET," THE TRAVELING HOME AND WORKSHOP
OF THE EXPEDITION

The National American Indian Memorial



TIN-TIN-MEET-SA

© Rodman W. Hamaker 1991

1871. 45
Sixty-second Congress of the United States of America;

At the First Session,

Begun and held at the City of Washington on Tuesday, the fourth day of April, one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

AN ACT

To provide a suitable memorial to the memory of the North American Indian.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there may be erected, without expense to the United States Government, by Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, of New York City, and others, on a United States reservation, in the harbor of New York, in the State of New York, and upon a site to be selected by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, a suitable memorial to the memory of the North American Indian.

SEC. 2. That for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this Act a commission, consisting of the chairman of the Committee on the Library of the United States Senate, the chairman of the Committee on the Library of House of Representatives, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Robert C. Ogden, of the city of New York, shall be created, with full authority to select a suitable design, and to contract for and superintend the construction of the said memorial, the design of the memorial to be subject to the approval of the Commission of Fine Arts.

Champ Clark

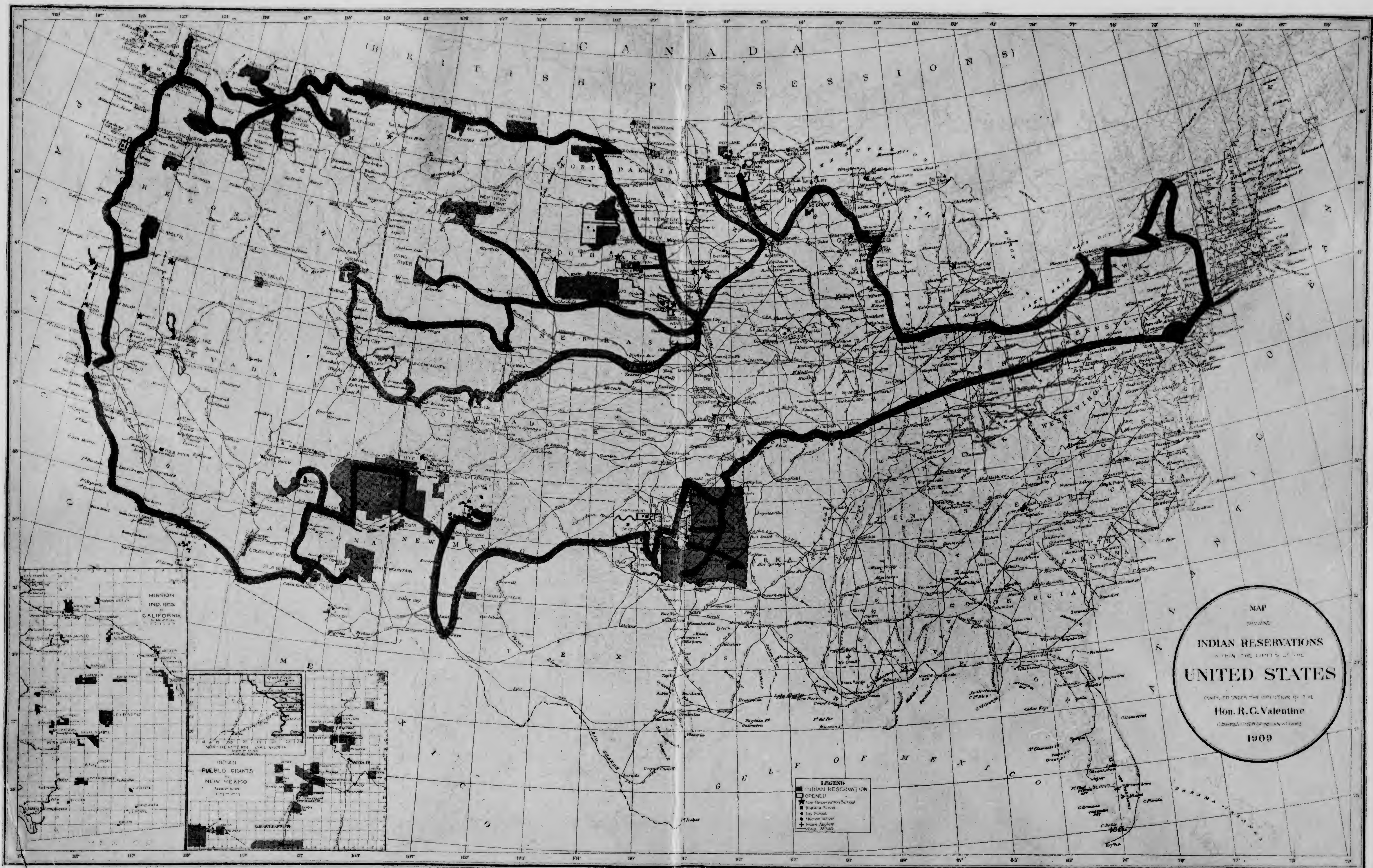
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Charles Curtis

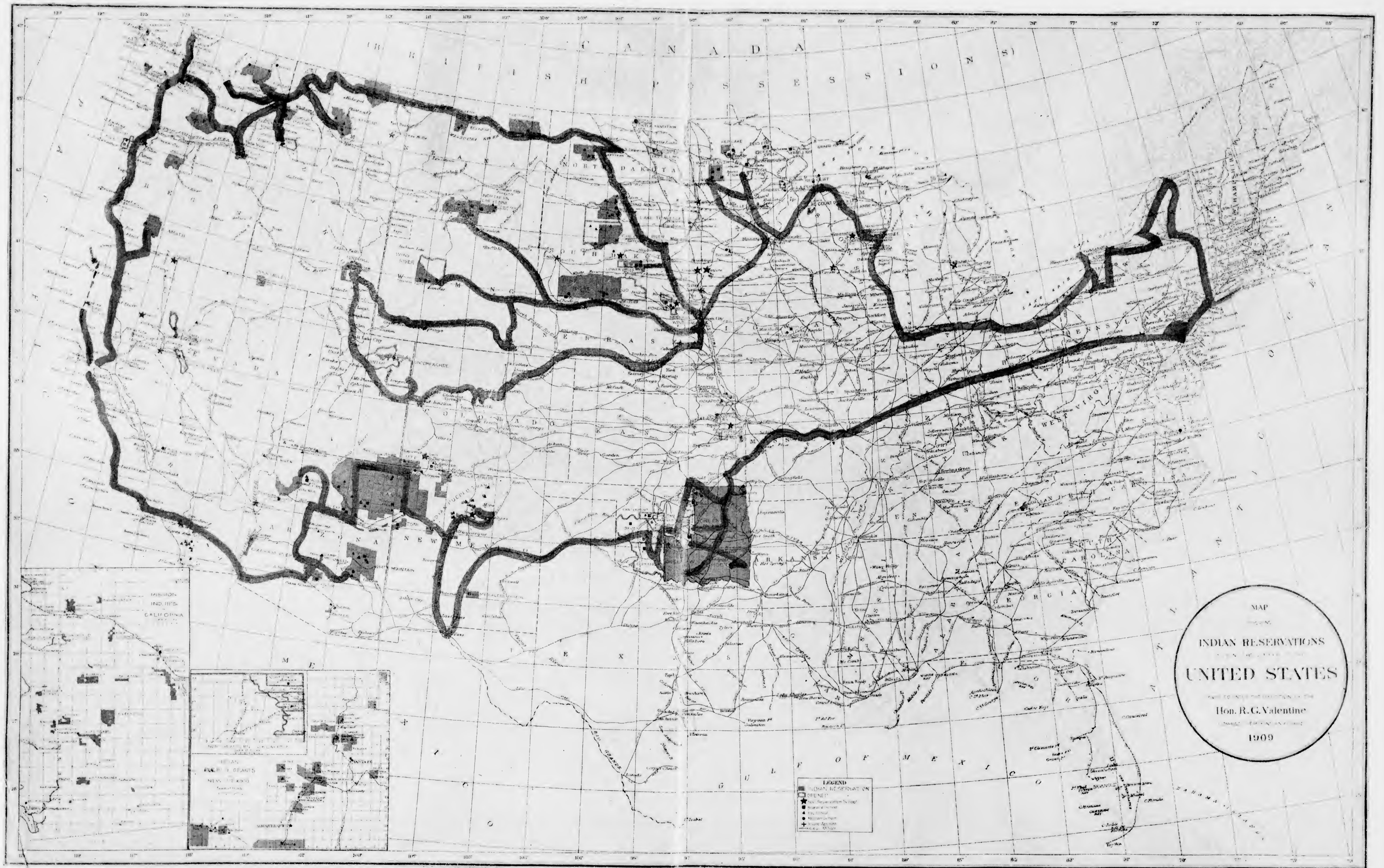
Vice President of the United States and

President of the Senate. *pro tempore*

Approved
Dec. 8 1871
Wm. H. Taft



THE HEAVY LINES SHOW THE ROUTE OF THE RODMAN WANAMAKER EXPEDITION OF CITIZENSHIP—ALSO INDIAN RESERVATIONS



THE HEAVY LINES SHOW THE ROUTE OF THE RODMAN WANAMAKER EXPEDITION OF CITIZENSHIP—ALSO INDIAN RESERVATIONS

Retake of Preceding Frame

THE LAST OUTPOST

© Rodman Wanamaker, 1913



THE LAST OUTPOST

© Rodman Wanamaker, 1913

Missions

(Calif.)

Notes

(Calif.)

Folder 1

R. H. Bonnycastle, writing in 1818, gives the following information:

"The Mission of St. Domingo is the most northerly of the New Californian settlements, and borders upon New Albion.....

The most northern fort is St. Francisco, which has under it, the missions of St. Francisco and Santa Clara; the town of St. Josef, and a settlement in the southern part of the bay, or Port Juan Francisco, or Bodega.

The next division is that of Monterey, the capital of the province, under which is the mission of Santa Cruz, at Point Ana Nueva, established in 1789, and some others; southerly, and easterly from this, are the missions of St. Carlos, St. Antonio, St. Louis, Santa Rosa, and La Purissima.

The ensuing division is that of Santa Barbara, established in 1786, which governs that of Buena Ventura, founded in 1784; south of which is the town of Los Angeles, founded in 1781; this last is under the government of the fort of St. Diego, which is the southernmost of the new settlements."

— R.H.Bonnycastle: Spanish America, 74, 1819.

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DATES OF FORTS & MISSIONS

CALIFORNIA

"The presidio or fort of St. Francisco was founded in 1776, and has a fine harbour, with a population of 820 souls; it is the most northern port of the Spanish American dominions.....

"The presidio of Monterey, or San Carlos de Monterey, has a population of 700 souls, and was founded in June 1779." --Ibid, 75.

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Paintings of old California Missions

by Henry Channing Ford.

old Dr. R. E. C. Stearns wrote me that the
mission artist Ford "was a good fellow" - long
since dead - 1901.

De Mofras

Jose Fernandez in Notes on California affairs dictated for the Bancroft Library states that DeMofras' account of a Mission at Santa Rosa in 1828 was entirely false; that there never was a mission at Santa Rosa. He writes as follows:

"The Mission of Santa Rosa, which the crazy mountebank Mofras (a French writer, who came sent as a spy [87] by his government who wanted to get possession of California, and who was kicked by Capt. Jesus Pico in the Mission of San Antonio) located at a distance of 7 leagues from the Russian possessions and which he depicted as one which had profited most by the arrival of the colonists 'that they did not disclaim that this mission founded definitely in 1828, had prospered marvelously during the frank, cordial and friendly relations that the missionary fathers had been wise enough to cultivate with the Russians, and that at the time when I visited it, its horses, sheep and cattle were counted by the thousands of heads, as also by the dozens the bales (fardos) of vanilla that were empajados to send abroad' (letter of Mofras to the French Minister in Mexico) did not exist at this time and consequently whatever he has written or published in this par-

ticular is entirely false [lo que acontecio es lo que paso a sentar].

The reverend fathers and the commander-general Figueroa having thought that it would prove to the salvation of the people of the tribes of Satiyomies, Cainameros and Mayacmas to found a mission in Santa Rosa, started for this point accompanied by some neophytes, but they were frustrated in their efforts, due to the fact that the Russians (1829) underhandly put obstacles in the way of the project of the Catholics, so it is nothing ariesga to affirm that there never was a mission in Santa Rosa, for the facts excel in my favor when I give the lie to Senor Mofras, and affirm that this hypothetical mission existed only in the fevered imagination of the diplomatic French mountebank, who imitated other travelers who passed through our country, that is to say some of the seaports, and then returning to Europe wrote great books, depicting wonderful regions and relating adventures that could not have taken place, for the condition of California at this time, was extremely unlucky for the individual or party of individuals that penetrated beyond Sonoma, for the Indians of the Satiyomi tribe were first of all warriors. They fought the whites ~~willy-nilly~~, not only

when they encountered them, but they also sought them out. The governors of California did all in their power to conquer them, but never succeeded. I have taken part in a campaign in which the most gallant of our commanders, Salvador Vallejo, led the advance, but although we succeeded in killing a great number of their warriors, we could not make them sue for terms of peace. In 1839 Commander M. J. Vallejo tried anew to found a mission in the environs of Santa Rosa, but did not succeed for the missionaries refused to second his efforts. An official document accompanies this which proves my assertion [Letter of Juan B. Altamira (?) to Vallejo explaining why a mission at Santa Rosa is undesirable].

I do not deny that there will not be lacking people who will accuse me of presumption, because I write refuting Senor Mofras, but as I am of the opinion that the Senor in his writing has lied for the most part, I think it is my duty to refute it. . . ."

Jose Fernandez, Cosas de California, Bancroft Library, 1875, pp. 87-88.

ANNOUNCING
THE PUBLICATION OF

Story of the Spanish Missions
of the
Middle Southwest

*Being a Complete Survey of the Missions
founded by Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino
in the Seventeenth Century and later enlarged
and beautified by the Franciscan Fathers dur-
ing the last part of the Eighteenth Century*

By
FRANK C. LOCKWOOD
of the
UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

THE FINE ARTS PRESS
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA
1934

STORY OF THE SPANISH MISSIONS *of the* MIDDLE SOUTHWEST

Father Eusebio Francisco Kino is the most heroic figure in Southwestern history—a Jesuit exactly contemporaneous with Marquette and one equally deserving of fame. It was he who first introduced domestic animals into the region now comprised in northern Sonora, Arizona, and California. He founded San Xavier Mission and a score of other mission churches two full generations before Serra came to California. The region now included in northern Sonora and southern Arizona was first traversed and mapped by him; and it was he who, through repeated daring explorations about the year 1700, proved that California is a peninsula and not an island.

Not until 1919, when Dr. Herbert E. Bolton published *Kino's Historical Memoir* the original of which he brought to light after prolonged research in the archives of Mexico, was Kino rescued from obscurity; and not until this very year, 1934, has a popular life of Kino been made available to the general reader. Now, for the first time, has the entire Kino Mission chain been visited and written up. Of the twenty-four or twenty-five missions founded by Kino several are still in use and are among the most beautiful architectural relics of the Spanish occupation. Some of the sites had gone unidentified for two centuries until recently located and visited by the author of this book and his friends.

For the past six years most of Dr. Lockwood's leisure has been devoted to a study of the Kino mission chain and to the collecting of letters and other new material about the immortal padre. The results of his enthusiastic labors and frequent visits to these historic missions he has set forth in this volume. The story of each mission is told in fascinating style from its beginnings to the present time—and many are the tragic incidents revealed, noble many of the characters depicted.

The book is written in the simple, popular style that marks the author's other books on the Southwest that have won him such deserved distinction, and the volume is richly illustrated with excellent photographs and copies of old engravings.

"Story of the Spanish Missions of the Middle Southwest" is printed in an edition of 500 copies. Printed on Strathmore Highway text; page size 6¼ x 9½ inches; 11-point Granjon, as herein. Lithographed illustrations of most of the missions. Bound in heavy cloth over boards. The volume is striking in appearance.

The price of "Story of the Spanish Missions of the Middle Southwest" is \$4.00 express collect.

Publication date will be November 25, 1934. All orders received before that date will be accepted at \$3.50 express prepaid.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER

FINE ARTS PRESS
926 Hickory St.,
Santa Ana, California

Please send me.....copies of "Story of the Spanish Missions of the Middle Southwest" by FRANK C. LOCKWOOD.

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Enclosed find.....in payment

Requisition, Check, Draft, Money Order

La Perouse

Dubaut - Cilly

Vancouver - Voyage (1792-94 in Calif).

Vischer

de Moivre

Engelhardt, Fr. Z.

Missions & Missionaries in Calif.

II, 1912.

194. Garcia on Colo. R. saw 4 Indians who were coming from Santa Clara [Sta Clara R. Valley near Mission San Buenaventura] after trading in shells.

196. Rivera gave orders to arrest the Tamajabs [Mohave?] who came to barter for sea shells.

197. Noches

252-53. Linguistic diversity a difficulty at Missions (also p. 472)

✓ 263-64. Discussion of Indian's free-entering mission. After baptism The Indian was the property of the mission.

264. Discussion of recovery of runaways.

✓ Note on leave of absence to visit pagan relatives.

341. Alcalde [neophyte] aids desertions.

✓ 425. 1787. Official disapproval of Indian's riding horses lest they, like the Apaches, become skilful warriors.

436. La Perouse (1786) introduces Chilean potatoes to the Mission at San Carlos. (1786, vol. II: 267, 281.)

Martínez in the La Princesa + de Haro in the San Carlos
in 1788 visit The NW and reach Unalaska.

For this, see Greenhow: 183-187
Bancroft I, 444, 505
Hittell, I: 682-692.

491. Coast language near S. J. Capistrano.

491-93 - W. San Joaquin V. & Coast Range
expeditions.

499. General discussion of runaway neophytes.

1795. note of runaways from S.F. ~~to~~ to The Marin side.

500-501. 1795-96 - Great mortality at SF mission

502-03 1795 - 203 deaths

200 runaways due to fear of disease.

503. June, 1797. ~~runaways to Marin side~~
Great # of runaways. Mission Indians cross the
bay to induce them to return. ~~with~~ Heathen Indians
object.

503. Cochillones, Chachanes (Sacalanes) lived between
~~at~~ Blamedá & M. San Jose.

What is interesting is the possibility that these people S.
of the bay could speak with those to the N.

Alameda + Contra Costa Co. natives were troublesome
to M. San Francisco. 1795 - murdered 7 S.F. neophytes
sent out by Fr. Danti.

499 ff. - S.F. troubles, expeditions, etc.

507. Amador returns from exped. against the
Sacalanes + Cuchillones with 83 captured
Christians. 79 returned to S.F., others
apparently belonged to M. San Jose.

507. Indian's excuses for running away.

507-08. Deserter's excuses - fear of death in epidemics
hunger
didn't want to stay
disinclination to work
sexual restraint enforced
by priests.

✓ 554. Permission of neophytes to visit pagan relatives + friends.

555-56. Nostalgia + hunger the reason for desertion.

561. Weavers paid $\leq$ glass beads.

564. guessing stick game
hoop + pole game

(4)

565-566. Indians take up card playing as a form of gambling.

566-67. leave of absence

567. Islay or tayiyas (cherry-like fruit = bitter kernel.)

"By the aid of warm water it is made eatable.

593-594. In 1802 Lasuen reported that in all the missions:

33717 baptisms

15010 living (1802) at missions

16869 dead

31879

33717
31879
21838

[* This leaves 1838 deserters unaccounted for]

595. Lasuen discusses neophytes semi-freedom to have contact with pagans.

608. Mortality among neophytes - investigation of causes.

✓ 612. Indians prefer to die at their old home in the wilds and not in the mission.

613-14. 1801 messianic outburst of Chumash.

618-19. Santa Cruz Island (Limú) towns named.

619 - Santa Rosa (Huima)

620ff. - Interior explorations - Martin, 1804
Zalvidea, 1806 (see also Appendix J)
Viader, 1810
Abella, 1811
Moraga, 1806 [Munoz] see App. K

- ✓ 620. - Fr. Martin (1804) noted the deadly "galico" in S. San Joaquin V?

VOLUME III, 1813.

16 - 1812 earthquake

22 ff. Cabot (1814) expedition to the Tulares.

23. 1818 Cabot found 33 Christians at Telame

26. ~~1818~~ on Tulame.

26. 1815 - Epidemic among S. Yokuts.

● Tulare troubles. [Payeras - "Informe Bienal" 1815-1816 Sta Barb. Arch.
" " 1817-1818 " (May 4, 1819)
" Memorial, June 2, 1820, Sta Barb. Arch.]

26-27. 1817. Duran + Abella on river tour find San Jose neophytes scattered thru country.

✓ 29. Legal restrictions against Indians using horses (1818)

37. Sanchez (1819) to Mokelumnes (fn. 39)

38. Estudillo (1819) to Tulares

● ✓ 33-34 - Long treatment on neophyte desertions + pressure of unconverted + aroused + mounted interior natives.

79. In 1819 computed ca. 1100 runaways.

145. Exped. of Arguello to Sacto. V., 1821.

154 - Exped. to Fort Ross, Oct. 11 - Nov. 1
Acct. of Ross by Fr. Payeras "Diario", Sta Bart. Arch.

305. Estanislao (1829) foments Indian revolt at San Jose.

Sec. II, 311 ff. Secularization. This created much
unrest among Christian Indians who saw the
whole protective aspect of the system crumble.
See pp. 535-36 esp.

648. blue glass beads part of annual
supply quota to each mission.

Missions (Calif.)

Uppines
Folder 2

Overland Monthly
May, 1890

1890.]

The Old Mission Indians.

461

THE OLD MISSION INDIANS.

It has been something of a fashion in almost every community in Southern California, and as far north as Santa Cruz, to have some very aged Indian as a sort of feature of the place. It is a mistake to attribute to these old Indians any such surprising longevity as is customary. Santa Cruz had an instance in the person of Justiano about thirteen years ago. He was one of a choir of Indians, who had been trained in connection with the mission church. I well remember seeing and hearing them there in 1852. Mariana, Isidro, and this Justiano were then the three oldest Indians in Santa Cruz, and had been captured in a wild state during childhood, brought to this mission, and there taught to labor. Some years since Mr. Thomas Wright made the remarkable discovery that this old Justiano had attained the age of one hundred and twenty years, and that his full name was Justiano Roxas. Mr. Wright therefore had him photographed, and sent the photograph to his Holiness, the Pope at Rome,—perhaps to serve in lieu of a silver brick. The same thing has been done in other cases with the photographs of these old Indians. An account of the sending of this photograph to Rome was published in a local paper, together with a description and biography of the old man, his genealogy, and date of birth, and so on.

Mr. Wright's zeal and the article in the paper aroused a great interest in poor old Justiano, and the inhabitants of Santa Cruz felt their town made quite famous by numbering among its residents perhaps the oldest man in the world,—they had not then heard the higher claims of age for Gabriel of Monterey,—and also dignified by the link, slight as it was, to His Holiness.

I asked Mr. Wright soon after if Justiano knew his own age, or how he had obtained the knowledge of it. He answered that Justiano did not know his age, but that the baptismal register of the mission church had been searched, and it had been found that he had been baptized eighty years ago by the name of Justiano Roxas, and that when baptized he was forty years of age.

The sum of addition was correct, for 80 and 40 make 120, sure enough. But the conclusions were all wrong.

In the first place, the records on the baptismal register are rarely, if ever, those of Indians. It is safe to say never. They were not of sufficient importance to induce the reverend fathers to encumber the record. In the next place, no Indian was ever given both Christian and surname. They were simply named Tom, Dick, or Harry, or what not, as a farmer names his horse or dog. And there never was a person baptized at the age of forty years, so long ago as eighty years, unless it was some white person,—not an Indian,—who at so late a time of life had become a convert from Protestantism or some other faith to Catholicism, an occurrence entirely improbable at that date. It was one of the most binding duties enjoined on parents to have their children baptized as soon after birth as they could be carried to the church: this charge devolved on the godmother, and was always carried out within twenty-four hours after birth.

There was undoubtedly a boy baptized by the name of Justiano Roxas, or it would not be so entered. Roxas was the name of one of the colonists,—as is supposed,—who came from Mexico to live at Branciforte. The child was probably a descendant of this old Roxas family,

and not our Indian Justiano, at the age of forty years.

Our Justiano, poor and honest old chorister, was for years in the habit of visiting my home. He came regularly about once a week with staff and wallet, for he was supported by charity. At one of his last visits occasion was taken to ask him his age and where he came from.

He said he did not know his age, but he had been brought from the Tulare plains to the mission of Santa Cruz when about "so high," — measuring upward from the ground with his hand, and indicating the height of a child of about twelve years. On further inquiry, he said that the name of the Father in charge of the mission when he was brought there was Andreas.

Now among some old papers relating to the time when Father Andreas was in charge of the Mission at Santa Cruz is the following:

MONTEREY, May 14, 1810.

To the Commissioner of Branciforte:

At six o'clock this morning Ignacio Acedo presented himself, and at ten o'clock, having received your letter, I caused his arrest, and now he is in prison.

So soon as the Reverend Father Andreas Quintaria arrives, go to him and ascertain when will be commenced the work upon the road to Santa Clara, as I have before advised you. I have in this answered your two letters of the 13th instant. May God protect you for many years.

JOSE M. ESCHANDIA,
Secretary to Jose J. de Arillaga,
Military Commander of Alta California.

The point in the letter is that there was, or was about to be, in Santa Cruz a padre named Andreas, sixty-seven years before the conversation I had with Justiano. To these years is to be added the age given by Justiano as his own when he first knew the Padre Andreas, twelve years. This would make seventy-nine. And in truth, the poor old Mission Indian was not over eighty-five years old when he died, instead of upwards of one hundred and twenty.

I have been particular, and perhaps rather tedious in inquiring into the true age of Justiano, because his experience has taught me that whenever you hear of some Indian that is one hundred years old, it is safe to deduct twenty years; and if he is reputed one hundred and twenty, then take off forty years. It is very rarely that an Indian lives in this country to the age of ninety years; and whenever there is a case to the contrary reported, an examination into the alleged proofs will disclose a state of facts similar to that in the case of Justiano. Privation and exposure make them seem older than they really are.

Justiano's arrival at the mission as a captive, in childhood, has been once or twice spoken of. In old times, the Californians used to make incursions into the interior of the State, descend upon the rancherias of the Indians, and bring away with them the young children. These were baptized, and then distributed among the Spanish families at Monterey and elsewhere, and grew up to be the household servants of these.

Later, the wild Indian parents and relatives brought the young children to the settlements voluntarily, and the families who took them into their homes as young heretics had them baptized, clothed, and educated to the duties of house servants. The men took the rough work about the household, and the women the lighter labors.

There was a family in Monterey that had nine of these Indian servants, — three men, named Tiburcio, José, and Juan, who were baker, cook, and house boy; and four women, named Nolberta, Gabriela, Lorenza and Marina. All these nine Indians were under seven years of age when brought to this family, and had grown up in it. All that they had ever received or expected for their services was enough to eat, their clothing, and an occasional small gratuity. Thus provided for, they were perfectly contented and happy.

It was the custom to entrust to each of the women servants one of the little daughters of the family, to be taken care of in respects requiring no especial judgment or authority, — to be her especial waitress and handmaiden. They called the mistress of the house "Ama," — a word meaning mistress. Their manners at all times were kind and docile, their demeanor respectful. When grown, these women servants were married to men of their own class; and at such times the mistress would give away the bride. Their children were sure to be cared for by the family, and the god-mother to the first-born of one of these Indian women was always that one of her mistress's daughters whom she had herself waited on and sewed for in childhood. Their love and respect for the members of the family in which they had been brought up was very sincere, their fidelity unquestionable.

The family of which I speak, in the course of time left Monterey to live upon their rancho in the southern part of Monterey county, seventy-five miles away. At that time, the great highway of travel from the south passed the door of their house. Many Indians were to be seen daily, who had come on foot all the way from different parts of Mexico. Their only clothing was brown or unbleached muslin, which in the hotter climate of their own country had been sufficient for them; but now the poor creatures were suffering bitterly from cold, as well as from hunger. Like many others of a superior condition and race, they were braving and enduring everything to reach the fields of gold.

A party of these Indians from Sonora abandoned near the house, in passing, a boy about four years old. He was almost dead from exposure and sickness. He was found by the people of the house, taken in, and cared for kindly by the lady of the house. It was two years before the little fellow fully recovered his strength. He had by some mishap lost one eye,

and they named him from this peculiarity "El Puerto," the one-eyed, which is the only name he has ever had. When the kind lady who had rescued him died, the boy, now grown to manhood, entered into the service of her son, whose tried and trusted servant this poor cast-away has been for more than twenty years.

The Salinas river in that part of the country rises very rapidly during heavy rains, and sometimes the smaller animals, such as sheep and calves, are caught in the freshets, or in attempting to cross the stream are swept away and lost. On one occasion there were a large number of these animals in just such a predicament, much to the dismay of the owner and his household. The stream was a fearful torrent, and the struggles of the drowning creatures were not pleasant to witness; but there did not appear to be any help for them. The men at hand did not know how to swim, and did not dare to venture into the current. Just then there came in sight a squad of Indians, trudging along, as had the others, who had preceded them. Seeing the plight the animals were in, these Indians promptly plunged into the stream head first, and rescued them all. It was astonishing to see the strength and expertness they displayed in their efforts against the power of the stream, dodging from time to time, — burdened as they were with each a calf or sheep rescued from the water, — the trunks of trees that came lunging and rolling down the torrent with railroad speed.

These Indians proved to be of the Yaqui tribe, from near Guaymas, on the coast of Sonora. They were pearl divers from the Gulf of Lower California.

The good lady I have spoken of sickened at the rancho, and was taken back to her Monterey home. It was not expected that she could recover. The members of her family were surprised one day by the visit of two Indians, husband and wife. They had many years

before been her household servants; had been taken by her into her house when they were children, and grown up in her service, married there, and had since been living at the mission of San Miguel. There they had heard of her illness, and that she could not live, and had come on foot from their home, a distance of one hundred and fifteen miles, to see once more and for the last time their "ama."

They were admitted into her bed-chamber to see and speak with her, and afterward stationed themselves outside at the door, with heads bowed down in sorrow; and neither threats nor persuasion could get them away from there; and there they remained two days and nights. When they were told that their ama was dead, they made no noisy lamentations, but the convulsive working of their features, and their silent tears told the genuineness of their sorrow. They attended the funeral, and then took their departure, as they had come, on foot. The Spanish government regarded the Indians of this country as its wards, and tried,—not at first, but later,—to civilize them, and teach them by the aid of the missionaries to be self-sustaining. One hundred and ninety years ago the Queen of Spain sent out the following decree.

The Queen's request to the Duke of Albuquerque:

My Cousin, Lord of my Bed-chamber, My Viceroy, Governor and Captain General of the Provinces of New Spain, and President of the Royal Audience of Mexico:

The provincial of the Society of Jesus in Toledo has represented to me that it is about five years since some missionaries of his order undertook the spiritual and temporal conquest of California; and that in August of the last year, 1701, they had reduced the Indians for the space of fifty leagues to a settled obedience, and founded four towns, with no less than 20,000 adults, and above 600 Christians, and that without any expense to the royal revenue, until there was assigned to each of the missionaries last year \$600, to be paid them from the treasury. And although in my warrant of 17th of July, in the year 1700, very particular orders and instructions were sent to the government concerning what was to be done, for the better success of the conquest of California, I am now resolved by my royal order of the

11th of this month to renew the like directions to you.

You are hereby directed to assist the missionaries of the Reverend Society, and countenance them upon all occasions that may conduce to their relief and satisfaction, and the accomplishment of the holy end to which their indefatigable labors are directed; which I expect from you as a duty to God and the Crown.

You are likewise to take care that they be occasionally assisted by all persons in office and others. You are to send me an account of all your proceedings.

Given at Madrid the 11th of December, 1702.

I, the QUEEN.

By Her Majesty's Order,

MANUEL APAREQUI.

When the Spanish government was about to colonize Branciforte, (adjoining Santa Cruz on the east,) Diego de Borica, then Governor of California, writes under his own hand from Monterey, June 16, 1796, to know "whether there will be caused any damage or hurt to the Indians, should there be established a town on the opposite side of the stream [San Lorenzo] from Santa Cruz." On July 2d, Alberto de Cordoba, civil engineer, replies as follows:

With respect to the wild Indians of the country, they have neither captains nor chiefs, and live where best they can, seeking herbs and wild fruits, upon which they subsist; so it is not practicable to bring into the settlements their captains, and in such way be assured of the fealty of the tribes; and the only mode there remains by which to civilize them is to locate a certain number at the various missions near towns and set them to work; so that in time, learning from us Spaniards, they may be able to govern and maintain themselves.

The Marquis of Branciforte, Viceroy of Spain, writing from the city of Mexico January 25th, 1797, says he has

received a communication from the Governor of California, in which it appears the colonists destined for Branciforte are making good progress; that there have been made mechanics of all the trades quite a while since. In fact, they know how to weave, to make saddles, also shoes and other manufactures. And some of the Indians in that far-off country have taken instruction; and in this way use has been made of them, without having to solicit the assistance of others.

Hermangildo Sal, Secretary to Gov-

ernor Borica, writing from Monterey, March 27th, 1797, to Gabriel Moraga, the government commissioner at Branciforte, says, (speaking of some stationery sent,) "The other book, containing one hundred pages, is to be used in entering your accounts and contracts with the colonists, and such of the Indians as contribute with their labor." From which it appears that the government kept accounts with the Indians, and paid them for their services. And again, on the 14th of December, he writes that he sends "by Machuca some woolen stuffs to make capes of because of the cold weather," showing that the Indian could be entrusted with goods of value.

The Indian did not always peaceably acquiesce in the dominion of the Spaniard, as shown by many a bloody struggle, in which, however, the invaders always triumphed. Advancing as they did, and encroaching on the fishing and hunting grounds, they came with sword in one hand and cross in the other,—the native might choose. Some fled, and some died, while others submitted and were baptized; and thus, in the belief of the conquerors, were thousands saved from eternal damnation. And as another means to that end, it was not omitted to immediately utilize their physical powers; and so from that time they belonged body and soul to the church. The treatment of the Indians by the missionaries was very different. The missions of Alta California were under the charge of thirty-six Franciscan friars, supplied from the college of San Fernando, City of Mexico. These men, self-banished from the world, devoted themselves to the task of taming the wild Indians; they introduced marriage among them, taught them to cultivate the ground, and to practice some of the more simple of the arts; "assisted their wants, reproved their faults, and transplanted among them the doctrines of Christianity; using no arms but the in-

fluence which religious zeal and kindness, united with extreme patience, had over their sluggish natures." In the archives of the college of San Fernando there still exist papers bearing witness to the hardships which these good men underwent, and the zeal with which they applied themselves to the study of the different languages of the tribes; and containing their descriptions of the physical and moral state of California.

The Indians when refractory were punished, sometimes by flogging, but not severely; generally by confinement. The woman mentioned in the following communication from the governor, or military commander of California, to the commissioner at Branciforte, had apparently committed a petty larceny upon one of her own class; and it is curious to note how active the highest officer of the government becomes in this trifling matter, and how energetic he is to prosecute her:

MONTEREY, April 9th, 1811.

To the Commissioner of Branciforte:

When you were told by those sent to you from here that the Indian, Luisa, had robbed Cayuca when asleep, you should immediately have sent two or three soldiers upon her trail, and they would easily have caught up with her. It is necessary that you should without delay, and cautiously make search and inquiry for her among the Indians of Soquel, [four miles south of Santa Cruz,] who gave the information to the reverend Fathers; and also do the like among the Indians who were with Cayuca, and inform me of the result, without delaying a moment.

JOSE M. ESCHANDIA,

Secretary to Jose J. de Arillaga,

Military Commander of Alta California.

The Indian name Cayuca, by the way, has lately been given to a post-office in San Diego County. It is a nick name given to Indians in Cuba by the Spaniards when the island was first occupied by them, soon after its discovery by Columbus. They applied it to any Indian who had had the head compressed when young, so as to flatten it on the sides, making it narrow and long.

The punishment in comparatively recent times of drunken and disorderly

Indians in Monterey was really less merciful than the padres' floggings. They were shut up for the night in an apartment of the town jail called the *calaboso*, a room on the ground floor, with no opening but the door, and absolutely alive with fleas. I once pushed open the door a little, so that a ray of light was let in, and started back in amazement; so thick were the fleas that the commotion among them caused by the light let into the darkness appeared as do the motes dancing in a sunbeam. Into this room the culprit would be put almost naked; and he was generally delirious with fever when let out in the morning.

I have been asked whether the California Indians learn Spanish or English more easily, that is, which can they best pronounce. They undoubtedly learn Spanish the more readily. Spanish, I believe, is more easily acquired by any foreigner than any other language, because of its few and inflexible rules of pronunciation, and because it is essentially a vowel language. In the case of the Indians in particular, it is to be remembered that up to twenty-five years ago they never acquired any other language than Spanish, for lack of any opportunity to do so. The early missionaries taught them Spanish the first thing after they were brought under subjection at the missions. For this purpose, the fathers composed a vocabulary of the many different languages spoken by the various tribes. In the distance of five hundred and forty miles from Cape San Lucas, at the southern point of Lower California, were spoken nineteen different dialects, by as many different tribes, when the missionaries first effected a settlement in Lower California. Vizcaino, when voyaging along the coast of Alta California in 1602, landed at fifteen different places between San Diego and the Columbia River, and treated with as many entirely different tribes. It is an attested fact that at Carmelo, four miles from Monterey on the coast, the Indians

that inhabited that small cove and its tract of land were unable to converse with the Monterey Indians except by signs.

In the course of years the Spanish language became the common medium of intercourse among the Indians, so much so that the Indians who had been brought up in Spanish families would forget they had ever known any other language, and even resent the idea.

In some instances they were taught to read a little, and a few of the most trustworthy were instructed in writing: indeed, in some Mexican towns, where the Indian population predominated, they would elect an *alcalde* of their own class, who of necessity had to know how to both read and write.

They were also taught music, both vocal and instrumental, and composed the choir at all the mission churches. I have spoken of seeing in '52 the Indian choir to which old Justiano belonged, at Santa Cruz. The instruments of this choir were the violin, guitar, triangle and drum. Their music was carried before them, as band performers carry it now, and the notes on the sheets, copied by themselves, were very large and of a red color, on bars very far apart.

The only Indian I have ever heard speaking English was a woman about fifty-five years old, named Maria, living at Santa Cruz. She speaks the language sufficiently to transact her business, which is that of a washerwoman; but she does not pronounce it as well as Spanish. In her way she is quite a character, and a great gossip. She was brought from the Tulares by her relatives about the time the missions were secularized. They lived at one time where the "Centennial" mill now stands, in Santa Cruz, on the way to the beach. There they raised pumpkins, corn, beans, and potatoes, upon which, with barley and wheat, grown on the uplands, they lived. They ground the grain between two stones, and made the meal not into bread, but tortillas.

E. L. Williams.



San Gabriel Arcangel is nine miles from Los Angeles. It was founded in 1771. The present building, which contains some of the most interesting art objects in California, dates from 1800. Beneath the altar Father San Jose Sanchez, once President of the Missions, is buried. It is the home of the California Mission play.

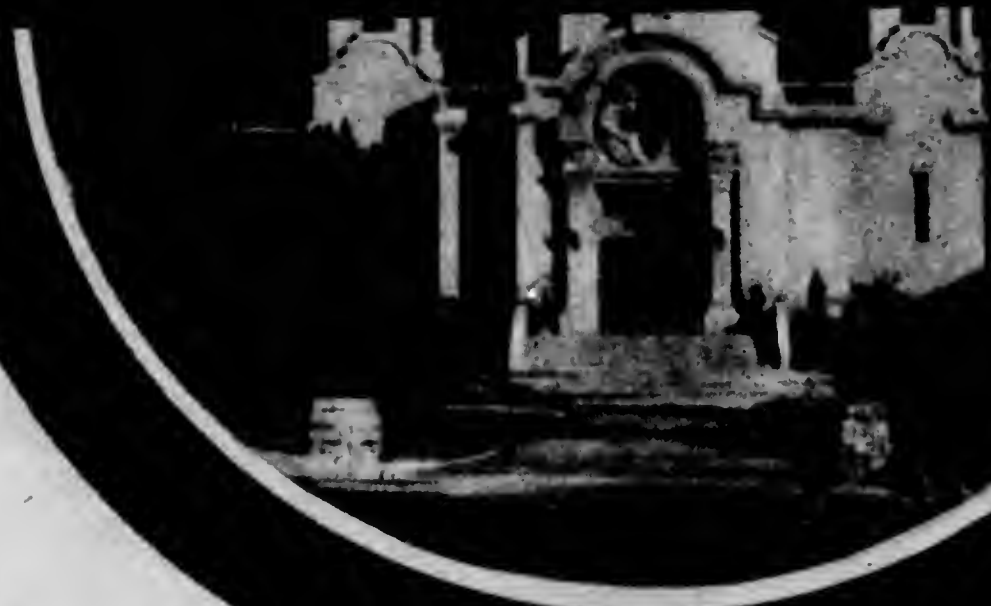
San Buenaventura was founded in 1782 and is located near the town of Ventura. The walls, a two-storied belfry tower and bells remain. This mission was used as a fort in 1838 in a battle between Alvarado and Carrillo.



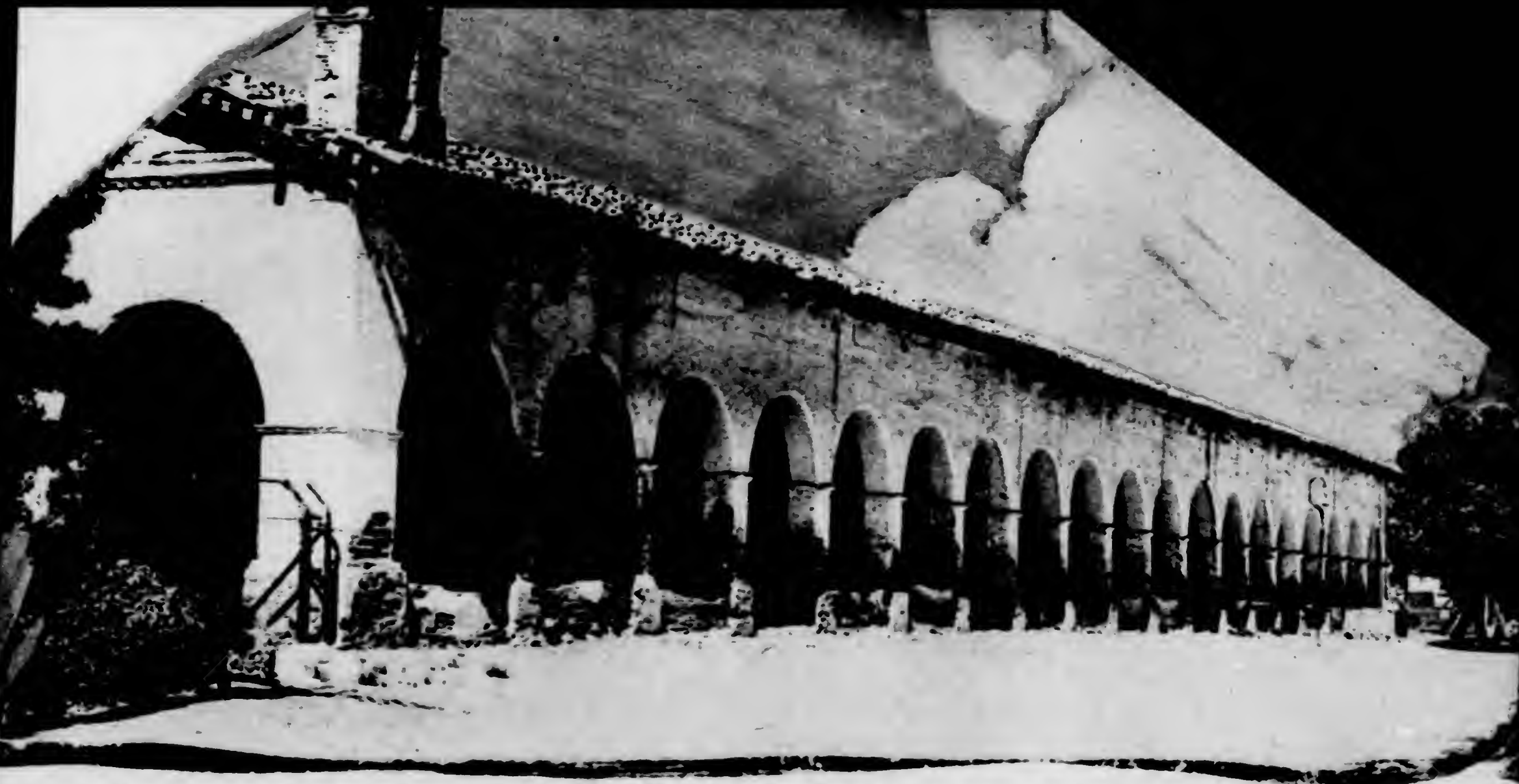


San Francisco de Asis, known as Mission de los Dolores because of its location on Dolores Creek, was founded in 1776. The City of San Francisco, which has grown so as to include the mission within its limits, derived its name from the mission. In the graveyard adjoining the old church is the grave of Don Luis Arguello, first of the Mexican governors of California.

San Rafael
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Mission San Francisco Solano de Sonoma was founded on July 4, 1823, at Sonoma, or Moon, as it was then called by the Indians. It was the last of the missions to be established, and occupied the most northerly position of any of them. Because of the prospects for missionary work among the Indians of the region and probably even more on account of the activities of the Russians in the vicinity, the church and civil authorities were influenced in pushing northward the mission frontier.

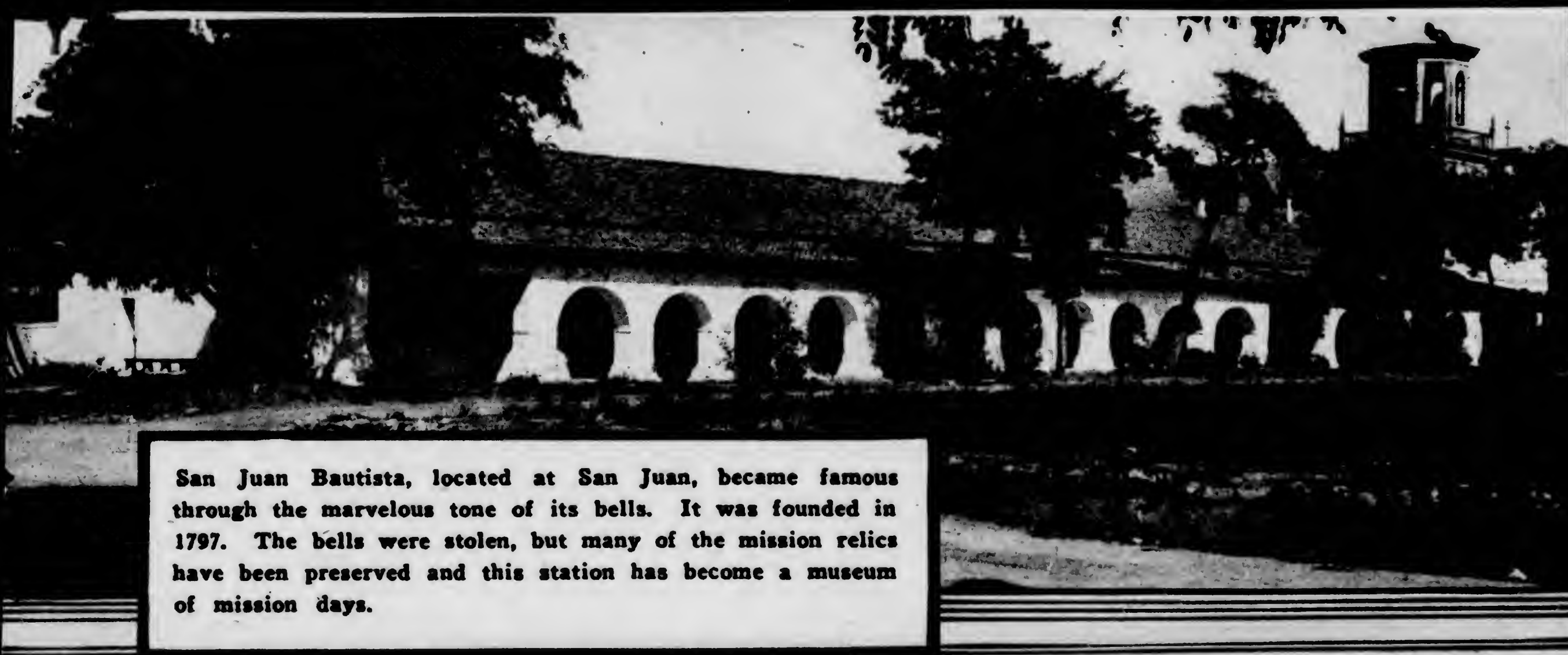


San Fernando Rey de Espana, dedicated to Fernando III, King of Spain, is located at San Fernando. The adobe ruin with its splendid corridor dates from 1797. Gold is said to have been discovered at this mission long before it was found by Marshall in 1848.



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Sol
the town of

San Carlos Borromeo, founded at Monterey in 1770, was the second of the mission chain. It was removed the next year to the banks of the Carmel River. It is usually known as Carmel Mission. Father Junipero Serra, president of the missions, made this his headquarters and is buried beside the altar of the church. Although in restoration some of the original beauty has been lost, it is still a great attraction to tourists.



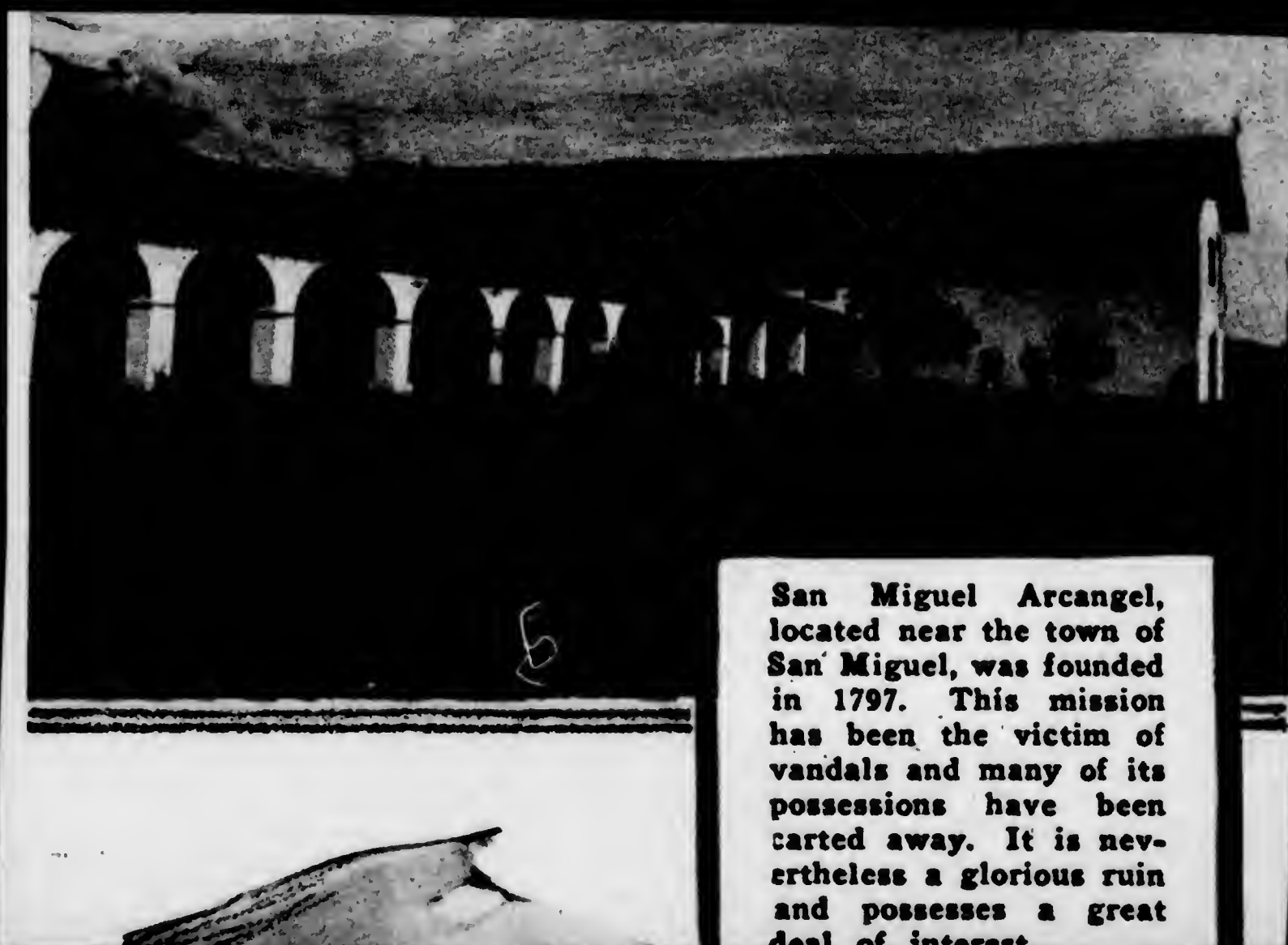
San Juan Bautista, located at San Juan, became famous through the marvelous tone of its bells. It was founded in 1797. The bells were stolen, but many of the mission relics have been preserved and this station has become a museum of mission days.



Santa Barbara Mission was founded in 1786. The reservoir built by the mission fathers in the early days still supplies the mission and a portion of the city with water. The mission after the secularization was turned into an apostolic college and finally put in the hands of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is in splendid condition and the work of restoration has been done well.



Santa Inez Mission, located near the town of Santa Inez, was founded in 1804. It is off the main highway and is situated in a romantic little settlement seldom visited by the tourist. This mission still bears the marks of the great earthquake of 1812.



San Miguel Arcangel, located near the town of San Miguel, was founded in 1797. This mission has been the victim of vandals and many of its possessions have been carted away. It is nevertheless a glorious ruin and possesses a great deal of interest.

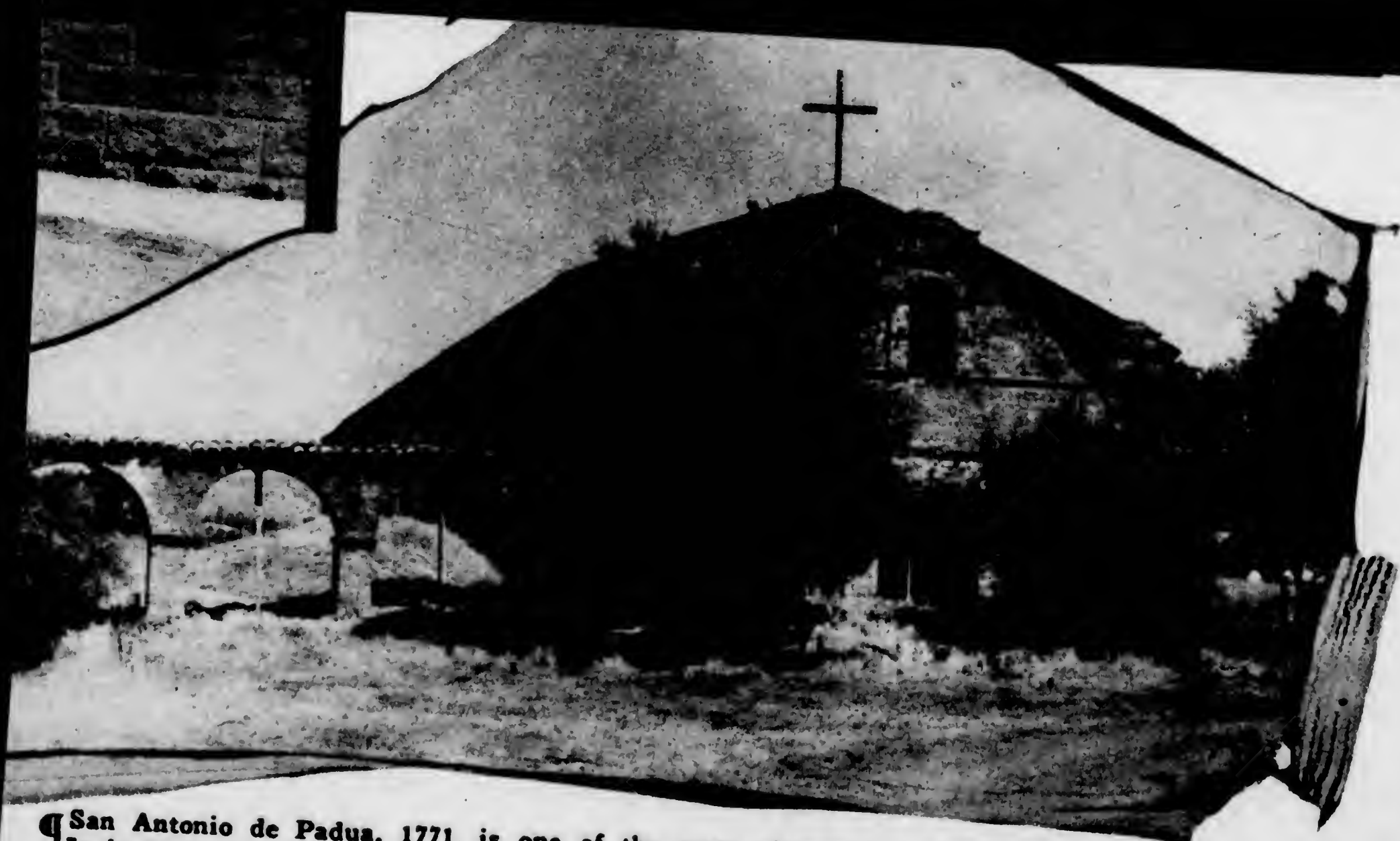


San Diego de Alcalá is about 6 miles from Old Town, San Diego. It was founded by Junipero Serra in 1769 and was California's first permanent settlement. The facade of the church and the walls of one or two monastic rooms remain to remind the traveler of its past glory.

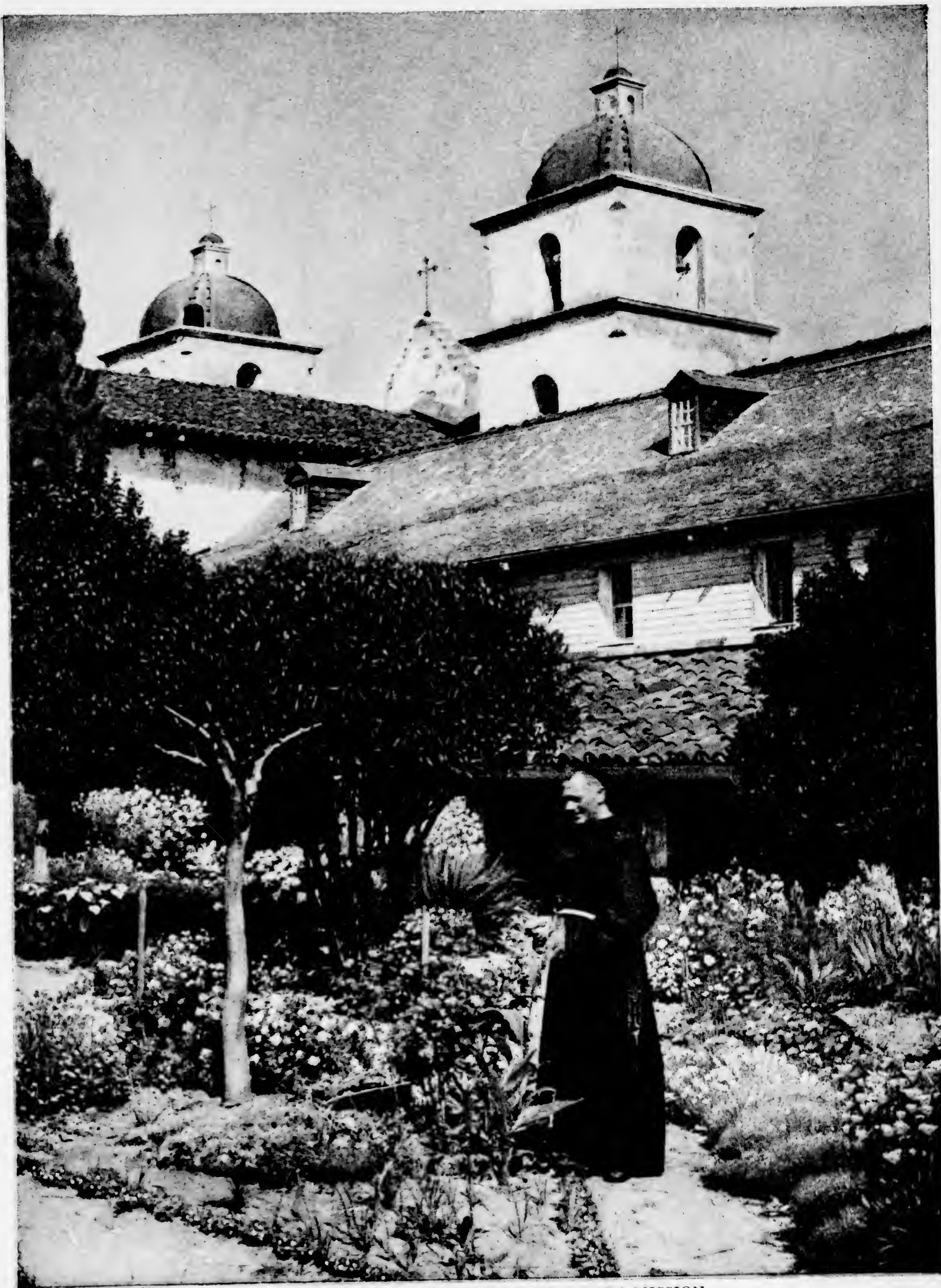
San Luis Rey de Francia was founded in 1798. This was the richest of the missions and it is about five miles inland from Oceanside. It occupies a picturesque site near the seashore and was completely restored in



San Juan Capistrano is in southern Orange County, about 16 miles from Santa Ana. It was founded in 1776 by Father Serra and was named by Don Gaspar de Portola, first Governor of California. The ivy-grown ruins of this mission contain historic statues, candlesticks and vestments worn by its founders.



San Antonio de Padua, 1771, is one of the most picturesque of all the missions. It is located in the beautiful Santa Margarita Valley in the heart of the Santa Lucia Mountains. Tourists are not encouraged to visit this mission, for vandalism has destroyed a great deal of the interior. Its ruins possess a majestic appearance in their lonely location.



THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN, SANTA BARBARA MISSION
One of the illustrations from "The Land of Living Color"

Sunset, Apr. 1912.

Motoring Among the Missions

Second Chapter of an Auto Journey in California Along the King of Spain's Highway

By ELEANOR GATES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. C. TIBBITTS AND THE AUTHOR

WE left Los Angeles via Sunset Boulevard, and presently found ourselves out upon a superb county road that permitted a speed of twenty miles an hour. We were pleased at coming upon a sign granting us such swiftness, for we were already kicking up gravel at that very rate—if not a trifle faster! As we spun along I could not help but think how the brave old padres had to plod over this same way, with a few soldiers walking beside them as an escort. They would have marveled at us!

A good road does not obtain over the whole of the distance between Los Angeles and San Fernando, though it will in a short time. Our wheels wriggled through a few miles of sand; but the slow-going was not unwelcome, for the valley is rich in beauty. Mountains form a crescent about it toward the north and east—sharp-pointed, mildly-blue mountains that seem to stand flat against the sky. Here and there tall eucalypti sentinel the straight roads, giving the landscape a Lombardian touch. Wonderful fields under cultivation alternate with desert-like strips that furnish startling contrasts. And then—rounding out the picturesqueness of the setting—there is the Mission, its deserted church resembling some ruin of the Old World.

The monastery, however, is in fair condition, though (like nearly all the mission buildings in the state) shamefully defaced by pencil and fountain-pen. Oh, *why* does the Average Tourist love to scrawl his immortal name where it can do the most harm?

We had found new graves in the old, old cemetery of San Luis Rey. How much more strange it seemed, then, to find a new grave in the burial-ground behind the church of San Fernando! At its head no board had

yet been raised; the flowers of its wide wreath had drooped only yesterday; the earth of the neatly-rounded mound was still damp. These things gave evidence that some new sleeper had found rest and peace in the shadow of those bare, leaning walls.

As we passed back through the church, there in the crumbling sacristy was the long lately-shed skin of a snake. We recoiled from that symbol of the passing of Time—Time that leaves behind the worn-out crackling husk, and lets emerge something new and bright and quick.

About the major part of the foothill road between Mission San Fernando and San Buenaventura, the less said the better. The motor guidebooks speak of it as a "pass," and no doubt as a pass for aeroplanes it would answer very nicely; but for automobiles it is not a success, being full of twisting grades that are described as "twenty-one per cent" but seem at least forty-five, while on one hand a precipice presents a variegated face; and on the other it looks at least nine miles to the first landing.

Our cars were distinctly put out at the gyrations they were compelled to perform over the first half of that climb. Their blood fairly boiled in their pipe-veins, and the sound of their respective complaints was like unto a planing mill; but they made it valiantly—which is more than can be said of one of their passengers. I kept the tonneau door open most of the time, and a frapped Napitan firmly planted on the threshold.

This portion of the Los Angeles-Ventura road is only ordinarily good even in the dry season. Glory be, it will soon suffer elimination. The Automobile Club of southern California is hurrying forward the construction of the Rincon ocean-level highway. (The present coast road is very little used except at low-tide.) This Rincon project

McGuffey and watched the dense clouds of smoke that heralded the passing of the *Maggie*.

"She was a good old hulk" said Mr. Gibney. "And now, as the special envoy of the Liberal army of Mexico, here's a draft on Los Angeles for five thousand bucks, Scraggsy, which constitutes the balance due you on this here filibuster trip. Of course, I needn't remind you, Scraggsy, that you'd never have earned this money if it hadn't been for Adelbert P. Gibney workin' his imagination overtime. I've made you a chunk of money and while I couldn't save your ship, I did save your life. As a reward for all this, I don't claim one cent of the money due you, as I could if I wanted to be rotten mean. I'm goin' to keep this fine little power schooner for my share of the loot. She's cut up some, but that only bears evidence to what a bully good shot I am, and it won't take much to fix her up all shipshape again. She's called the *Reina Maria*, but I'm going to run her to Panama and change her name. She'll be known as *Maggie II*, out of respect for the old girl that's burnin' up there on the beach."

Captain Scraggs was so touched at this delicate little tribute that he turned away and burst into tears.

"Aw, shut up, Scraggsy, old hunks" said McGuffey consolingly. "You ain't got nothin' to cry about. You're a rich man. Look at me. I ain't a-bawlin', am I? And I don't get so much as a bean out of this mix-up, all on account of me bein' tied up with a lot of hounds that quits fightin' before they're half licked."

"That's so," said Captain Scraggs, wiping his eyes with his grimy fists. "I declare you're out in the cold, McGuffey, and it ain't right. Gib, my boy, us three has had some stirrin' times together and we've had our differences, but I ain't a-goin' to think of them past griefs. The sight of you, single-handed, meetin' and annihilatin' the pride of the Mexican navy, calm in th' moment o' despair, generous in victory and delicate as blazes to a fallen shipmate, goin' to work and naming your vessel after him that way, is somethin' that wipes away all sorer and welds a friendship that's bound to endoor till death us do part. If McGuffey'd been on our side, we know from past performances that he'd a fit like a tiger,

wouldn't you, Mac?" (Here Mr. McGuffey coughed slightly, as much as to say that he would have fought like ten tigers had he only been given the opportunity.) Captain Scraggs continued: "Now, I should say that a fair valuation of this schooner as she stands is ten thousand dollars. That belongs to Gib. Now I'm willin' to chuck five thousand dollars into the deal, we'll form a close corporation and as a compliment to McGuffey, elect him chief engineer in his own ship and give him say a quarter interest in our layout, as a little testimonial to an old friend, tried and true."

"Scraggsy," said Mr. Gibney, "your fin. We've fought, but we'll let that go. We wipe the slate clean and start in all over again on the *Maggie II*, and I'm free to state, without fear of contradiction, that in the last embroglio you showed up like four aces and a king with the entire company standin' pat. Scraggsy, you're a hero, and what you propose proves that you're considerable of a singed cat—better'n you look. We'll go freebootin' down on the Gold Coast. There's war, red war, breakin' loose down there, and we'll shy in our horse-shoe with the strongest side and pry loose a fortune somewhere. I'm for a life of wild adventure, and now that we've got the ship and the funds and the crew, let's go to it. There's a deal of fine liquor in the ward-room, and I suggest that we nominate Phineas Scraggs, late master of the battleship *Maggie*, now second in command of the *Maggie II*, to brew a kettle o' hot grog to celebrate our victory. Mac—Scraggsy—your fins. I'm proud of you both. Shake."

They shook, and as Captain Gibney's eye wandered aloft, First Mate Scraggs and Chief Engineer McGuffey looked up also. From the main topmast of the *Maggie II* floated a long blue burgee, with white lettering on it, and as it whipped out into the breeze the old familiar name stood out against the noonday sun.

"Good old dishcloth!" murmured Mr. Gibney. "She never comes down."

"The *Maggie* forever!" shrieked Scraggs. "Hooray!" bellowed McGuffey.

An hour later the anchor was weighed, the sails shook out, and the schooner stood out to sea, bound for Panama and the Gold Coast.



Chapel of the Mission San Fernando, from the garden. The church itself is a deserted ruin, but the monastery is in fair condition

means a splendid thirty-mile boulevard beside the sea between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, and toward the building of this boulevard the cities of Santa Barbara and Ventura have already pledged fifty thousand dollars. Nevertheless the club is not wholly averse to hearing from automobilists in other parts of the state! And rightly, for the road will remove the last disadvantage of winter motoring between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

We coasted our way down into Ventura City, midway of the principal street of which stands the Mission Church, its steps leading to lamp-post-punctuated concrete. The Mission is the parish church of the city, and as we rolled up to its wide entrance door that Sunday, scores of worshipers were entering. We might not follow—in goggles and dusters, veils and boots. So we stayed outside and prowled to and fro a while. We had been warned that we would not like San Buenaventura; that it was "ordinary" and "spoiled" and "fearfully restored." Perhaps it is. But with poor tottering San Fernando still clear in our minds, oh, how good the "awful renovation" of San Buenaventura looked!

We stayed a night at Ventura-by-the-Sea, in a new inn that stands on the surf side of its wide grounds—an inn that could easily be mistaken for a country club; and after dinner, when the moon rose, we borrowed a ukulele and descended to the beach. There, strolling, in happy unison we bayed the orb of night.

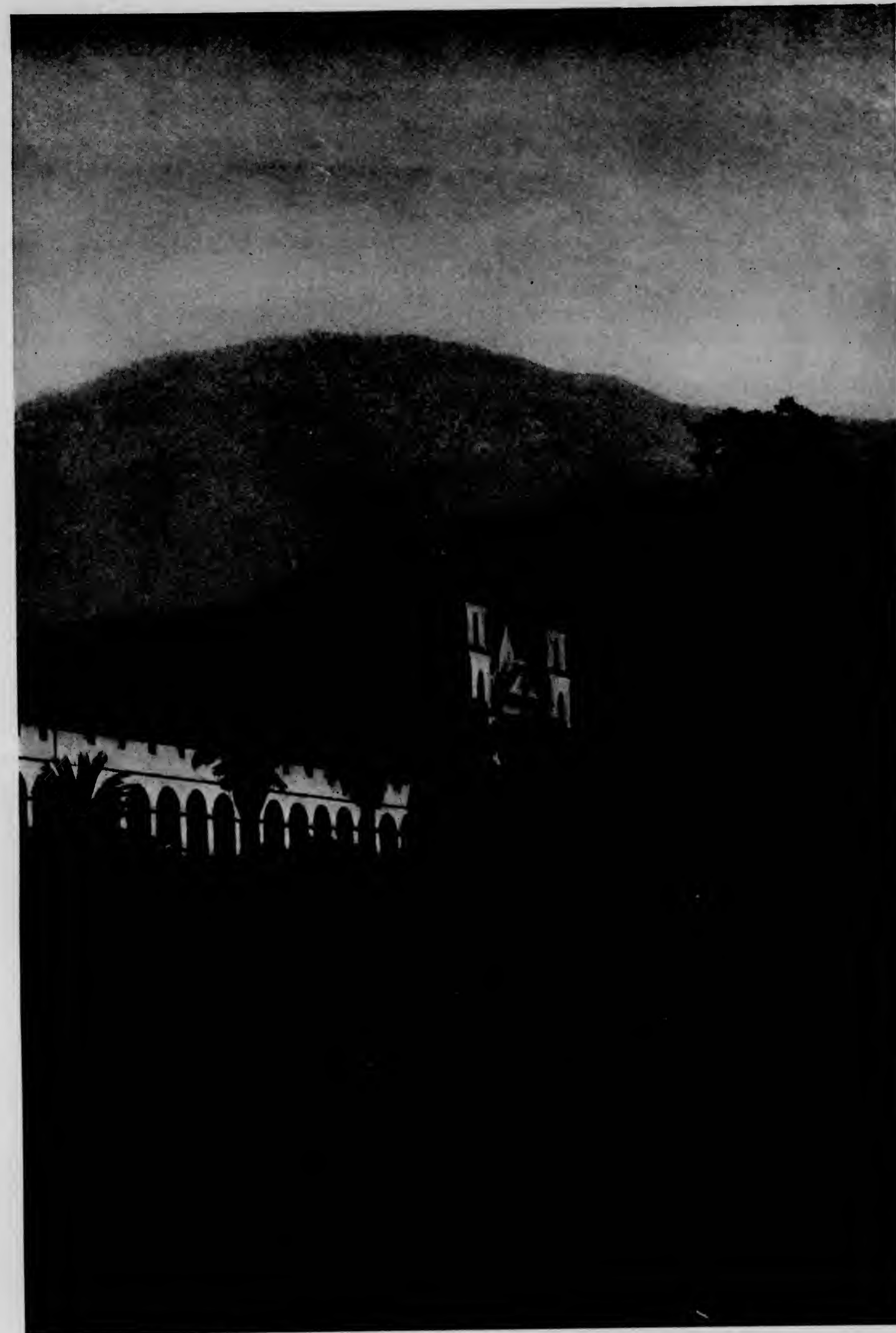
That same joyful evening two men of our party found themselves called upon to make certain repairs not pertaining to the cars—these repairs of a cuticle nature, and nasally located. The Playwright was sunburned to a Weary Willie purple; the Leading Man looked as if he had on an uneven makeup. Scorning any such effeminate stuff as cold cream, they hid them across the arroyo to a drug-store and purchased vaseline, also absorbent cotton, and reels of adhesive plaster. And when, in the morning, we went on our merry way once more, these two resembled the patched-up heroes of a football scrimmage. But the plaster *et al* did not prove practical. The speed of our going, plus a brisk sea wind, whipped off the bandages with irritating frequency; whereupon actor and ink-flinger, though they had poked fun at the masks worn from the start by "the Rose" and myself, now cut eye-and-

breathing-holes in two perfectly good linen handkerchiefs and hung these before their tortured beaks. Now, in the forward car, all four passengers were masked, the men looking like knights of the road, or night-riders. (Later on our startling appearance was to bring us close to a serious misunderstanding.)

Those in the other car did not suffer any inconvenience from the sun, for the motor was covered, thus insuring protection to the faces of the passengers, but this favorable circumstance was balanced by the fact that more gasoline was needed to run the covered car than was required for the open one "shuffed" by the Leading Man. "Never mind" said the Official Photographer when the matter was called to his attention, "use gasoline and save vaseline."

For any sort of a touring car, I can heartily recommend a face-mask, especially in taking a long run such as we enjoyed. The disguise employed by "the Rose" was a beauty, Parisian in make, fitted with fine imported goggles, and perfectly shaped to the face. I made mine out of a half-yard of brown material torn from an old silk drop-skirt. Two slits at the top of it I sewed over the isinglass of eye-pieces of domestic manufacture. (Cost, "two-bits.") At the proper distance below these slits I cut two round breathing-holes; below these a third slit—and a longer! This work of art served every purpose that its French neighbor could boast (beauty excepted). Under it I could chew gum unrebuked, or have the grumps undetected, or laugh at the ridiculous appearance cut by the others, or make faces at the people in passing vehicles who did not move out of the way. It was most convenient.

During our mission-to-mission tour we met all sorts of strange outfits along the road—a gipsy wagon, for instance, drawn by a horse and a mule; a covered vehicle pulled by a team of ragged ponies and driven by a woman who was peddling soap and notions, her companion a small tanned barelegged girl with wistful eyes; a Japanese in a cart, bouncing about among his vegetables as he whacked his dun nag to a gallop; a great road-making machine manned by Mexicans; daintily clad women in limousines; a sewing-machine agent in a buggy; a threshing-machine, three teams hauling it; jogging *vaqueros*, red handkerchiefs about their necks, who divided with a smiling flash of white teeth to let us go bounding by. But



We turned from the sea toward the most beautiful of all California missions—Santa Barbara, with a garden at its heart

the outfit we met between Ventura and Santa Barbara pleased us most. It was an auto packed with a full camping paraphernalia—tent, poles, bedding, hampers, camera, gun. The occupants were a young couple, with bride and groom writ large upon their nice faces. What better way for two happy people to "see California?"

We skimmed into Santa Barbara over a wide winding boulevard that will meet the proposed ocean-level road. After the ups and downs of our course since quitting Ventura, that boulevard was enchanting. We turned from it to a gentle incline that led us away from the sea toward the most beautiful of all the California missions—Santa Barbara, with a garden at its heart.

The word "inspiration" is much abused these days. It flavors continually the prattle of the tyro, who has not yet come down to plain hard work. But at Santa Barbara it seems appropriate on any tongue. There you are willing to grant inspiration even to the most prosaic. For, oh, the fountain! The white arches! The long corridor leading to narrow twisting stairs! The thong-hung bell on the roof! The garden, warm and fragrant, down which a path winds to the tomb where the padres sleep! The angle of stone wall, cross-surmounted! And, close at hand, rising from a mass of flowers that send up their unfailling incense, the great crucifix, upon it the wounded, unclad Shape!

We made our pilgrimage under escort of a brown-garbed brother with the tanned face of a farmer and the hands of a smith. Patiently he led us from place to place, chanting his story, his eyes wandering. It was plain that his mind was dwelling less on us than on other, and doubtless better, things.

We had to wrench ourselves away from Santa Barbara—city as well as Mission; and as we went out between long lines of eucalyptus, we envied the motorists trending the opposite way. Nature and man have leagued to invest the place with beauty and charm. You can love it. In fact, you can get quite foolish about it!

Some of our enthusiasm was soon jolted out of us. That sea-road leading north from Santa Barbara is another stretch of scenic-railroad effects, and it seems fairly possessed, every few minutes, to take itself across the steel-rutted right-of-way sacred to the trains. It kept us bobbing up and falling

back like jack-in-the-boxes, and the least that can be said of a thoroughfare with such irrational tendencies is that it needs some of the kinks taken out of it.

It had its good points, however. For one thing, it kept near to the sea, and on its right were rolling hills that reminded us of lovely stretches of Hawaiian coast. Then, too, it took us to Pismo. Note that I do not say "through Pismo," or "past Pismo." For if you can get through or past Pismo—if you can gainsay that unsurpassed-in-all-the-world nineteen-mile speedway on the beach; and forswear the lure of the large, luscious, and juicy clams that dwell thereabout—you are a motorist with great strength of character, or else there is something good waiting for you at the other end of your tour. As for us, we didn't, we couldn't, we *wouldn't*.

Above Pismo we struck the Gaviota Pass. Up, up we went, over a stunning grade, from the summit of which, facing back, we looked down upon the northern end of the future great Riviera of the West.

Then down we cautiously slipped into cool woods threaded by mountain streams. We were near to the Mission of Santa Inés, now. By inquiring from drivers along the way, we learned it was to our right, somewhat off the main-traveled road to Lompoc. The forest was so dense upon the slopes that we could not see into the valley below. We determined to ask the next human we saw—and now happened that nearly serious misunderstanding.

Ahead, beside the descending grade, was a great tree. Beyond the tree, only partly in sight, was a small uncovered wagon and an unhitched horse busy with his nose-bag. His owner we could not yet see. Coasting at a smart rate, the open car, with its quartette of masked occupants, covered the distance to the tree and brought up short.

It was the Playwright who first addressed the little old man seated in the lee of the wagon, with his camping things about him. "Which road do we take to Mission Santa Inés?" he queried, his voice muffled by absorbent cotton and kerchief.

The little old man glanced up—and his wrinkled face blanched, his dim eyes started. Without answering he began to fumble tremblingly among his scattered belongings.

Fortunately, just at that moment, I piped up, and at the sound of a woman's voice the little old man half-turned about, his



At Santa Barbara you are willing to grant inspiration even to the most prosaic. For, oh, the fountain! The white arches! The thong-hung bell on the roof!

trembling hands fell to his knees, his eyes searched our masks.

"Santa Inés?" I persisted.

"My God!" said the little old man. "I thought you were holding me up!"

He gave us our directions and we coasted on, thanking our lucky stars that he had failed to get a quick hand on his gun.

Santa Inés! The memory of it is one that the years will not dim—only sweeten. Not that the Mission is more lovely than some of the other missions, but because of the welcome given us by good Father Buckler—"Padre Alejandro" to the few remaining Indian families of the parish.

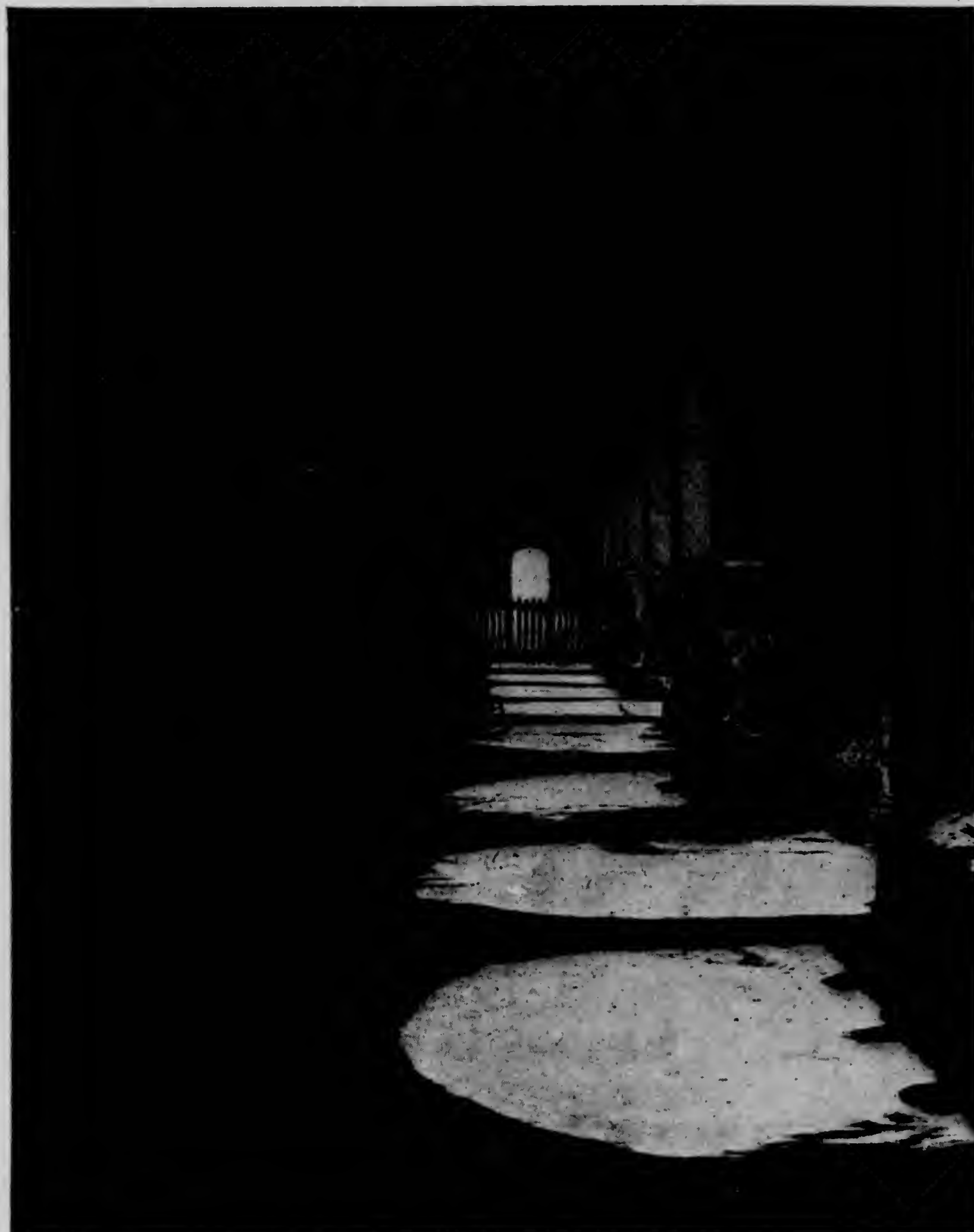
One day, ten years ago, the padre arrived at the deserted Mission with only a suit-case in his hand. There are twenty-one rooms in the old cloister. For thirty years these rooms had been going to destruction. They were empty—save for heaps of crumbling 'dobe. They were web-hung and infested by the nests of wasps and hornets; worse—by scurrying rats and poisonous crawling things.

On a long shelf in the padre's living-room is a line of bottles. In each is eloquent testimony of what haunted those bare Mission rooms. Scorpions float in the alcohol, also lizards and toads and snakes.

The padre brought order out of chaos. The thick-walled chambers are not only habitable now, but pleasant. In 1905 he began "to fix up" the Mission he so loves—simple curtains, a few chairs and tables, cot-beds for lonely wayfarers, pictures, books, and a self-playing piano. At the piano he seated himself and played for us, his kindly face upturned, and tears shining in his eyes—tears of gratitude that someone had come that day to brighten his loneliness.

We had planned to lunch at an indeter-

minate spot farther on. Instead, "the Rose" and I shed hats and coats and betook ourselves into the padre's kitchen. And *such* a kitchen! Behind it is the shipshaped pantry ever seen by mortal woman. Here are stored eggs from the padre's own flock, "put down" at the season when the hens are in their most generous humor. Butter in crocks, too, and fruit and olives and



Santa Inés! The memory of it is one that the years will not dim—only

pickles in cans and glass. The kitchen itself was spotless, and equipped with a kerosene range. Soon we were dicing up potatoes, boiling coffee and beating eggs, and all the while the padre trotted back and forth between kitchen and living-room, now showing us where the cheese was kept, or the olives, again finding for the others the overture from "Wilhelm Tell," or "Der Meistersinger."

We lunched in the wonderful old dining-room, with its windows over five feet deep; and as we ate, the padre told us of the never-ending stream of his "guests"—unfortunate men that pass that way from week to week. In 1910 five hundred and seventy-six of these hungry creatures sat down at the good padre's board. In an old journal he has written down something

maniac. Then the church has wonderful flags in its stone floor, and old vestments and sacred vessels.

That church is substantially built. The elements threaten to make changes in the structure soon, however, if the roof is not relaid. Seven hundred and fifty dollars is needed for this; and six hundred for the setting up of the tower that—with a dull clang of warning from its bells—tottered to the ground last winter.

Leaving Santa Inés, we waved back to the padre, who had ridden as far as his gate on our running-board.

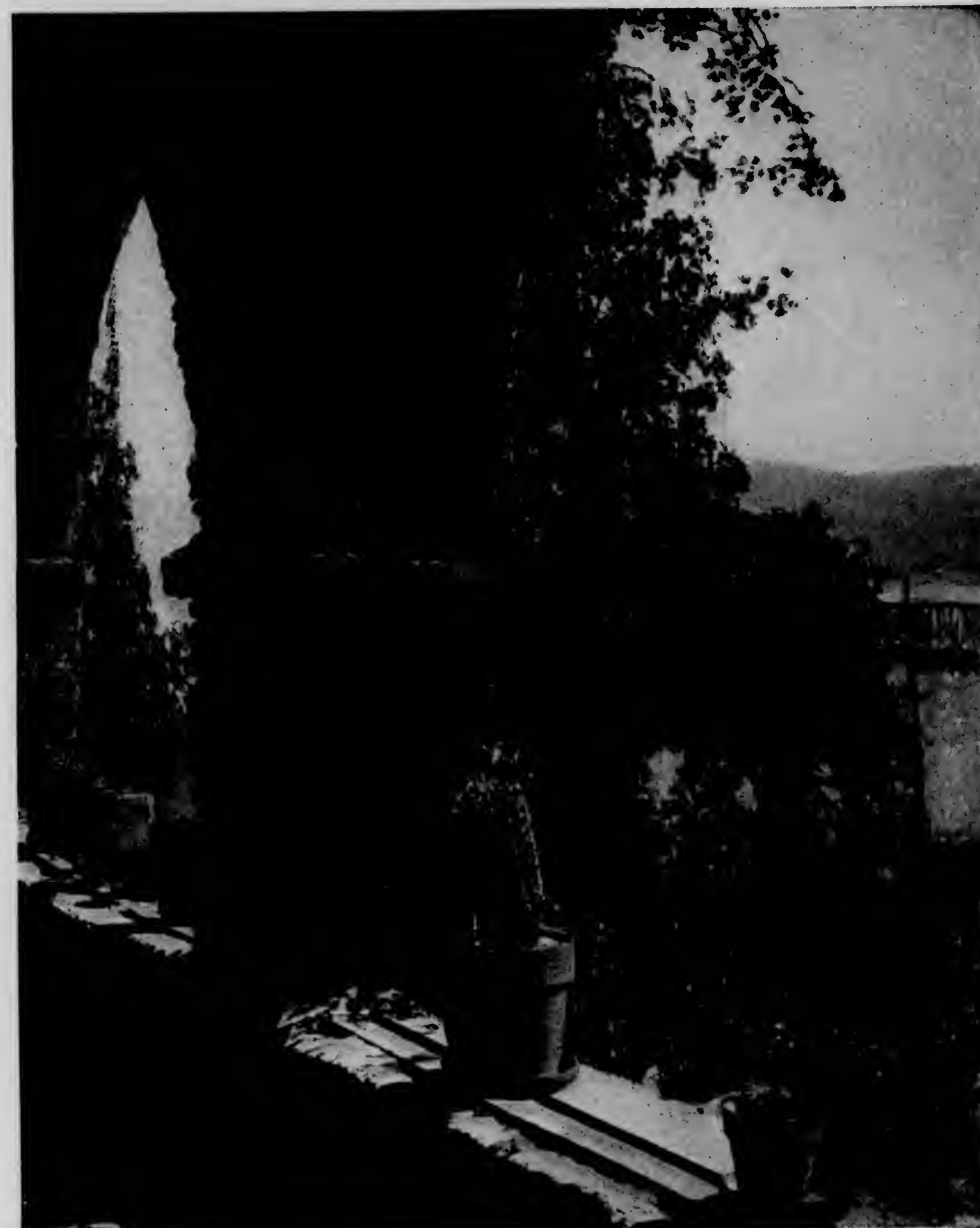
We went from one little valley into another as we headed toward La Purisima, then, turning sharply to the right, got our first view of the Mission. A great beanfield surrounded it, and it looked like a wrecked ship in a green sea.

Wrecked, indeed, is La Purisima Concepcion. A long line of fluted pillars is all that remains of the cloister. Elderberry trees grow inside the roofless rooms. Grass edges the still high walls. Rank weeds that rise out of the rich dark loam partly obscure the ruin. Horsetnetles flourish, too, and mulberries. And there is one low great pepper. Under it were potatoes in bloom.

The Mission stands quite alone. Throughout the afternoon of that summer day the only sounds we heard were bird sounds.

Peace! —that is the thought that came to us as we sat on the rim of the reservoir and looked across the green tendrils to what is left. La Purisima's work is done. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!

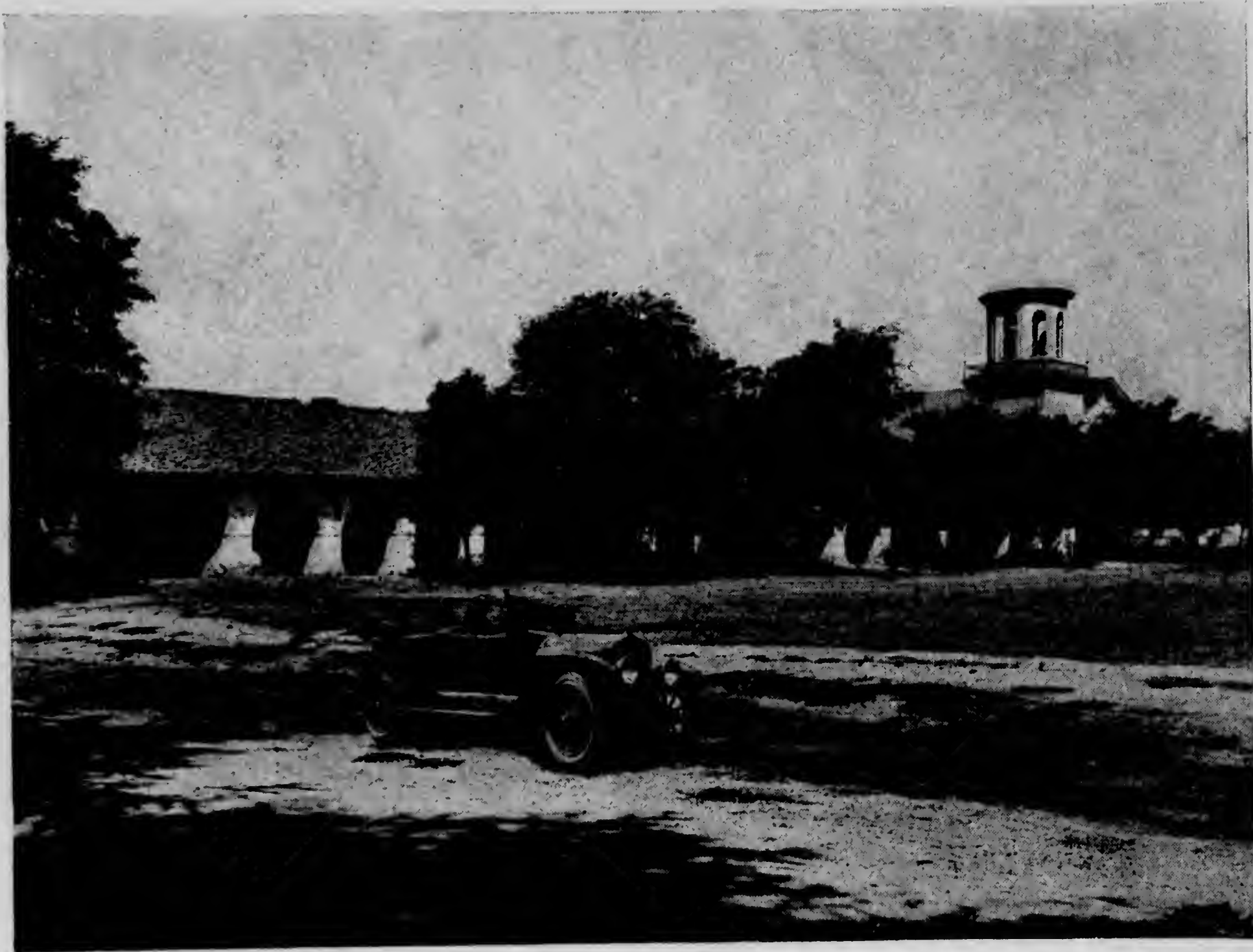
Evening was coming on. Already "the Rose," having folded her duster petals, was nodding sleepily on the front seat. We veered our machines toward the tree-screened city in the near distance—and let 'em go!



sweeten. Twenty-one rooms in the old cloister are restored

about each of them, making a curiously pathetic document.

It is human interest that Santa Inés possesses. But the Mission has attractions to offer the most casual traveler. For instance, there is the little plaster model of the buildings, and the reservoir, and the old, old book which the padres signed with a "schnörkel," and the little statue of Saint Agnes, riddled by the shot of a blasphemous



**Across the plaza of old San Juan. The mission, with its collection of quaint relics,
and the little adobe inn, with its uncommonly good steak, sent us off in
high spirits, to tackle the San Juan grade**

Missions asked for money for the
use of King's government.
and are compelled to
support the troops.

NOTES FROM THE VOLUMES OF LETTERS
Of the Catholic Missionaries, 1770 to 1846.
From these collections of eight volumes, and
the volume of Index to the same made in 1860,
we make a few notes on points here but little
known in printed works.

5. The President of the Missions was asked by
the Governor, in Sept. 1814, to give him \$4000
for the use of the King's Government in California.

12. The Governor de Sola petitioned the Presi-
dent of the Missions again for money, in 1816.

22. After the year 1819 the troops became en-
tirely supported by the Missions, though against
their earnest protests.

24. In 1819 the troops are often quartered at the
Missions, against the protests of the Padres.

Prob. Taylor in Calif. Farmer

*Church Humiliated
And yet Asked For Money*

26. In July 1821, an order arrives to the Father President Payeras, to deliver over the administration of the Missions to the Governor of California, in conformity to a decree of the Spanish Cortez. The Bishop of Sonora at Culiacan advises the President not to do so.

28. In 1821 the Missions are completely under the thumb of the Governor, to the great disgust of the Padres.

29. In 1823 the officers, soldiers and people begin to treat the priests and their neophytes with much injustice.

30. Juan de la Rosa, or John Ross, a Scotchman, is summoned before Padre Payeras, a California Commissioner of the Holy Office or Inquisition, to give an account of himself in Dec. 1820.

32. In April 1822, the Missions were requested to contribute one and a half rial a head per annum for each Indian, to pay the expenses of Gov. Sola, sent Deputado to the Mexican Congress from California.

Junipero Serra
Age 70 years 9 months. except 4 days

The Life and Death of the Founder of the California Missions.

Junipero Serra was born on the 24th of November, 1713 (O. S.), at the Villa de Petra, Island of Malorca, belonging to Mediterranean Spain. His parents were people of humble circumstances, but of devout and true faith, according to the Catholic Church. His father's name was Antonio Serra—his mother, Margaret Ferrer. From his childhood he was of a grave, benevolent, serious character, and his greatest pleasure was in attending the church of San Bernardino in his native town. These habits impressed upon his mind the duty of devoting himself to the service of the church, and he accordingly assumed the habit of a Franciscan friar at the age of 16. His zeal and exemplary conduct endeared him to his superior and the brethren of the order, who vied with each other in forwarding his views and perfecting his theological studies. His earnest and devout spirit led him to seek the conversion of the American Indians to the faith of Christ, and he accordingly became a missionary of the Society for the "Propagation of the Faith." In accordance with the functions of his new office, and with the benedictions of his friends and those of the brotherhood of San Francisco, he proceeded to Mexico, and for many years officiated in the Indian Missions of the Serro Gordo, in the mountain country of the Pames, in the vicinity of the city of Queratero.

On the 29th of August, 1784, in the Church of this Mission of San Carlos de Monterey, on the Presbitario on the Gospel side, before the altar of our Lady of Dolores, preceded by a vigilia, and singing high mass and the requiem, with all the ceremonies and functions prescribed in the manual of the order, for the funerals of the religious, with the assistance of Brother Don Christoval Dia, Chaplain of the packet-boat San Carlos, anchored in the port, and the reverend Fathers Prachers, Friars Buenaventura Sitjar, Minister of the Mission of San Antonio, and Mathias de Santa Catalina, Minister of this Mission, I gave ecclesiastical sepulchre to the body of the reverend Father Lecturer Friar Junipero Serra, President and founder of these Missions,

He confirmed 56.30.7
Preached 53 years 4 1/2 months

Junipero Serra was a man of great benevolence and amiability of character, charity and generosity, combined with a fervent zeal in his high duties, which attached to him with strong affection all who came within the sphere of his influence. He was a man of the most indefatigable and industrious habits, of great perseverance, enterprise and personal courage; and it may be said that no man with a different character could have accomplished, in those days, objects surrounded with such perverse difficulties. Before his death, after fourteen years' labor, he had assisted to found the Presidio of Monterey and the Pueblos of San José and Los Angeles, and gathered nearly 6,000 savage Indians into nine of the (afterwards) wealthiest Missions of the country. His government was frugal, thrifty, and full of well-directed energy; for at his death the live stocks of these establishments numbered nearly 20,000 head, and the teachings of the priests was taking deep root in the minds of the wild Indians who had not yet acknowledged the sway of the Spanish Government.

Their Portraits and Autographs.

The portrait of Father Junipero Serra, may be found in Hutching's Magazine of May 1860. The original of this is in the possession of the Library of Santa Clara College, and is a daguerreotype obtained in 1853, by the Author, through the kindness of Major Wm. Rich, Secretary of the U. S. Legation at Mexico. The daguerreotype, as certified by Maj. Rich, is a faithful copy of an oil-painting of Father Junipero, taken about 1774, and (in 1853) still preserved in the Franciscan College of San Fernando, in Mexico City.

*Taylor California
Farmer Nov 21-1862*

In the life of Padre Junipero may be also found accounts of the civilization of the *Pames Indians* of the Sierra Gorda, of the State of Queratero—in which the Franciscans under Junipero and others of his order were successful in reclaiming from a pagan life, between 1740 to 1790. The country of the *Pames* was about 100 leagues long, by 30 leagues broad, and some 30 leagues from the city of Queratero. Of course they were all mountaineers, and said at one time to have been very numerous. The account of them by Padre Junipero is very curious, and shows them to have belonged to the half-civilized stock.

During the sway of the Padres, prior to 1830, California was in its paradise. There was no anxiety or thought among the Indians, the *gente de razon*, for to-morrow, and they had generally a good time. The old priests were like feudal barons receiving guests—every one was welcome, and no one went away empty or discontented. There were stores of good wine and beef in those days. We may sigh for the peace and tranquillity of those times, but children cannot get at the moon by crying for it. Fragrant is the memory of the old friars of California among the Indians, the *gente de razon*, and the ancient *estrangeros*. May the flowers ever bloom over their graves.

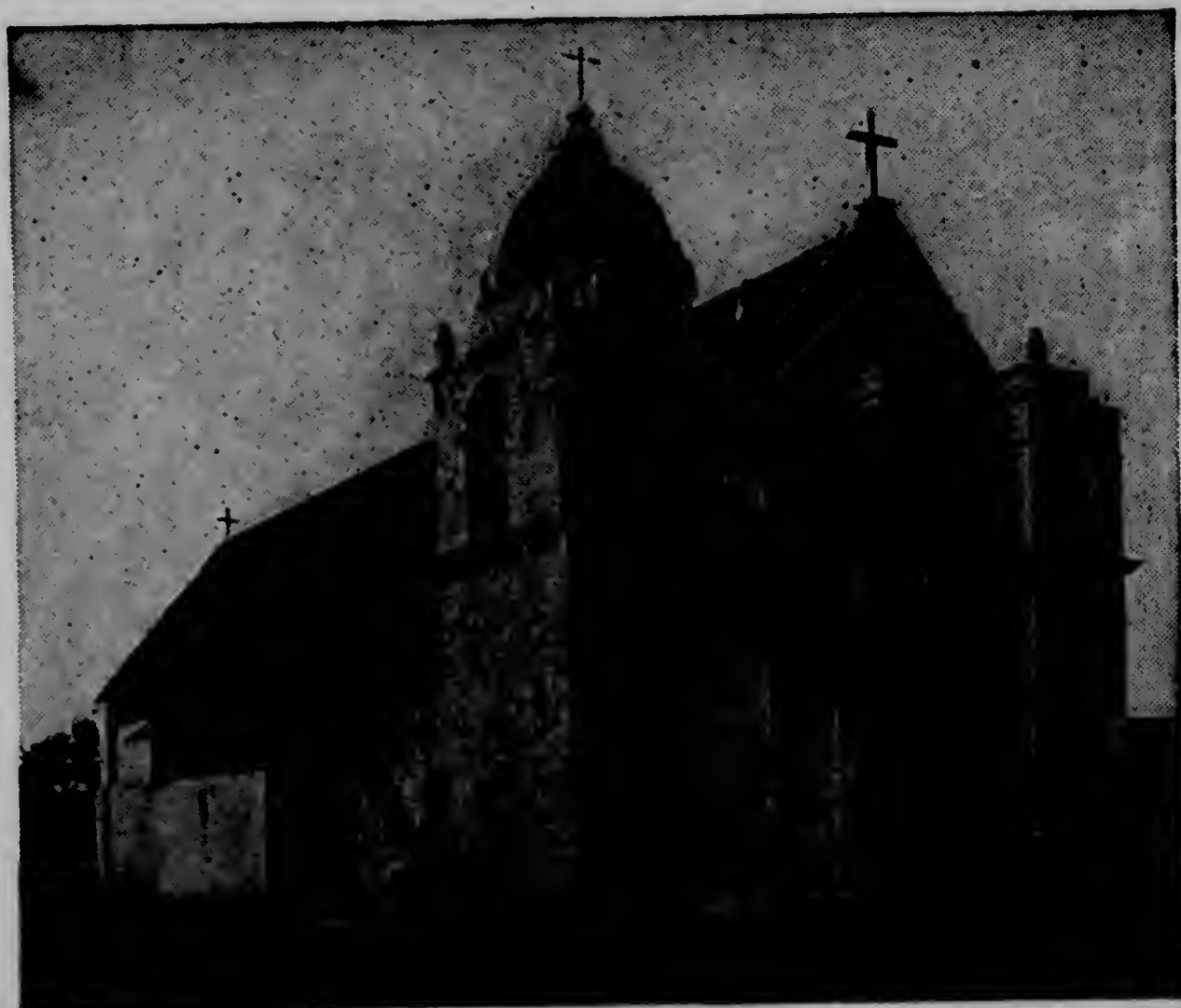
Some say their life was one of peace and tranquillity, but others say it was a stupid, antiquated, lazy existence, that would not answer in these times of Christian progress and refinements. Since the old friars died, California has acquired other fortunes and assumed various aspects. With our silver, gold, and population, we are, *surely*, now far better off than in 1823 to 1830. All are contented, and very, very happy, and it has been so since the box of toys was opened in 1848. Thank God! there are no anxious people in California—none with hearts corroded with care, as in the olden times and countries. Men do not prematurely get gray, nor bald, nor wear spectacles, nor involve themselves in lawsuits, speculations, and hot-blooded or petulant quarrels, as the outside, un-American publicans do. Their minds are also more divinely filled with the Gospel, and the 100 newspapers, assisted by legal, commercial, scientific and medical libraries, are a constant fountain of intelligence, consolation and satisfaction. Our various traders, miners, politicians, lawyers, editors and hummers are great philosophers, who let others, with much liberality, enjoy more of life than did the old friars. In 1823 there were thirty-two kings in California; in 1860 these have augmented to 500,000 sovereigns, each of whom feels that he is monarch over his little territory, and who are rationally employed in contending with each other in pleasant arguments on *meum* and *tuum*. The devil take the hindmost—get all you can and keep all you get—taking the wind out of your neighbor's sails—making their fortunes in such brevity that they loose them as quickly, and in a humorous, rough-and-tumble sort of a frantic life, on the plan of the ancient Greeks and Arabs, trying to get along and fill themselves with the good things of life, so as to lay up a prospect for a larger measure in the next world. If St. Peter holds the keys of heaven, and lets *our* complacent crowd in, the old friars, who are sure to be there, will rather be taken aback at the mild and gentle shepherds who have succeeded to their flocks and pastures.—[A. S. T., S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 1860.]

Taylor



Monterey County contains some of the most famous resorts of the Pacific Coast. Monterey Peninsula—the southern shore of Monterey Bay—is famed for its beauty from one end of America to the other. Here are some noted towns: Monterey—called the cradle of California history because of its prominence in the early development of the state—Pacific Grove, Carmel and half a dozen other communities.

The resort section is famous for its climate. Three of the twenty-one California Missions are in Monterey County; two more are barely beyond its borders. The one in the picture here is the Carmel Mission.





San Xavier del Bac, near Tucson, Arizona.

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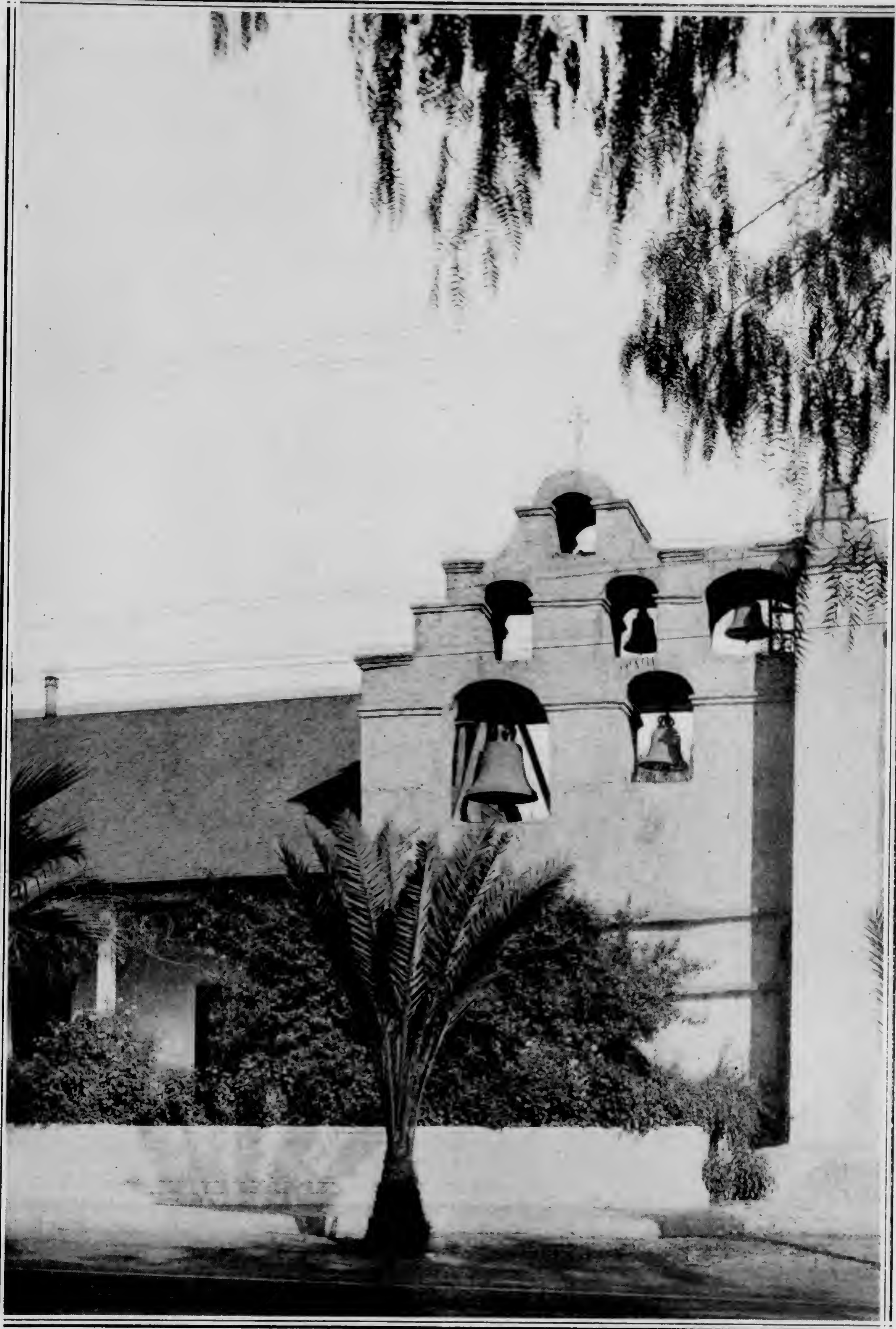


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The bells of old San Gabriel are hung above a sleepy little village, shaded by pepper and palm

Summit - Jan. 1914¹²¹

Sunset: Nov. 1913.

The FOUNDER of CALIFORNIA

by
Michael Williams

Carved in stone, in the attitude of stepping from a ship's-boat, Fray Junipero Serra, the veritable founder of California, looks seaward across the blue waters of the bay of Monterey

JUNIPERO SERRA this month returns as a conqueror—in spirit—to the California he entered as a humble friar, and which now celebrates the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth, honoring him as the first of all its great. Serra transcended the limits of any class or creed. He was no mere zealot. In culture and intellect as well as in religious power he was eminent. Pioneer of pioneers, he was the type of the Man of the West—the founder of its civilization as well as of the missions which he came to build.

There are biographies enough of Fray Serra. Here I take just a handful of facts with which to compose a spiritual picture—if I can—of the man, and of his meaning for us, here and now.

November 24, 1713, was the date of his birth. Petra, on Majorca, an island off the coast of Spain, was the place. At the age of seventeen he entered the Franciscan Order. So proficient in his studies did he show himself that even before his ordination to the priesthood he was appointed lector of philosophy. Later, he also received the degree of doctor of theology from the Lullian University of Palma, where, too,

he occupied the Duns Scotus chair of philosophy. In short, without attempting to follow his career in detail, the records prove that Serra in his youth and early manhood was even more distinguished intellectually than he was spiritually, although his religious fervor was notable. There had been born in that passionate, fervent lad of the remote isle of the Balearic group a forceful, mighty brain, as well as a powerful and devoted soul. For such a one the highest paths of power in the church were open and easy of ascent. Even in his early twenties the fame of his preaching, and of his teaching, and of his exceptionally magnetic personality, was rife in Europe. Thoughtful ecclesiastics closely watched the youthful prodigy. In him they discerned the stuff of greatness, the material from which leaders are fashioned. Eminently fitted by nature and by culture to hold his own in the highest ranks of European affairs of church and state, Serra seemed predestined to achieve splendid success in the eyes of the world.

Whether such dreams were his as well as those of his observers who shall say? Doubtless they were, for human nature is human nature, and the saint knows the

promptings of ambition as well as the worldling—perhaps he knows it even more keenly, for the saint is one in whom all emotions and all forms of thought manifest with an intensity unknown to other men. But this we do know: Serra knew his own capacities, his own talents, and his vision could quite readily perceive where these things might place him. And we also know that he put all such things aside, once and for all. He dismissed the dreams of power, the mental dramas of ambition realized, with a single gesture of renunciation. Another ideal was his. He knew the real—which is the mystic—meaning of the counsel "Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor." To him, his intellectual and personal gifts were but means to an end—and that end not his, but the greater and larger end to which his Order was dedicated. He was a Franciscan who understood St. Francis. Not all Franciscans are of his kind. If they were, the world would long ago have been converted utterly. But the world is stubborn material, even in the strong hands of men like St. Francis, and his disciple, Junipero Serra. For that's just what he was—apostle. That he was also philosopher, great teacher, compelling preacher, wise administrator as well, to him meant nothing save only in so far as philosophy, teaching, preaching and other gifts could subserve his apostolic mission. For not only without regret or sorrow, but with joy and thanksgiving, he gave up all thought of fame and position in Europe and passed from the plane of pomp and power—a silent, brown-robed, bare-footed friar, disappearing from the eyes of men into the wilderness—into the far-away and incredible depths of pagan and almost mythical America. His true call had come. He had answered—at once, and completely, like the hero he was.

And in renouncing the world to gain souls, and his own soul as well, he not only succeeded in his primary object, but he also conquered the esteem of the world, for today Serra is gaining the fame he might so easily have gained a century and a half ago. He is coming into his own. His true greatness, his actual importance, are being realized in this very year—and especially here, in the California he founded. And his glory is bound to wax, not to wane. As California grows greater—even as America grows greater—the name and fame of Serra will keep pace.

For it is well to remember that Serra's renunciation was a real one. Honored as missionary work was then, and is now, by all missionaries and those who understand the missionary spirit, then as now only a few people would realize that in giving up the splendid work he might have done so well and so easily in cultivated Europe, for unknown and unseen and unheard-of work among the savages of America, Serra was succeeding; and not failing—was accomplishing the greater and not the lesser task. While it is true that in Serra's day the value and meaning of missionary work was perhaps known and honored by kings and great people more than today, nevertheless it is safe to say that then as now those capable of understanding the future-building work that Serra was doing in preference to work that would have had immediate results, would be much in the minority. To these, Serra would be a man who had given up the substance to grasp at what was not even a shadow—for it was invisible. He had chosen to contend not for the prize before the eyes, but for a prize unseen and unrealized. Into the tenebrous depths of the vague blot on the map of the world known as America, he passed and disappeared—a silent, brown-robed, corded, bare-foot friar—and that was the end of him. Poor fellow! So brilliant, too. What a pity he should be so fanatical! Had a perfectly good job at the University. How he would have helped the church, as well as himself, and the cause of intellectual progress, if he had left the missionary work to men who—well, without being unkind—were more distinguished for zeal than for brains; men warm in the heart, no doubt, but a little thick in the head! Too bad, but he would do it, and so, goodbye to Serra!

For most of his contemporaries that was the end of Junipero Serra. He was as good as dead to the world from the day in 1749 when he sailed for Mexico. A few people—and those principally his brother religious and others who were interested in what was going on in America—knew about him.

And now, in the year of grace 1913, it is "Hail, Junipero Serra!" He has exemplified the mystic paradox of the grain of mustard seed of his Master's parable, that was cast into the earth, and died, so that from it might spring a mighty tree. He humbled himself—and now he is exalted. He made himself least—and now he is

placed among the foremost. At his birthplace, the King of Spain unveils a monument and dedicates a plaza to Petra's immortal son. The great commonwealth, the cornerstone of whose civilization he laid in the wilderness, celebrates his two-hundredth anniversary. The most successful drama ever written and produced in the West spreads his name and the glory of his work through the effective suggestion of theatrical appeal among the people of the land. To his lonely grave, in the Mission San Carlos de Carmelo, which for generations remained unknown amid the ruins of his beloved church, thousands of pilgrims—among them his living brothers of the Order of Friars Minor—proceed this month, in homage to his memory. It is more than probable that his birthday will be proclaimed a legal holiday in California this year. A movement to that end is vigorously under way. The one-hundredth anniversary of his death, which fell on August 29, 1884, was proclaimed a legal holiday, and it is justly reasoned that the anniversary of this year is much more important.

It is certainly curious, to say the least, to mark how notably 1913 has witnessed a revival of public interest in the missions which Serra founded, and a deeper sense of their meaning and of their true value to California and to America. And that this revival should come just before the great event of 1915, when hundreds of thousands of visitors from all over the world will come to California, is a matter of jubilation to all lovers of the Golden State—the beautiful among the daughters of our nation—the Hellas of the western world.

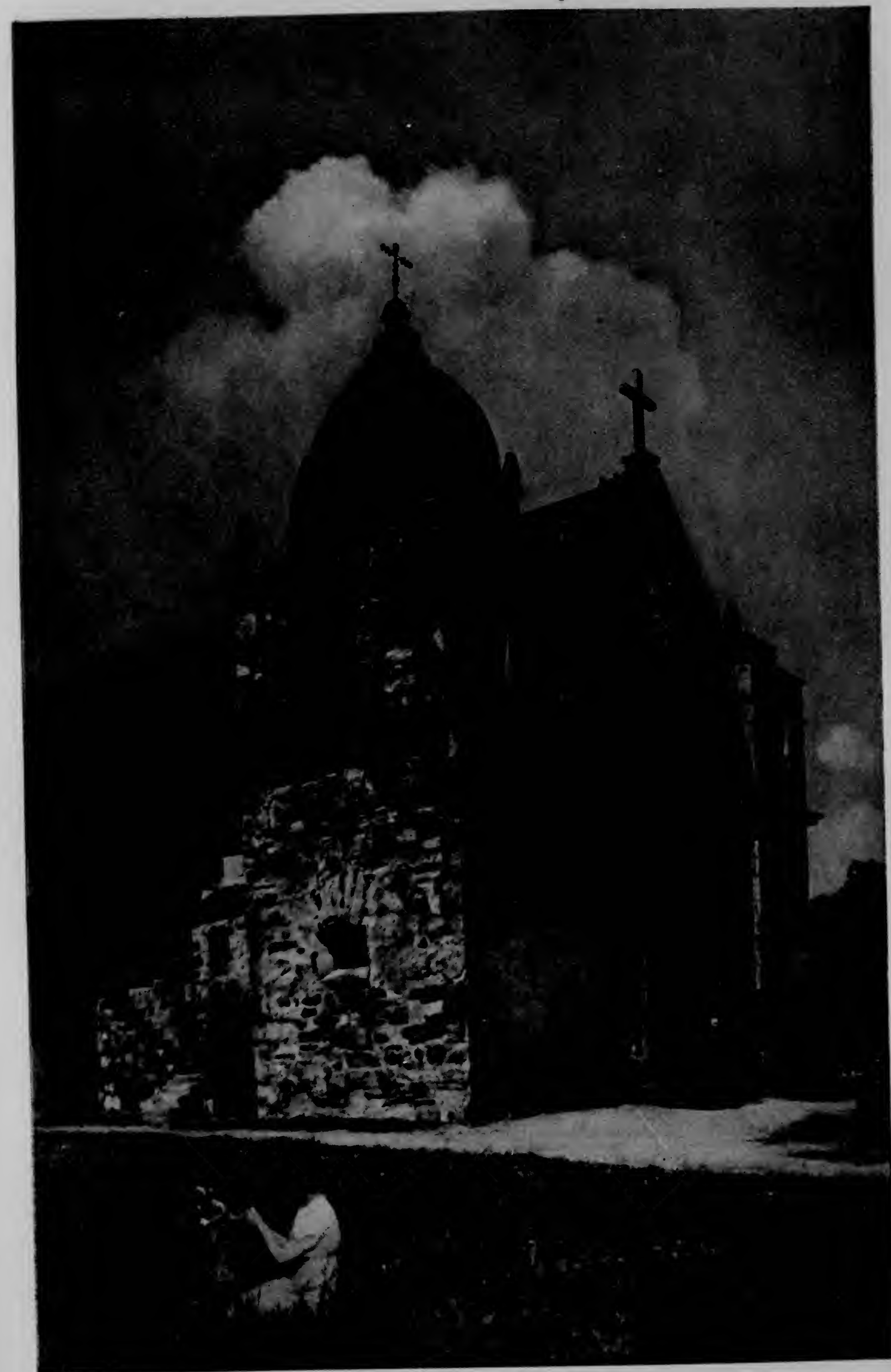
Only a handful of the native races that Serra gave his life to Christianize and civilize remain today. The mission system was arrested in full stride and crushed at a single blow by the Mexican government. The mission buildings crumbled into ruins, in many cases. The lands and possessions of the Indian charges of the Friars were taken away from them. The incoming tide of Caucasian life swept their poor feeble lives away. Where the sign of the cross had drawn all the ways of life to follow it, the sign of gold blazed a beacon to the world and its powers, and the flood of strenuous, striving, material modern life swept pastoral and romantic and spiritual California away. Apparently forever—but not so. Romance returns once more. Spiritual things exert

a new ascendancy. California shines with renewed luster to the world as the home and haunt of beauty—a region where abides the creative spirit of art, and where there remains for the American world to cherish and make use of one of the most precious possessions any people may have, namely, visible symbols and links of tradition, joining the present with the past and supplying a glorious perspective for the future. And these symbols are the missions. Every crumb of adobe in their walls is precious. Every scrap of history or legend concerning them is more valuable than fine gold from the Californian hills. Their inspiration for the millions of people who have gazed upon them, or who will so gaze, the influence they exert upon thought and so upon life itself, and the gracious history of the period from which they spring, these things are what put California in a place by herself—make of her a state *sui generis*. And even in a material sense, the missions are worth more to California than any other one of her great possessions. They attract people to her. Not merely this, but they attract people akin in spirit to the Californian spirit. If you do not appreciate the missions, you don't belong to California. But where are those who fail to appreciate them?

And, for all this, California, and America—which needs as no other nation can need the mellowing and atmospheric influences of historic traditions—stand indebted to Fray Junipero Serra, humble Franciscan missionary, who put aside all ambitions save one—which was, as Rudyard Kipling puts it, to win his game in "playing against the devil for the living soul." It is well to remember, too, that from Serra's point of view—which is the point of view of his church—his was no failure in its real sense, for he won "the living soul" in hundreds of thousands for his faith.

What was he like, this Junipero Serra? No authentic portrait of him has been handed down. As he lived, so he died, obscure and unknown save to the few who were in touch with his work. But from his own writings, from the writings of Palou, from the pages of Engelhardt, and from the magical domain of tradition, there emerges, as it were, his image—the apparition of his virile and consecrated personality.

Yes, I seem to see him. I have lived much in Carmel, near the mission which was the Benjamin of his heart, San Carlos,



At the Mission San Carlos de Carmelo, which Serra loved best and where he prayed that he might die, and where, indeed, he did die and where his honored grave is set in the historic sanctuary

where he prayed that he might die, and where he died, and where his grave is; and perhaps my meditations have penetrated some little distance into the mystery of death and discovered for me some semblance of this hero, for his image seems very real. I seem first of all to see him as a true pioneer—a splendid type of the men who made the west. He had a distinguishing mark of the pioneer—he trusted to his own feet. His first act in arriving in Mexico was to refuse a conveyance to the capital city, and to walk there from Vera Cruz. He permanently crippled his leg in doing so—but that meant nothing to Serra save that it gave him a chance to share in the earthly sufferings of his Master. When his condition became so bad that it threatened to disable him completely, he asked a muleteer for some of the liniment he used for his beasts, and applied it—with prayer, however—to his own leg. Then he went on. Mule liniment—or prayer—whichever you prefer, had cured him—or, at least, made it possible for him to continue his journey. And throughout his thirty-five years of labor in America he never went anywhere save walking, except when walking was absolutely impossible. When he lay dying at San Carlos, Fray Palou wished to administer the last sacraments of his faith to him in his own room, but the indomitable Serra replied that he could and would arise and walk to the church—since as long as he could possibly go there on foot, there was no good reason why his Lord should come to him at his house.

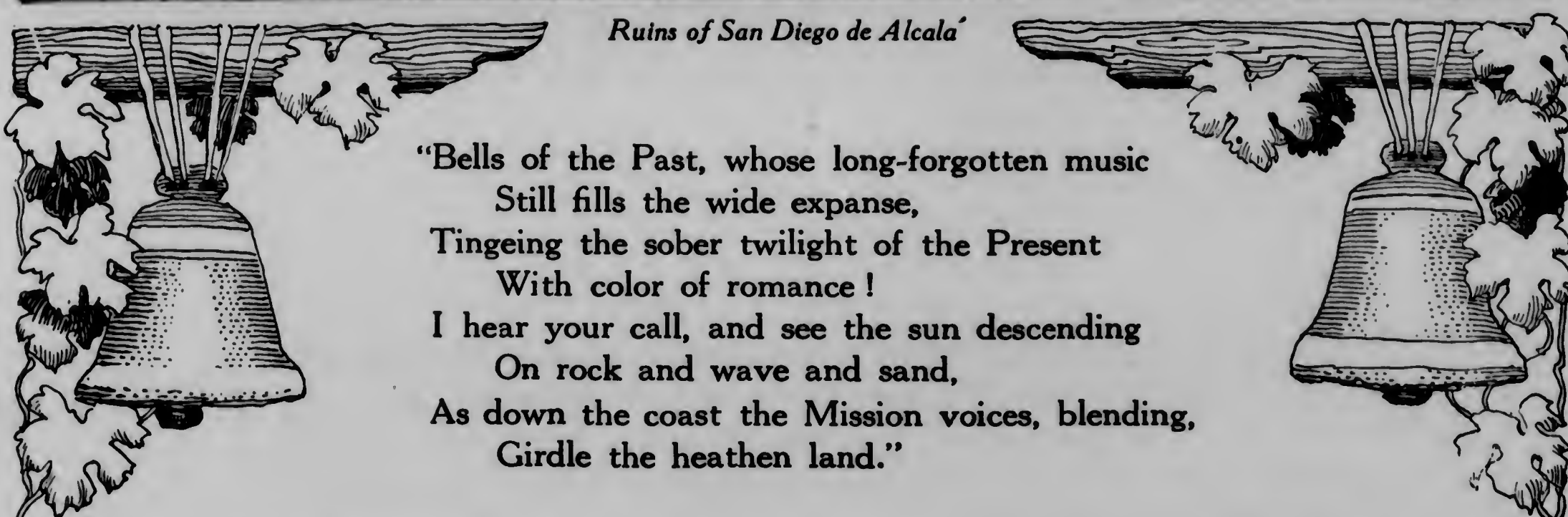
Enthusiasm was his—the kind of joyous and stimulating enthusiasm which was seen in St. Francis, the father of his order, in its supreme degree. When he arrived at the oak trees where later the Mission San Antonio was to stand, and hung a bell to one of them, he swung the bell to and fro so that his companions were amazed, and wondered if he had become demented, shouting all the while for the “pagans”—the Indians, of whom not a soul was visible, to appear and be converted. It was gently—but doubtless very firmly—pointed out to him that there were no pagans to hear him. His companions had the same difficulty that average men always have in understanding the man of genius and realizing that his vision can see farther, and deeper, and higher, and longer, and truer, than theirs, honest and clear as theirs may be.

For, as Francis Thompson says, true sanctity is genius manifesting in religion. The saint is the elder brother of the poet. He lives his beauty and his truth instead of singing it, that is all; and often it is a truer beauty, a more perfect form of truth. Serra could see in his prophetic vision, as he swung the bell beneath the oak tree, the pagans swarming to the mission that was already completed in his imagination. And, sure enough, he was right, as the real man of genius is always right. Even before he had finished ringing his bell, a timid Indian or two appeared. The reason was, that Serra not only believed that they would come, but he also kept on calling out to them to come until his faith was realized. That sign of the great man was also his—persistence: works added to faith. And in these things—in imagination, which visions the future, in faith which says that the vision can be realized, and in good, hard, put-your-back-into-it work to realize the vision, Serra was the model of the future Californian.

And he did it all so happily, so joyously, with such an open-air light-heartedness—the true, bubbling spirit of the Franciscan always his! His spiritual father, Saint Francis, was a poet—a singer of sweet canticles in which he called the sun his brother, and the birds his little sisters, and showed himself on the best of terms with the elemental spirits of water and air and fire, even as a good Bohemian Grove dramatist is today. And here again, Serra was the first, and the pattern, of modern Californians. Of course, you may point to Serra pounding his breast with a stone in the pulpit in Mexico until the blood streamed, in order to impress upon the crude material minds of his congregation of Indians and peons the reality of penance—but do not think for a moment that he did it lugubriously, or with personal regret. His heart sang within him even while the jagged edge of the stone ripped through the brown habit and tore at his flesh—the flesh of a sturdy man, a man who stopped at nothing, so long as it was honorable, and at no matter what discomfort to himself, to do his job of work in the world—and here again he is the type of the Californian at his highest—the type of the man of the west. Serra even initiated the great modern habit of open-air sleeping! Yes, certainly he did. We have his testimony to the effect



Ruins of San Diego de Alcalá



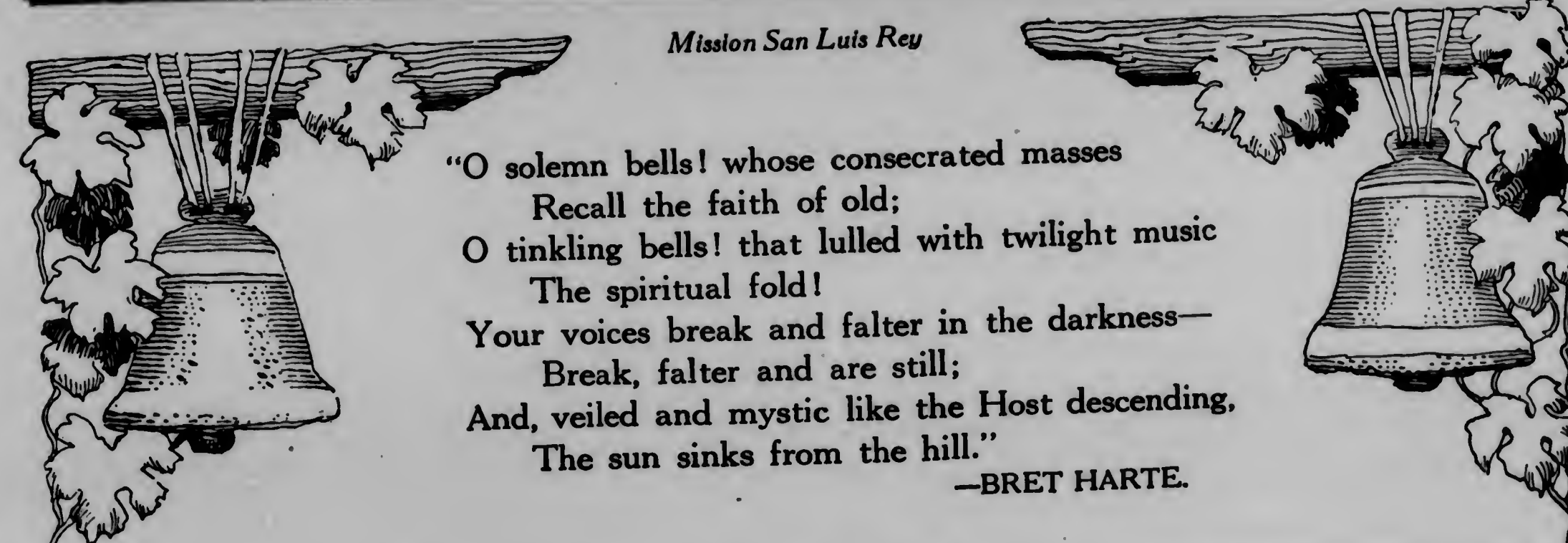
"Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance!
I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices, blending,
Girdle the heathen land."



Scene from the Mission Play, San Gabriel, California



Mission San Luis Rey



"O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old;
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!
Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter and are still;
And, veiled and mystic like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill."

—BRET HARTE.



Scene from the Mission Play, San Gabriel

that only his custom of sleeping under the sky preserved his health in the midst of all his toil. Only, he usually did it from necessity, even if it did become his choice at last. Also, beyond a doubt, Serra let his vision lead his spirit through the starry spaces of his roof, as well as let his lungs breathe in the untrammelled ozone, for he cared more for the health of his soul than that of his body.

A man among men, as well as a gentleman and a scholar, a worker in the world as well as a seeker after the sanctity of the spirit, a lover of his kind, and beloved of them—generous, humorous, practical as only the mystic mind may be, such was Serra—the first Californian, the founder of the civilization of the West.

California honors herself this month in honoring him.



FILMING THE SOUTH SEAS

Adventures of a Motion Camera Among Pacific Islands

By EDMUND MITCHELL

Author of: Captain of His Soul; Tales of Destiny

Photographs by Hugh McClung and the Author

"TAHITI, New Zealand, New South Wales, Queensland, Java, Singapore, Indo-China, Hong-Kong, China and Japan. Then back to Los Angeles."

The speaker was a leading manufacturer of moving pictures from Paris and New York. The proposal that I should join the expedition he was organizing for a swing around the Pacific had come with startling suddenness. To gain a little time for reflection I lighted my after-dinner cigar.

"You would be home again within the year" urged my interlocutor. Then he paused for my decision.

The proposal was a tempting one—the

literary man is always in quest of new material. I had already crossed the Pacific, and several of the countries named in the itinerary I knew well. But this voyage of some twenty-five thousand miles would fill up gaps in my previous traveling experience, completing a comprehensive survey of the islands and littoral of the great ocean which with the near completion of the Panama Canal is destined soon to become the principal arena of diplomatic and commercial rivalry among the nations. Then, final but paramount consideration, the work that offered, although somewhat of a new departure, was in my line and to my liking.

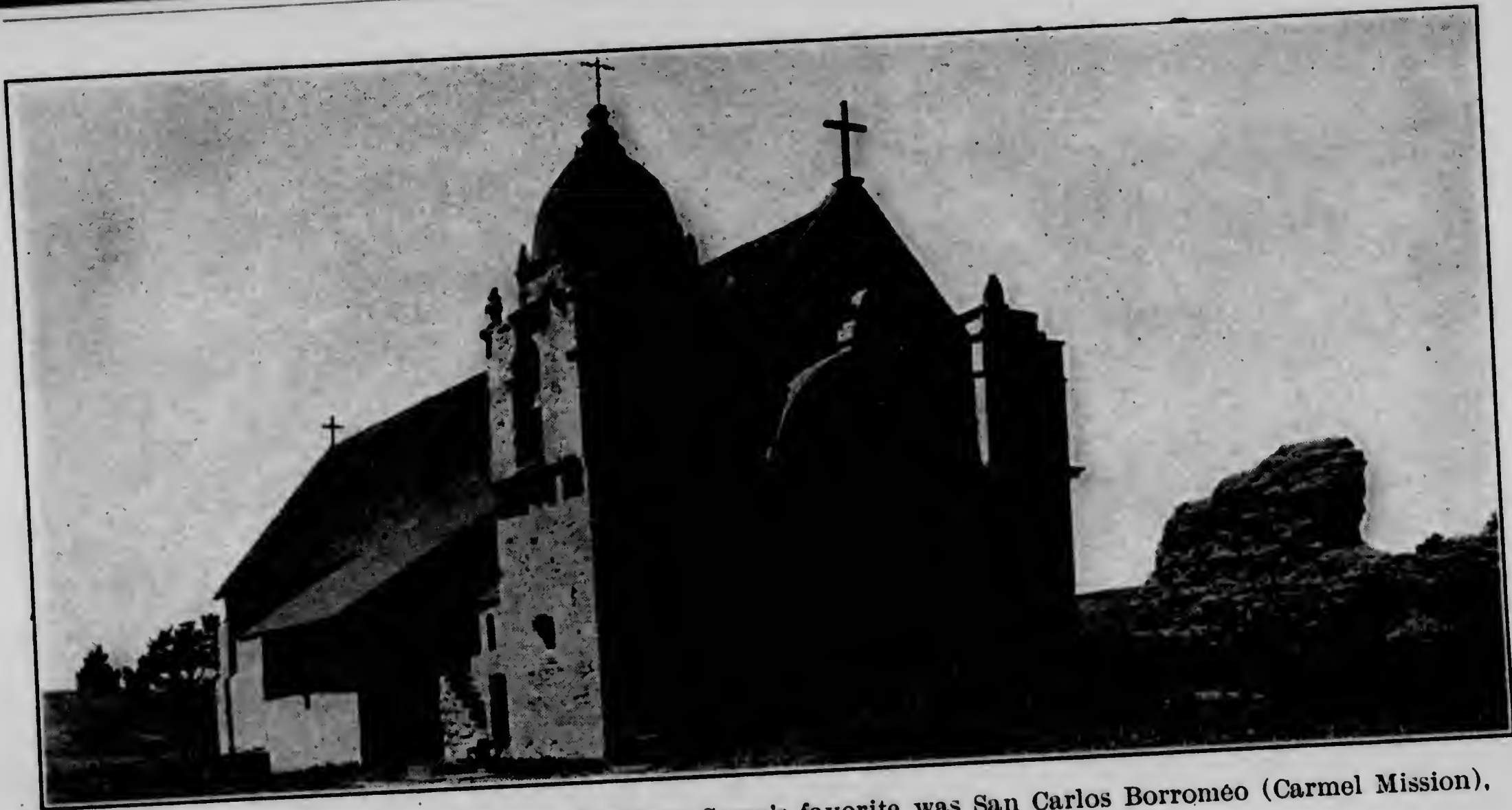


MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA

THE HOSPICE OF THE PADRES

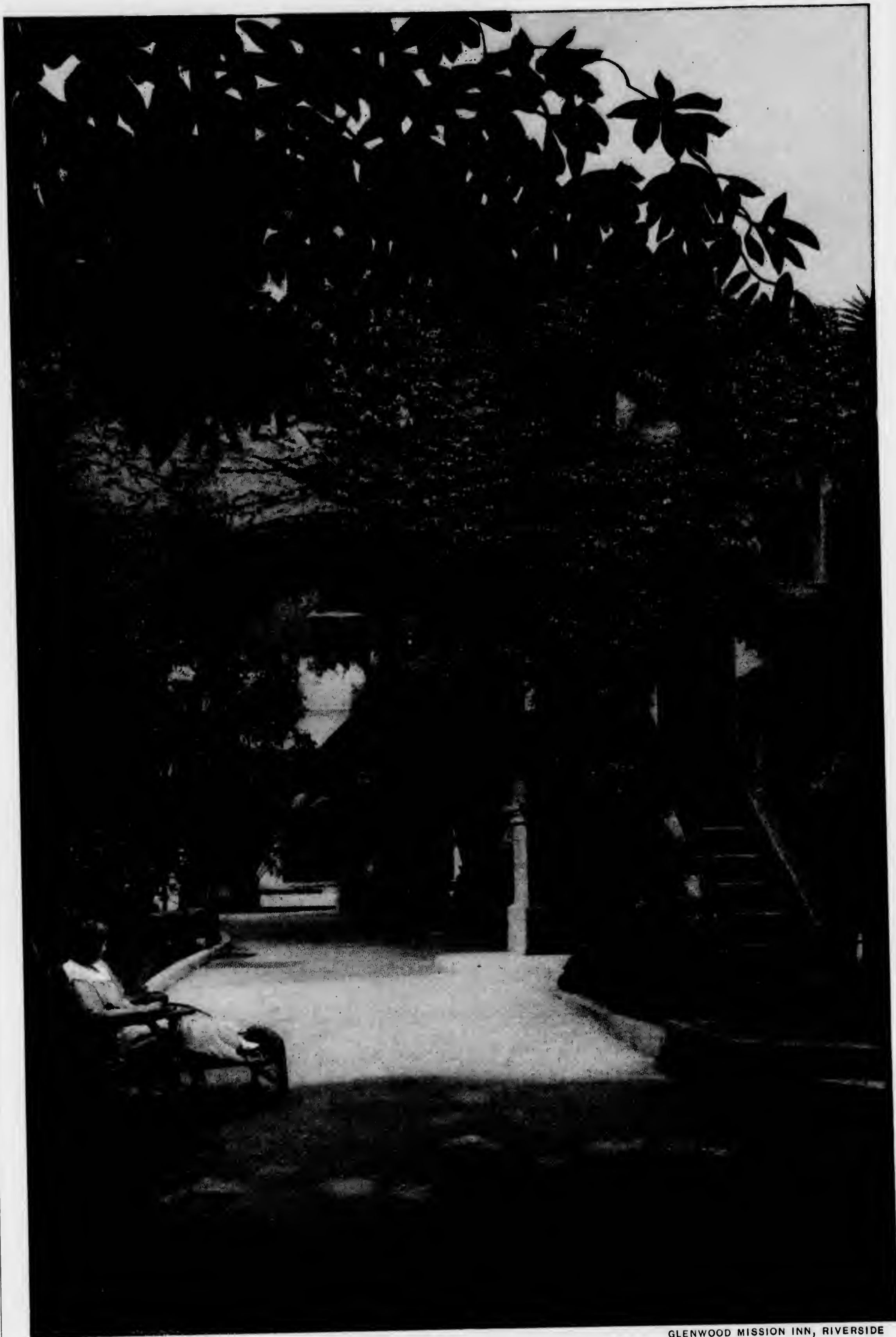
TWENTY-ONE MISSIONS STOOD BETWEEN SAN DIEGO AND SONOMA, ALONG THE KING'S HIGHWAY, CENTERS OF HOSPITALITY IN THE DAYS WHEN CALIFORNIA WAS YOUNG. THOUGH MOST OF THEM ARE RUINED NOW, THE TRAVELER LACKS NOT FOR HOSPICE. GREAT HOTELS STAND BESIDE THEM, OFFERING THE STRANGER AMPLER WELCOME IN THE TRADITIONAL SPIRIT

Santa - Dec. 1912.



Monterey county is rich in missions. Junipero Serra's favorite was San Carlos Borromeo (Carmel Mission), and he is buried there

Sunset - Dec. 1912.



GLENWOOD MISSION INN, RIVERSIDE

THE CLOISTER OF SWEET FORGETFULNESS

WHAT A PLACE IN WHICH TO SEEK SANCTUARY FROM THE ASSAULTS OF WINTER. WITH A BOOK UNDER THE VINE-TRIMMED ARCHES OF THIS REINCARNATED HOSPICE OF THE PAST! OR BOLDLY TAKE HORSE OR AUTO DOWN MAGNOLIA AVENUE AND HUNT IN VAIN AMONG ORANGES AND ROSES ON EVERY HAND FOR THE FAMILIAR FACES OF THE WINTER MONTHS

Mission Inn

~~EARLY WEST~~ - Eels (M.) History of the Indian Missions on the Pacific Coast, Oregon, Washington and Idaho. with an introduction by G.H. Atkinson. 8vo. pp. 270. plates. Phila, 1882. Fine copy. 2.50

EARLY WEST CALIFORNIA - Carter (C.) The Missions of Nueva California.
An Historical Sketch. 8vo. pp. 133 with plates and reproductions from
old and rare prints. San Francisco, 1900. 3.50
Part I. Settlement of N. California. Inception of the Missions,
1769-1800. II. Golden age of the Missions, 1800-1830. III. Death
of the Missions, 1830-48. Part II. Habits and customs of the Mexican
and Indians. Part III. The Missions at the present time.



The Mission Chapel of San Antonio de Pala is well worth going out of one's way to see because of its picturesque campanile with a cactus sprouting from the top

Sunset, July 1912.

The Mission Play

A Pageant-Drama of the History of the Franciscan Missions in California

By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

IN the very shadow of the walls of one of the oldest missions in California there was presented, on the night of the 29th of April, the first performance of a pageant-drama unprecedented in the annals of this country. In a specially constructed building—one of the unique playhouses of the world—the romantic history of early California was reenacted, pictorially and dramatically, by a company of 300 players. The occasion was the première performance at San Gabriel, California, of John Steven McGroarty's pageant-masque which he has wisely chosen to designate by the illuminating and simple title, "The Mission Play."

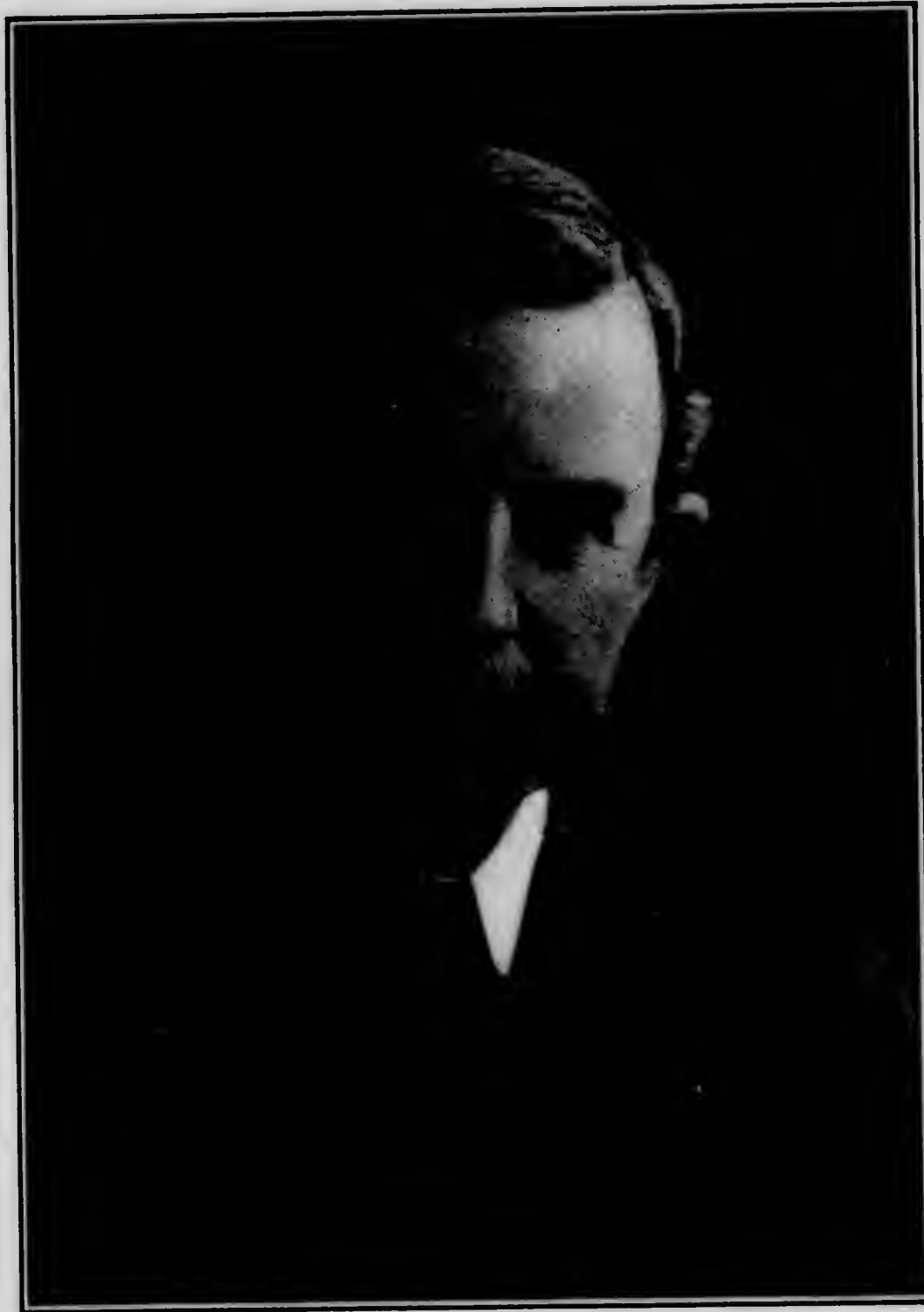
Though dealing specifically with that fine and colorful sweep of Franciscan history from 1769, when Don Gaspar de Portolá founded his little garrison of Catalonian soldiers and padres on the shore of False Bay, San Diego, to 1847, when the invasion of the "gringo" marked the disintegration of the missions, this drama nevertheless has an appeal which is national in its scope. Mr. McGroarty has not only succeeded in bodying forth the ideals and the events of the early California history, but has established an entirely new standard in the technique of pageantry. Never before in the history of the American community

pageant has the alliance between the dramatic and the spectacular elements been so closely harmonized. Without losing the essence of the historical and educational pageant as it has heretofore developed along the lines of processional tableaux, "The Mission Play" adds the molding and vitalizing force of chronological narrative and the individualizing of historical personages.

Herein lies its great significance. In the years to come, the character of municipal spectacles will follow the lines laid down by this play. For it brings the community into intimate contact, not only with the events of national history, but with the idealism and the spiritual conflicts which shaped those events.

The art of pageantry is older than that of the drama. The distinction between these two forms of art lies in the fact that the one is the artistic expression of the community, while the other is purely individualistic. In these two differentiated forms of dra-

matic expression, the standards and the boundaries have evolved independently. In the play, the emotional element has done much in formulating its governing rules. Thus, emphasis has been laid upon dramatic sequence, characterization, the distribution of climaxes, and the homogeneity of plot. In the pageant, on the other hand,



John Steven McGroarty, Californian poet and historian, author of "The Mission Play"



Act I. The dilapidated garrison of San Diego welcomes the return of Don Gaspar de Portolá from his quest of the Bay of Monterey

the pictorial idea has predominated. The elaboration of tableaux, the visualization of the externals of history and the processions of events have all been developed irrespective of personalities and motivating forces. The imagination alone has been stimulated by pageantry. Obviously, the amalgamation of these two forms of art is desirable. For no matter how vivid the impression of the spectacle, its effect is ephemeral. By dramatizing the pageant, as it were, by infusing it with poetry and ritual, by revealing the characters whose lives are at the foundations of modern social conditions, the educational value is immediately heightened and a profound and indelible impression made upon the spectator.

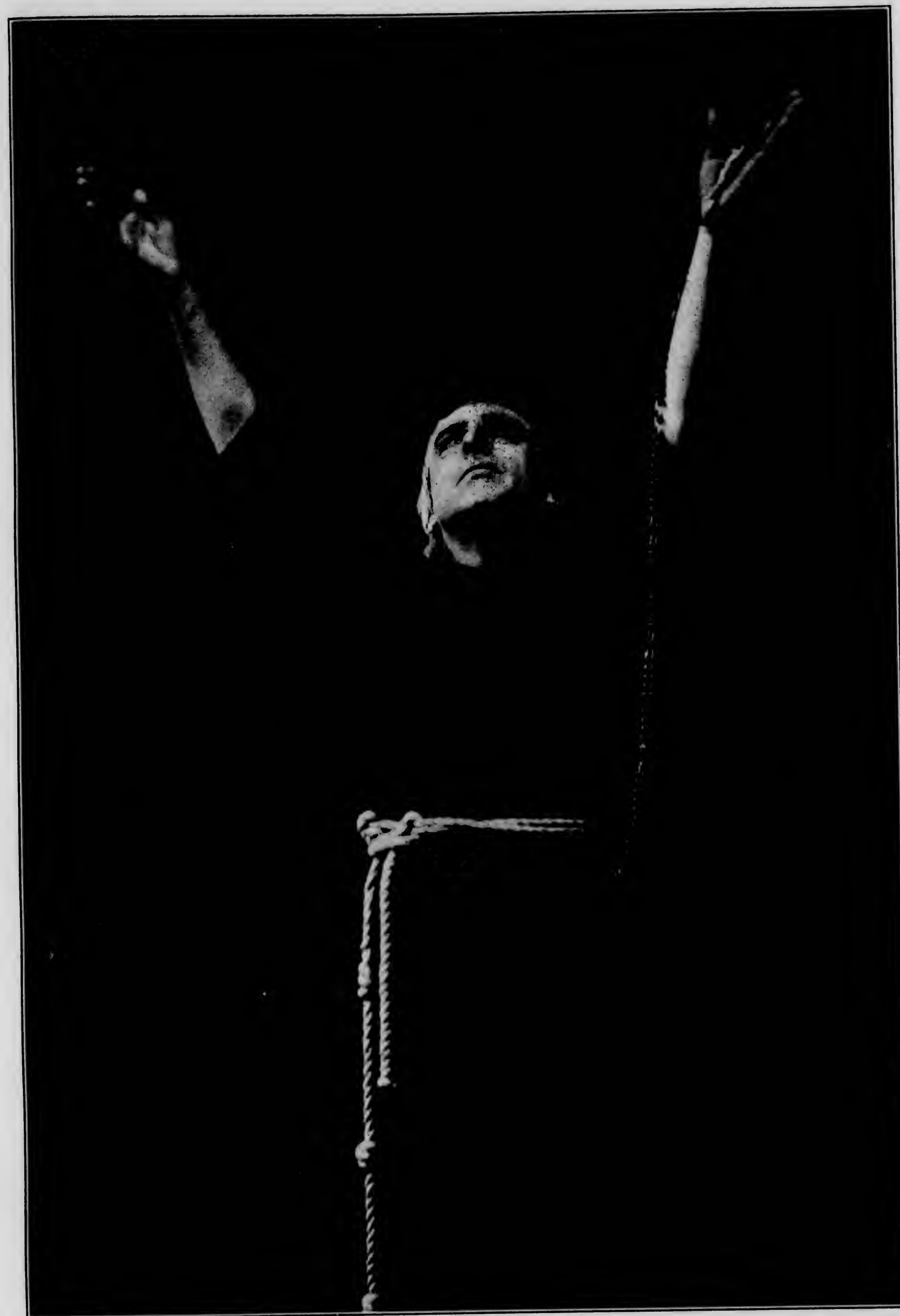
The early history of California lends itself well to this dual treatment. The rise and fall of the missions in California form a unified drama, the sweep of which has heretofore been obscured by the details of the historians. While California has had pageants of the conventional type, setting forth objectively these sixty-five years of colorful conflict, it has remained for Mr. McGroarty to give the tableaux dramatic significance. We have had the *effects* of the Franciscan faith; we now have the *causes* brought home to us—the great singleness

of purpose, the indomitable spirituality, the powerful faith, the privations, the struggles, the sacrifices, the hopes and the aspirations which lie at the bottom of the events and the accomplishments of Californian history. Added importance is given this Mission play by the fact that it is not a temporary affair but is to be annually recurrent, presented for three or four months during each winter season.

The playhouse in which this pageant is presented is designed on the architectural lines of the old missions. The romantic atmosphere is preserved. About its walls are crude decorations such as the Indian neophytes designed under the instruction of the Franciscan padres. The rafters are wound with rope, and antique ornaments and books give an air of historic reality. The lighting is by great chapel candles and crude iron lanterns. The windows are of stained glass; and the boxes, instead of being numbered, bear historic titles. The curtain signal is sounded on the oldest mission bell in California. At the entrance of the theater are great pepper trees planted by the early Franciscan padres. A century and a half ago, on the very spot now occupied by the Mission theater, stood the workhouse in which consecrated Indian hands



Act I. The magnificent harbor discovered far to the north by Don Gaspar is solemnly christened "The Bay of St. Francis"



Padre Junipero Serra (played by Ben Horning) dominates the Mission Play as he dominates the history of the California missions



Act II. The Morning Hymn at Carmel, the favorite mission of Padre Serra, at the flood-tide of mission history

turned out the material for the gray adobe structure of Mission San Gabriel which stands opposite. Entirely surrounding this unique theater is "The King's Highway" reproduced in detail with the twenty-one missions of California in miniature. This panorama is a pageant in itself. At night each of these tiny missions is lighted, as though at the height of its power. But this dumb envisagement of Franciscan faith is entirely apart from the play itself—a mere accessory to the drama.

In the matter of stage equipment the Mission Theater is unusually complete. Expense has not been spared to secure the most modern lighting appliances and the best scenic effects. The stage itself is larger than that of the regular theater—being nearly one hundred feet across and having a depth sufficient to accommodate all of the 300 members of the cast without giving the effect of being overfilled. Nearly all of the "properties" are genuine relics, and many of the costumes are historic integuments.

The three "sets" of the play represent, even to the smallest detail, the scenes they portray. The first act, laid on the shores of False Bay at San Diego, shows a section of Point Loma jutting out into the sea. On the shore are tule huts thatched with palm

leaves, like those occupied by the California natives at the time of Don Gaspar's first settlement. In the background is the wide stretch of San Diego bay, in which an old Spanish galley rocks at anchor. The scene of the second act is the patio of the Mission of San Carlos at Carmel, near Monterey, at the time of Spain's supremacy. On the right is the chapel; in the rear are the mission arches, through which may be seen the blue waters of Carmel bay. The scene of the third act is of San Juan Capistrano in partial ruin—a faithful reproduction as it appeared in 1847. The southern exposure is visible. On the right is a small courtyard; in the rear the littered corridors. In these sets, natural trees are used, giving the illusion of the out-of-doors.

These three divisions of the play represent the three important phases of California's early history: first, the beginning of the dream—the colonization, the early pioneering struggles, the hardships and disappointments; second, the realization of the dream—the dominance of Spanish rule, the missions' ascendancy, the conversion of the Indians, the gay social life of Monterey; third, the dream broken—the missions forsaken, the last of the early Franciscan padres, the end of the missions' history.



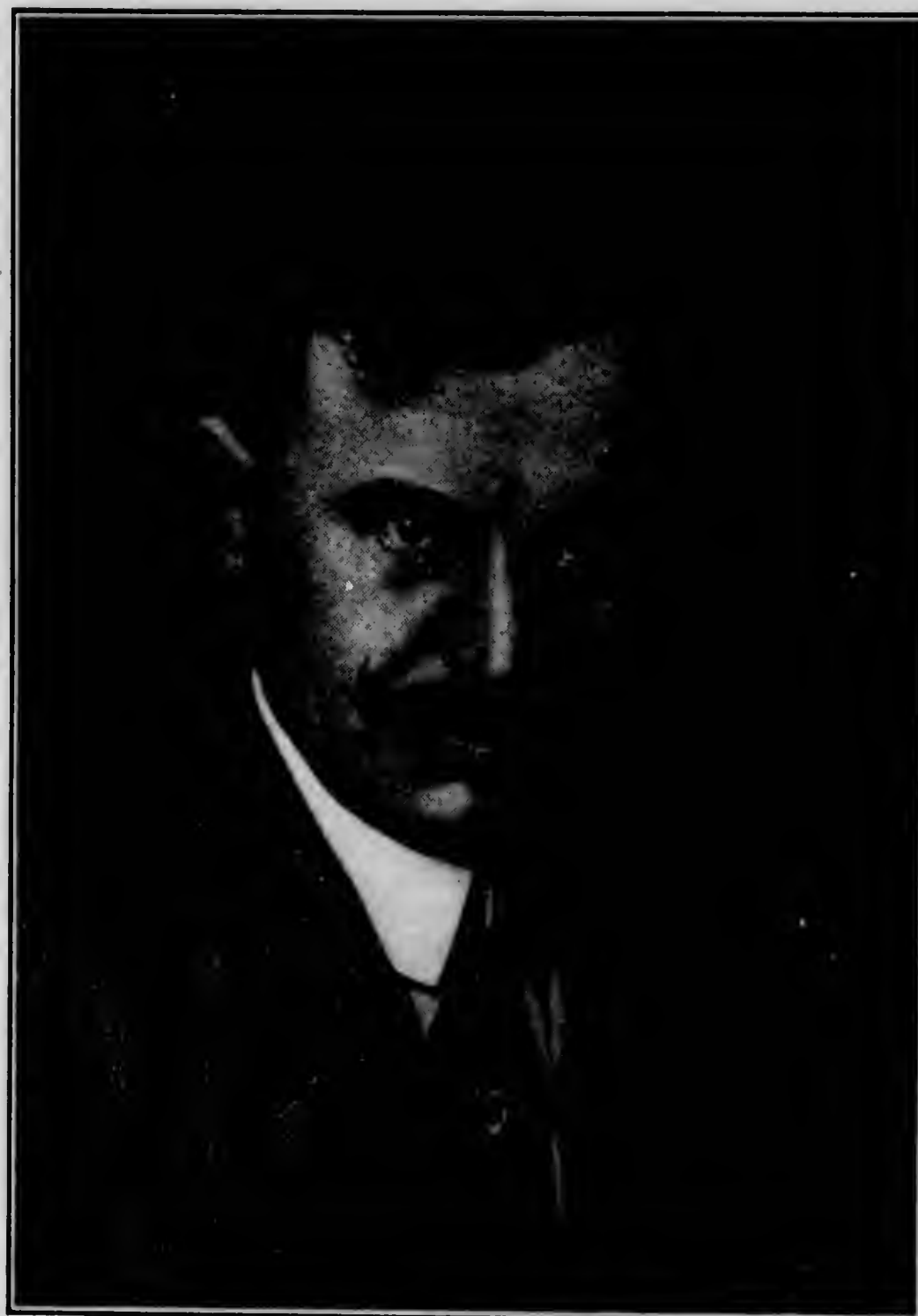
Act II. At the annual gathering at the mission of Carmel, the native converts give a panoramic exhibition of Indian crafts



Señora de Arguello (played by the Princess Lazarovich, who was Eleanor Calhoun) and the "gringo" owner of the old Mission San Juan Capistrano, in the last act of the Mission Play

The first act is dramatic; the second, spectacular; the third, symbolic.

At the parting of the first curtain, Don Gaspar de Portolá, that hardy pioneer who came to the shores of San Diego bay for the purpose of colonizing California and christianizing the natives of the West, has gone in quest of Monterey. For months no news of him has been received. The little body of soldiers and priests which has been left behind has become discontented. Portentous murmurings sweep through the garrison. There is sickness among the soldiers, and there is little to eat. They curse the fate that brought them to the wild shores of California. In the midst of their complaining, Father Junipero Serra enters from one of the tule huts. He is the figure who dominates the play—just as he dominates the history of the missions. In him are summed up those hopes and powers which molded the missions' history. He talks to the soldiers and instills in them new hope. Even as he is encouraging them, a shot is heard from Presidio Hill and the lookout guard rushes pell-mell upon the scene to inform the garrison that Don Gaspar has been sighted. The soldiers form them-



Henry Kabierske, widely known as a master of pageantry, who directed "The Mission Play"

selves into a little band, with banners and drums, to march forth and meet the Gobernador. Before long, Don Gaspar, in the uniform of a Spanish captain, enters, followed by his men and those who have gone to meet him. But he has no news to tell of Monterey. He and his little band of soldiers have been worn out by the long and futile search. Their condition is even worse than when they started. But though they have failed in the quest for Monterey, they have discovered a mighty bay to the north, and the naming of this bay for Saint Francis by Father Junipero is an impressive historical

event. When the wounded and sick have been cared for and an inventory of the provisions has been taken, there seems nothing to do but abandon California. Everyone is eager to go. Everyone pleads with the commander to order the return. Preparations are begun for sailing at the turn of the tide. But one of the little company refuses to go. He is Father Junipero. He entreats the Gobernador and the men to wait a while longer until the relief ship of Don Galvez shall arrive. This is a frail hope and the soldiers become mutinous. In the midst of the tumult, Father Serra drops on his knees and begins to pray. A hush creeps over the garrison. And as the priest prays, darkness begins to fall; it is nearing the time for the turning of the tide. The west is red with the sunset. Suddenly a wild shout goes up, and around the purple promontory of Point Loma the fleck of a ship appears on the horizon. The prayer of Father Serra has been answered: the civilization of California is begun.

During the fifteen years' interval between the first and second acts, the missions have been built and the Indians taught the different crafts. It is the last year of Serra's life. He is now a very old man, and we see him in his favorite mission at Carmel. The scene is the occasion of the annual gathering of the different padres from all over California to report to their *presidente* the progress made by their respective missions. The act opens with the morning hymn and the procession to the chapel. During mass, the corporal's guard remains outside. The soldiers are the same who appeared, young and vigorous, in the first act, though now they are aged and whitened by the violent years. Briefly and dramatically they relate



Act II. The young people at the Carmel gathering follow the Indian folk-dances with the sombrero and the castanet dances of old Spain

the struggles of the missions' rise; and at the end of mass the padres gather about Father Serra who, having felt a premonition of his approaching end, bids them farewell. At this point, the dramatic movement is intensified by an episode with Captain Rivera, the *Comandante* of the King's troops in California. He has come to take possession of a young half-breed girl and she makes desperate and successful appeal to the great padre for protection. Then come the Spanish festivities and the Indian exhibits. Now the pageant idea predominates; and the remainder of the act is given over to the historical formulation of the social life of that epoch. The Indians, one by one, display their handiwork—roofing tiles, wood carvings, furniture, horseshoes, tanned hides and pieces of embroidery. The scene is an impressive one, and so cleverly has the dialogue been worked into this panorama of the trades and crafts that there is no hint of tediousness. Each group is subtly differentiated and invested with personal vitality. Later come the Indian folk dances; and when they are finished, the young Spanish people go through the Sombrero and the Castanet dances. These exhibitions are a part of the play itself, and are related to the general movement of the act. They fit into

the drama in much the same way that they fitted into the festal Spanish life of their time; and when finally, at the close of the curtain, Father Serra alone remains, kneeling by the cross, perhaps for the last time, one is left with the impression of having glimpsed an actual segment of that period in which the act is cast.

The last act of the play is pure allegory. Father Serra has been dead forty years. Only one of the early characters remains to tell the story of the days of the missions' strength. The other characters represent types peculiar to the transitional period of 1847. The tragedy which they enact is in itself symbolic rather than actual. The mission grounds have been sold to an *Americano* who would desecrate them and turn them into pasture lands. That he should be the lover of the Señora Arguello who typifies the old, sacred traditions of the missions, is also a symbol of the clash and the welding of the old and the new régimes. An event true both to history and to the atmosphere of the play is introduced. The last of the early Franciscan padres is brought by a band of faithful Indians to be buried on sacred ground. They are about to be driven away when the señora intercedes. Later, when she dies from a stray



Act III. Señora de Arguello kneels beside the bier of the last of the early Franciscan padres, brought by faithful Indians to be buried in holy ground

shot fired by one of the Indians whom she has endeavored to help, she extracts a promise from this new owner to keep sacred the hallowed ground. It is impossible by a mere re-telling of the story of this act to bring out any of its poetic subjectivity or its allegorical significance. In its brief lines and its vivid characterizations lies its merit, for they are what create its atmosphere.

Among the many enthusiastic workers who have aided the author of the Mission Play in this rare poetic accomplishment, the Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich deserves special credit. The Princess was formerly Eleanor Calhoun, a native Californian, daughter of the late Judge E. E. Calhoun. She came from Europe to take part in this pageant-drama of the missions. Her rôle was that of Señora Doña Josefa de la Cortina de Arguello, in which she interprets that rapidly passing type of the aristocratic Spanish woman whose heart retains a zealous loyalty for the old missions. The love for California and for its early Franciscan history which brought the Princess Lazarovich back to her native state in order that she might take part in the Mission Play, sounds the keynote of the actuating spirit back of the enterprise. The Princess was one of the first to recognize the play's national significance. Her recent experience in the production of outdoor pageants in England has aided her greatly in her work with this play. She is an ardent Californian, and was educated at the State Normal School at San José. When she was barely fifteen she was playing Shakespearean rôles in California. Her career has been a brilliant one. She has had marked successes at the National Theatre de l'Odéon and the

Comédie Française. At one time she toured Europe as co-star with Coquelin. She wrote an adaptation of Congreve's old comedy, "The Way of the World"; she dramatized and produced Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," and wrote an historical drama, "Charlotte Corday." In 1903 she was married in London to Prince Lazarovich of Servia, with whom she collaborated in an important historical work, "The Servian People."

Mr. Ben Horning, an actor of great ability, plays the part of Father Junipero. He interprets the character of this priest-commander with dramatic impressiveness and brings out all the pathos and power of the lines which Mr. McGroarty has put into the mouth of Serra.

The production of the Mission Play is in every detail an admirable achievement. Mr. Henry Kabierske, the director, is a pageant-master of wide experience. He has produced many historical spectacles on the continent—among them being the Queen's Jubilee Pageant in England. He was the director of the Philadelphia Historical Pageant, and of a dozen others of civic importance throughout the United States.

Mr. McGroarty is a lover of California and the author of a recent history of the state. His play is full of poetry, shot through with the brilliant colors of the missions' glory and the dusk of their tragedy. He has rendered a great service to California by this visualization of the Franciscan missions and the interpretation of their ideals. For the first time in drama their romance has been adequately caught and transmitted to the present-day people of El Camino Real.



Sunset - June 1912.



San Antonio is the loneliest of the Missions—lonely and lovely

Motoring Among the Missions

Concluding Chapter of a Gasoline Pilgrimage in the Footsteps of the Padres

By ELEANOR GATES

IN the cool of a perfect morning, over a wonderful grade, oiled and smooth, we scattered the young quail before us as we ascended from out the little valley in which stands ruined La Purisima Concepcion. Far up the heavily brushed "hog-back" we halted to lift our masks for the accustomed "look back." To one side, and seemingly on a level with us, mountain peaks showed above white marabou ruffs of cloud. On the other we caught a glint of sun upon distant water—the sea. Below lay the valley, wide and green, with Lompoc at its center. And the roads leading right and left out of the city could be traced by lines of blue-gums, cottonwoods, cypresses and pepper trees. Just beyond Lompoc was a low rounded hill with a gash from its top to its base, like the deep wound of a knife in some full cheek. And at the lower end of the gash stood up old walls. These the remains of the first Mission in that valley—the Mission that crumbled at the same shuddering moment when the low hill gaped.

Colorful over every mile was that portion of the King's Highway which led us onward to the Mission dedicated to Louis, Bishop of Toulouse—colorful and constantly changing. We talcumed ourselves as we shot along stretches of grade that were chalk-white. We shouted and pointed at the sudden sight

of a blood-red field—nasturtiums. We hailed the beach and the sea once more, and again more brilliant fields. We saw good horses, too, and sleek cattle; and beans! beans! beans!—Also Nipomo. Let me not forget to mention Nipomo! "*Ten miles an hour*" say the signs that stand on the edge of the town. And they mean what they say! "It's a little place," warned a south-bound chauffeur. (What fraternity there is among drivers of cars!) "But it needs the money."

It did not get ours. We went through Nipomo so slowly that I could pass an examination on the number, color, and peculiarities of every structure along the main street!

At San Luis Obispo a young lad showed us the cope and stole of Father Serra, the black cross used at the first mass, and the old wooden candlesticks made by the Indians. His touch was reverent. He had the pious face of Sanzio's young St. John. And he fairly tiptoed his way as he led us under the long trellis in the old garden to the small thick-walled building that was once a chapel—now it shelters a gentle horse.

Motorists richer in leisure than were we could find plenty to halt them along this particular portion of El Camino Real. For example, Paso Robles, beautiful, green, inviting—but (that warm day, at least)

full of the strange odors of its curative waters. We had no time to stop and enjoy. We paused only long enough to buy creams, salves and lotions. The salves were of the carbolic persuasion; and the gentlemen in the open car applied them generously to the most prominent, and, therefore, the most blistered, features of their visages. So that as we sped out of Paso Robles, "The Rose" and I, seated, as it were, to windward of our suffering companions, took no more account of the odors of curative waters. For the summer air was redolent of carbolic salve!

We traveled through low foothills, oak-studded. There had been some climbing after leaving San Luis Obispo—along cañon sides awave with wild oats. Now the pale-colored road was fairly level. Near San Miguel it wound beside a wide river-bed as devoid of moisture as Death Valley. But the proof was there that at another season it was a torrent—proof in the shape of heaps of smooth boulders, piles of driftwood, and long dark scars on the up-stream side of tree trunks. To quote the Leading Man, "There are times when this must be some stream."

At San Miguel the taking of photographs tested the skill and ingenuity of the Official Photographer. For it is extremely difficult to get this fine old Mission on a film sans the hideous wrought-iron bell-tower that disfigures the view of the church façade. The church interior is wonderfully interesting. Its frescoes are beautiful and complete.

The end of that day's journey was Bradley. We made it by the light of the moon. Jolon would have suited us better. At Jolon is an old-time verandaed roadside inn that makes a special business of taking care of Mission tourists. And boasts a grapevine seventy-five years old. Mission San Antonio de Padua is a short side-trip from the inn. We started for both the next morning, accomplishing a ford that must be formidable in "winter," and struggling through sand that would have barred our way if a kind old gentleman in a battered wagon had not just finished disposing a stack of straw along our course. The sand behind us, we ate up the miles. And as we shot forward, fully a hundred death-daring ground-squirrels popped up ahead of us, spied us coming, and instantly found that they had pressing business on the other side of the road.

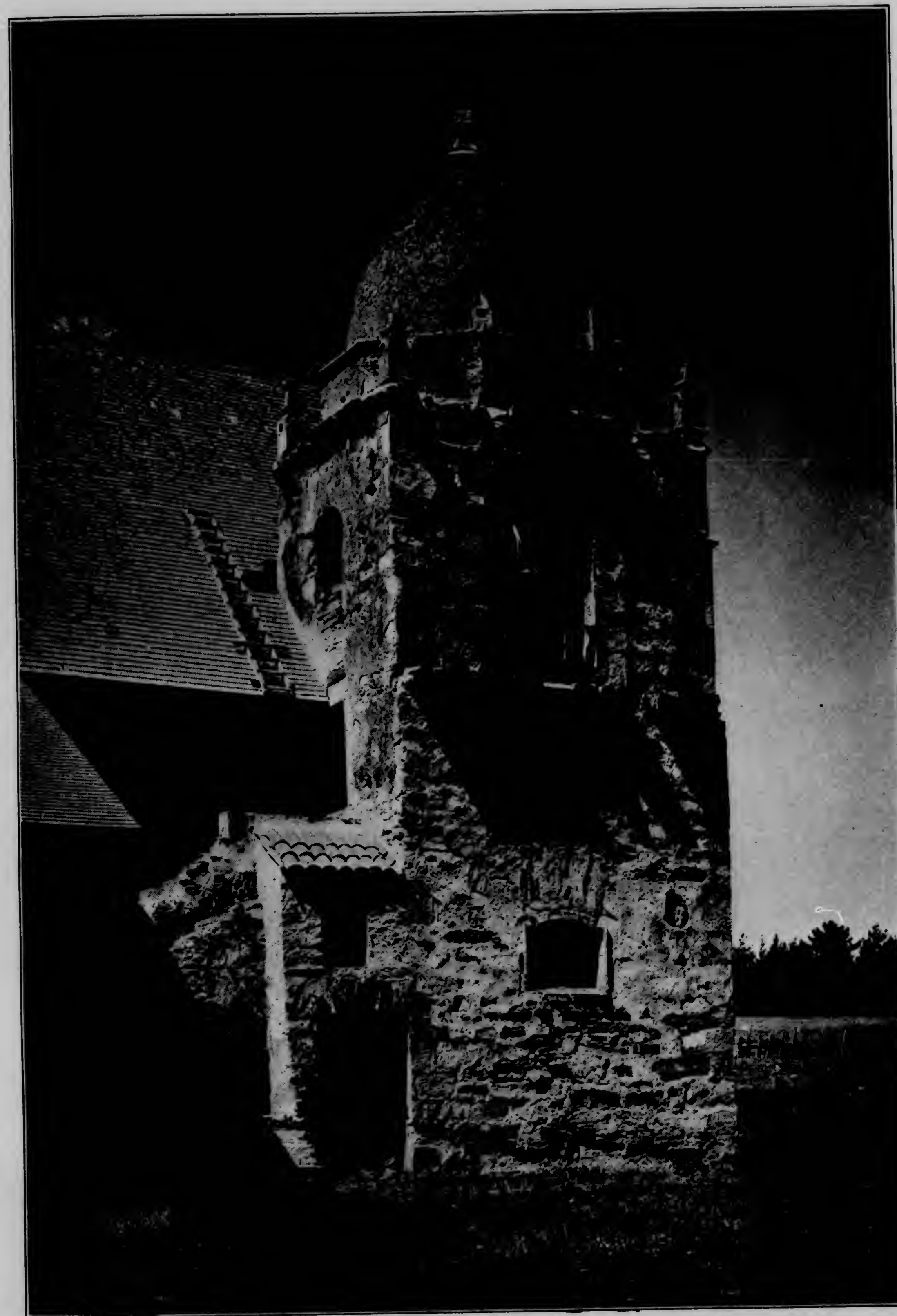
From Mission San Diego northward to San Luis Obispo, El Camino Real had led us—most of the time—so close to the shore of the Pacific ocean that we felt we had enjoyed a "coast run." We found San Miguel, San Antonio de Padua and Soledad more inland.

We approached San Antonio by a little-used road that wound among fine oaks. On one hand cattle and horses were feeding in a field waist-high with wild oats. Across the road a header drawn by thirteen teams was crawling noisily along. The men who manned the header showed great interest at sight of us, and waved enthusiastically until we disappeared among the trees.

We came upon the Mission suddenly. It stands alone at the head of its little valley, its back toward a half-moon of sheltering hills, its façade toward the rising sun. As we circled up, a dozen crows rose in fright, but settled down not far away to scold inhospitably—for now San Antonio, forsaken, but still beautiful, belongs mostly to the birds and the beasts. The swallows have colonized the archways. They added sharp, piercing cries of protestation to the resentment of the crows. The chipmunks flirted away, chipping their annoyance at our intrusion. Whereat the quail made out of the wide arched door that gives entrance to the deserted church and started for the woods. All up the long damp dirt floor we found the fleur-de-lis marks left by their tiny feet. And among the fleur-de-lis the round prints of shod hoofs. Humans had been there recently, also, to hold some sort of service. For the bare walls were festooned with half-dry greenery, and a walk of branches stretched from door to altar.

San Antonio is the loneliest of the missions—lonely and lovely. We did not leave it till sundown, till the shadow of the ruin reached beyond the old snagged olive tree that stands before the church. The hills were purple then. The mourning doves were calling. If the ghosts of good men ever walk at San Antonio, they walk at that twilight hour.

There is nothing to please the visitor at La Soledad, and much to make him feel regret—and shame. There is more to be seen at the parish church in town—for instance, a small wooden statue of fine workmanship and appealing beauty, and a good painting of Our Lady of Solitude. The church was filled with dark-eyed children preparing



Among all the Missions, San Carlos must ever hold for Californians a supreme interest: for here sleeps Father Junipero Serra

for communion. The father was confessing one. The others were bowed in silent prayer, and scarcely raised their eyes to us as we halted just within the door.

Early in the afternoon we pointed our cars toward Salinas, taking the smooth gray road in an exciting race, both engines purring like excited, but satisfied, tigers. And now it was no longer beans! beans! beans! It was beets! beets! beets!

Incredibly soon the welcome salt sea-air was coming under our masks once more. We bared our faces and breathed deep as we veered this way and that through a forest of pines on our way into Monterey. The old town claims two churches to be visited: San Carlos of the Presidio, which is not, properly speaking, a Mission; and San Carlos Borromeo, standing alone on its slope at Carmel. But with the dinner-hour approaching, and with dust to shed, we made hotelward straightway. A plentiful number of young soldiers were strolling along the street down which we ran. Others were lounging at corners, or in front of cigar-stands. One, his broad hat tilted rakishly, was flanked on either hand by a pretty, dark-haired, soft-eyed Spanish-looking girl. We were back in the old days!

The next morning, while our gasoline steeds were being gorged and groomed and re-shod against the miles that still lay ahead, we rambled toward the Presidio church. Near it, a woman with a beguiling dialect and a lace shawl over her dusky head, stopped us to proffer the tickets for a raffle. "You like geetar?" she inquired—to the gentlemen, of course. "You like pian?" Her smile was winsome, her eyes were eloquent. The gentlemen thought they would like both a geetar and a pian. And jotted down something on the "expense" account.

The walls of San Carlos of the Presidio are the sunny yellow that the contemporary painters do not seem able to apply—a rich, pinkish yellow. Above the entrance door, St. Cecelia is dimly outlined in glass. The flagged walk that leads up from the gate is of whale-bone. Beyond the walk, to right and left, tall lilies lean against the church. But going farther toward the rear, we found that the lily-hedge continued only part way. String-beans took the place of it, and showed a fine crop.

We went garageward by way of the oldest

adobe house in California. Beside it was another. And writ large upon the sagging door of the latter, with chalk, and in a childish hand, were two names: "Gussie Hill" and—underneath—"Louis Salvatore." These were linked affectionately by a brace. They told a new version of the earliest California romance!

The road to San Carlos Carmelo was not good. And we had to tunnel our way through fog as we bumped along it—fog white like steam. It was as if someone had lighted a great fire under the sea! Having passed through Carmel Town, we peered ahead, eager for our first glimpse of the Mission—though we did not expect a great deal in the way of beauty. We had already purchased post-card views of San Carlos—views that bore a startling resemblance to the First Baptist Church at home.

Then—the church loomed ahead of us out of the mist, all old-yellow and yellowish-brown, the stones of its walls having the much-sought-after "tapestry" effect. We slowed down at the adobe ruins by the road. Over these, and beyond the Mission, were pines. And through the pines we caught the steely shine of waves; above, the sea-birds wheeled and wheeled. No picture can give the smallest idea of the beauty of San Carlos.

And among all the missions this one must ever hold—for Californians—a supreme interest. For here, inside of the sanctuary, sleeps Father Junipero Serra.

The most delightful stretch of road in all our Mission pilgrimage we traveled between Monterey and San Juan Bautista. At the same time it proved one of the most difficult runs for the automobiles. For instead of taking the Chittenden "cut-off," we chose the San Juan grade, which had its beginning at the foot of steep slopes sprinkled with cattle—black, and red, and roan.

Up, up, we went, and the hills between which we ascended glistened in the sun like silk—Shantung silk of the natural color, embroidered with green sprigs, the trees. And when we reached the top we did not look back. A fine view lay behind—of mountain, plain and sea. But the view ahead! Within the compass of high tawny hills stretched the levellest of valleys. In that valley were San Juan Town and the Mission. About them, on three sides, and in great dazzling squares, were acres and



Mission San Juan Bautista is the scene of "The Rose of the Rancho." The most delightful stretch of road in all our Mission pilgrimage we traveled between Monterey and San Juan



In the old garden of San Luis Obispo Mission—the Mission dedicated to Louis, Bishop of Toulouse

acres of flowers—scarlet and yellow, white and blue. And accentuating the brilliancy of these acres were occasional squares of green—the pale, tender green of the onion fields. O lovely Valley of San Juan, is there anywhere one more beautiful?

A wide white road led downward. We tightened our goggles, bound our hats more securely in place, and swiftly made the descent.

The old town was asleep in the sun. To use a vulgarism, "there was nothing stirring." So we crept along without a single warning note from our auto horns.

Mission San Juan Bautista is the scene of "The Rose of the Rancho." For that reason it held for us a very particular interest. In her garlanded blue silk, full and old-fashioned, our "Juanita" moved down the long corridor to the door that gives on the inner garden. Señorita Solace answered her ring—the faithful housekeeper who has lived in the Mission since 1883. And a moment later we were in the patio, with its flowers and worn paths, its glimpses of red roof and falling wall, its wide chair for Padre Closa.

He came presently. A motor-cap was on his fine old head. He hurried up. His failing eyes saw us only as so many vague, trespassing shapes. He smiled, but so faintly! He hurried on, and hurried back

again almost at once, going nowhere in particular, only hurrying, hurrying. The sight of him wrung our hearts—we who had known him in more hale and happy days.

We lingered in the garden only a little while—about the sun-dial. And here "The Rose," in a gentle third-act mood, granted "Don Luis" the kiss she had begrudged him so coquettishly in the play. Then out we went—in a silent, subdued line—to the old cemetery. And sat down in the shade beside that rose-bush which was planted by a mother over her seven dead little children.

From San Juan to Hollister is a fragrant way. The air that stirred with the rush of our cars was heavy with perfume, spiced by acres of carnations. When the flower-fields were left behind, a new scent sweetened the summer wind—the scent of cured hay. And we bore to the left into the dusty grass to pass the procession of the hay—one six-horse team after another. There were other processions of the same kind—a half-dozen, one for every road leading into Hollister, and all converging toward the greatest hay-houses in the world, the corrugated-iron roofs of which looked, in the distance, like wide sheets of water.

We had lunched in the little old Plaza Hotel at San Juan. We dined at Paicines Rancho, a stretch of upland, river-bottom

and foothills as splendid as a royal domain. This rancho is historical, for it once belonged to the Castro family. "The Rose" (had she not borne the Castro name for many a successful week?) felt she had come home! So did we all!

From Hollister to Mission Santa Clara de Asis, our road was wide, hard, and the color of gun-metal. And it was so level and straight that we could see other travelers when they were far ahead, and have plenty of time to slow down. So—we speeded, prodigal of the beauty we were hurtling past, beauty of orchards and vineyards and fat pasture-lands.

At Santa Clara little of the original church is left. And yet probably no other Mission in California wields such a wide influence as does this one, which is the nucleus for a great chartered college. Naturally it is the college and not the Mission that claims the visitor's first interest. And one cannot feel keen regret over the fact that here great changes have taken place in the old structures, since these changes have made for notable advancement.

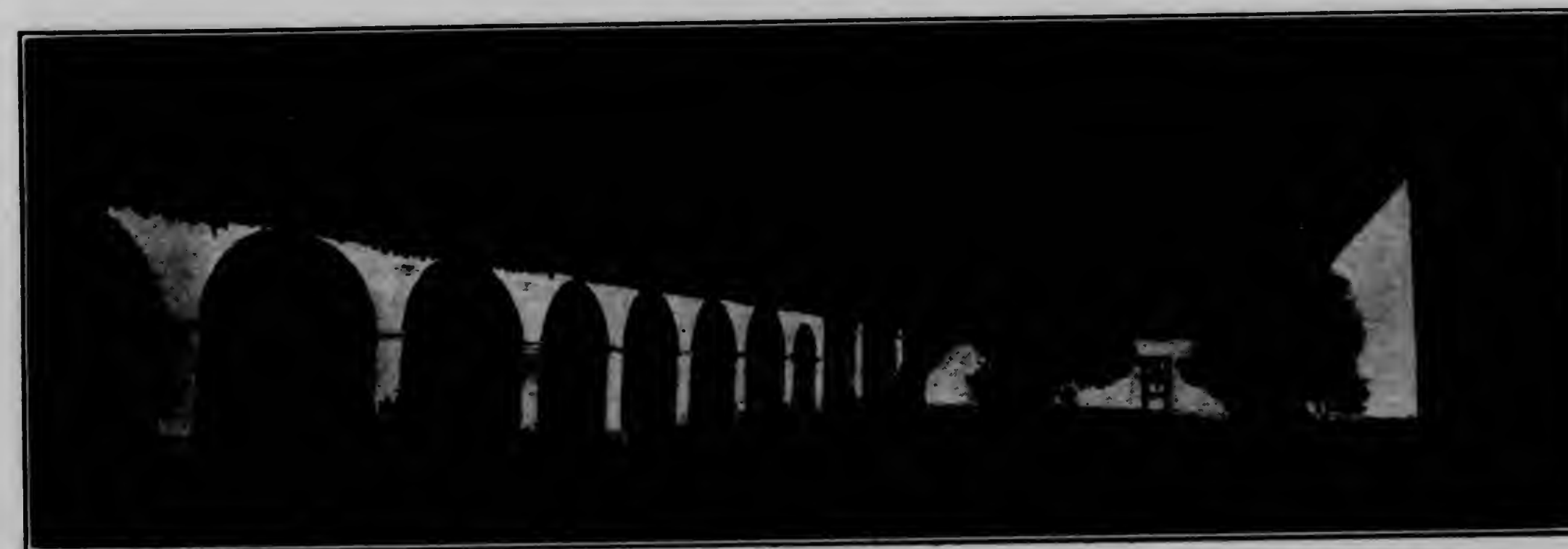
From Santa Clara to San José de Guadalupe it is a sixteen-mile run over a superb, gently rising course. Such power and swiftness was lent by the blast of our motor engines that we covered the distance in half an hour—to halt before the single Mission building that is still up-standing. This is a part of the monastery, and a plain little remnant it is. It has been the scene of many a stirring event. But it appeals less eloquently to the visitor than do the avenues of old olives. Down these, when the Mission was young, crept the hostile tribes from

the hills. Down them, too, in those old days, moved copper-skinned cohorts, meekly following the Cross.

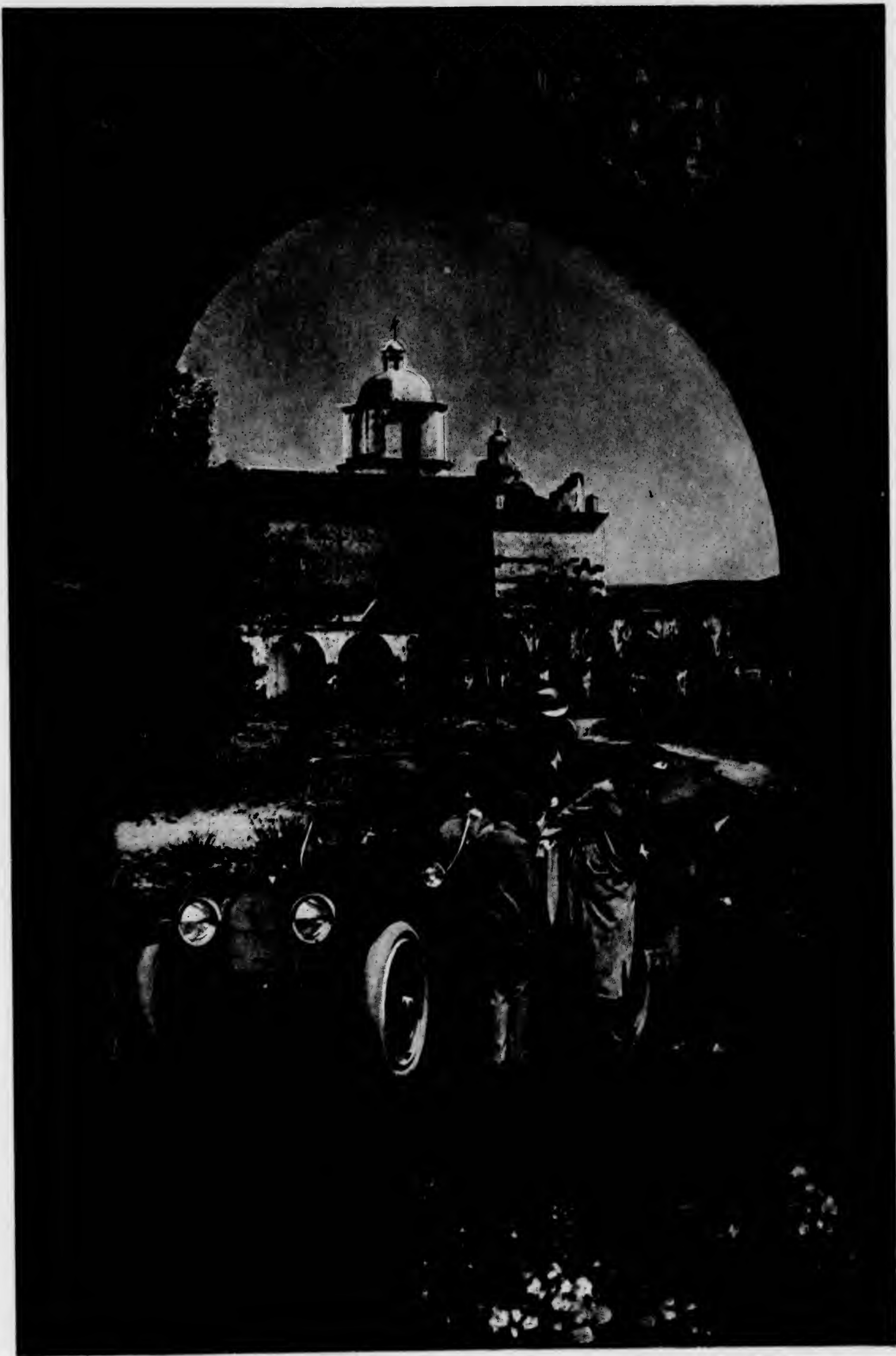
We turned back along the way we had come, making for that portion of El Camino Real which leads—a matchless boulevard!—straight up "The Peninsula." And when we veered into it by a wide half-circle, we looked far ahead and saw, waiting for us, the gray that we recognized as the smoke of Old Neptune. Our drivers unlocked a few levers, and—br-r-r-rt!—the eucalyptus trees along the way crowded as close to one another, all of a sudden, as the pickets in a fence.

We had begun our motor pilgrimage at San Diego, where the first seed of Christian civilization in California was planted to the honor of St. Didacus and the glory of God. Now we were to visit the last remaining Mission south of the bay—for nothing is left of Santa Cruz save a square of myrtle-covered burying-ground. Mission San Francisco de Asis stands at the juncture of Sixteenth and Dolores streets. We rushed forward through town after town, hunting rugs as we progressed—and still more rugs as we met the ocean wind and its burden. The day had been long and busy; the rugs were snug; the motion of the swift-going car was gentle on that smooth road. "The Rose" and I nodded under our masks. Until, with a soft hissing—the friction of rubber wheel on pavement—the big machines came to a halt. We bared our faces and stood up. We were before the white-washed façade of a church. Our long joyous trip was ended—and at the door of Our Lady of Sorrows!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. C. TIBBITTS AND THE AUTHOR



San Miguel by moonlight. The church interior is wonderfully interesting, with beautiful frescoes



We stopped at San Luis Rey on a golden afternoon when the sunlight, sifted and softened by the branches of ancient olive trees, cast a veil of yellow radiance upon the crumbling weather-worn Mission

Sunset.

ALTHOUGH the peninsula of Lower California was discovered as early as 1534, and many attempts were made to colonize it, it remained wholly unoccupied by Spain down

to 1697. In February of that year two Jesuit fathers, Juan Maria Salvatierra and Francisco Eusebio Kino, asked permission to attempt the spiritual conquest of the country, which was granted on condition that the king should not be called on for any part of the expense involved, and that possession should be taken distinctly in the name of the Spanish crown. Armed with this authority and the sanction of their superiors in the order, the two missionaries set about collecting funds for their undertaking, and in a short time succeeded in obtaining sufficient means to commence it. These funds, subscribed by charitable individuals, whose names and contributions the gratitude of the fathers has preserved for us to this day, increased, in progress of time, to an aggregate of sufficient importance to find frequent mention in Mexican legislation and history, under the name of the "Pious Fund of the Californias." It constituted afterwards the endowment and support of the Missions on all the west coast of the continent as far north as claimed by Spain, the whole of which was called by the general name of the Californias.

The thirteen Missions founded by the Jesuits in Lower California extended from Cape San Lucas, at the extremity of the peninsula, northwards. Details regarding them are deemed out of place here: they were in a flourishing condition at the time of the expulsion of the order in 1768, and the establishments remain to the present day; ruined indeed and deserted by the population that once clustered round them, but attesting still the pious zeal of their founders.

In 1767 the Spanish monarch, by a "pragmatic sanction," directed that the Society of

Jesus should be expelled from his dominions. With a refinement of cruelty this decree was directed to be put into force in every part of the kingdom at the same instant. At a given hour of the night, long after the inmates were in profound sleep, a train of vehicles was drawn up at the door of every Jesuit college, novitiate, or other establishment of any kind, and the porter was roused from sleep and directed, in the name of the king, to summon all the mem-

bers of the community to instant assembly in the chapel or refectory. Hastily putting on their garments, the members obeyed the summons, bewildered to conjecture its cause. The roll was called, the laggards, if there were any, were brought in, and the assembled members were then informed that his Majesty had been pleased to banish them forever from his dominions. Carriages were awaiting them below, and relays of animals were provided for their transportation to the nearest seaport, where vessels were prepared to convey them

abroad. A few moments only were allowed to them to snatch their breviaries, beads, prayer-books, and necessary clothing, and within an hour after the first knock at the door of the establishment the whole body of inmates was in motion towards the coast, where they were with equal suddenness and despatch shipped off to Rome. During their journey to the point of embarkation no intercourse was allowed either with friends or with persons casually met on the road. They vanished

from Spain, and from all the European possessions of Spain, as silently and as rapidly as a morning mist.

It was not possible to enforce this barbarous decree with the same cruel precision in California. The place was too remote, and its resources inadequate. It was necessary to supply the Missions with other missionaries, else the Indians, who had been with so much trouble and effort reduced to habits of civilization, would infallibly have relapsed again into savagery and paganism, and the whole work of conquest would have to be recommenced. Thus the necessities of the situation somewhat modified the cruelty of the proceedings in California. The missionaries were assembled in La Paz in February, 1768, and amid the tears and lamentations of their Indian flocks, who, from every Mission in the peninsula, sent delegations to accompany their spiritual fathers, they finally embarked, and, after a toilsome pilgrimage across Mexico, finally took ship at Vera

Cruz on the 13th of April. From the magnitude of the Pious Fund the hungry politicians, who hoped to profit by their expulsion, looked for large amounts of money from the plunder of the California Missions. The total of all sums found at them proved less than a hundred dollars.

*J. O. Doyle
Century Jan 1891*

In 1770 another expedition moved up the coast, following the track of the first explorers, whose diary was their guide, and founded the Mission of San Carlos on the bay of Monterey, close to which was established the presidio of the same name. The place first selected proved unsuitable for the site of a Mission, and before the close of 1771 the establishment was removed a few miles to the southward and planted on the banks of the Carmel River, overlooking the charming little bay of the same name. This new foundation was called "El Carmelo." The presidio retained its site and subsequently became the capital city of the department.

Monterey has become in our day a famous watering-place frequented by visitors from the ends of the earth, and the ancient Mission, El Carmelo, now little better than a ruin, continues to attract the attention of travelers from its picturesque site and from the fact that it contains the remains of the venerable men whose pious efforts created the Missions and laid the foundations of civilization in California. There were interred the remains of Fathers Junipero Serra, Juan Crespi, and Rafael Verger.

San Diego and Monterey served to mark the extremes of the first Spanish occupancy;

the interval was filled up and the area of missionary conquest gradually extended by other similar establishments. The names of these institutions, founded in rapid succession, are as follows:

- 1771.—San Gabriel, San Fernando, San Antonio.
- 1772.—San Luis Obispo.
- 1776.—San Juan Capistrano, San Francisco de Assisi.
- 1777.—Santa Clara.
- 1782.—San Buenaventura.
- 1786.—Santa Barbara.
- 1787.—La Purissima.
- 1791.—La Soledad, and Santa Cruz.
- 1797.—San Juan Bautista, San José, San Miguel.
- 1798.—San Luis Rey.
- 1802.—Santa Ynez.

After this missionary efforts seem to have relaxed, but a revival at a later date led to the foundation of San Rafael in 1817, and

San Francisco Solano in 1823. Sonoma, at which this last was located, was as far north as the missionaries penetrated.

These Missions were, of course, designed for the instruction of the rude aborigines in the truths of Christianity and in the arts of civilized life. The scheme of life and discipline was devised by the Jesuits, who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries organized and carried on the most extensive system of missions in every quarter of the heathen and pagan world. India, China, Japan, both coasts of Africa, a large part of Central Asia, and both North and South America were the scenes of their indefatigable labors.

The Missions in this State were in all twenty-one. They may be said to have attained their maximum of prosperity during the first quarter of the present century.

*J. T. Doyle
Century Jan 1891*

But the increase of white settlers, bringing with them the wants, ambitions, and freedom of modern life, was incompatible with the continued success of institutions based, as the Missions were, on paternal authority. The Indians were infants in all respects except age and capacity for evil; and the settlers were subject to no restraints except those of the civil authority, which was of the weakest kind.

Contact and intercourse with them corrupted the Indians and relaxed the bonds of discipline among them. Moreover the broad acres and the vast herds of the Missions excited the cupidity of the settlers, who did not regard the property of the friars and Indians in the same light as that of white people. Under these influences the Mexican congress, in 1833, passed a law for secularizing the Missions, converting them into parishes, replacing the missionary priests by curates, and emancipating the Indians from their pupilage to the Church. Administrators were to be ap-

pointed for the temporalities of the Missions, the proceeds of which, after a small allowance for the maintenance of the priest and the charges of public worship, were to be applied to public purposes.

In 1834 (after the secularization) San Luis Rey had an Indian population of 3500 and possessed over 24,000 cattle, 10,000 horses, and 100,000 sheep. It harvested 14,000 fanegas of grain and 200 barrels of wine. In the same year San José had 2300 neophytes, 20,000 cattle, 11,000 horses, and 19,000 sheep, and harvested 10,000 fanegas of grain and 60 barrels of wine.

The ruin of the Missions was completed by the American conquest. The few remaining Indians were speedily driven or enticed away, for the rough frontiersmen who came over the plains knew nothing of missionary friars or civilized Indians; they came here to squat on public land and respected no possession beyond 160

acres, and that only in the hands of one familiar with the English language and modern weapons. A traveler of 1840-41 says that at the Mission of San José as late as 1837 Father Gonzales turned over to the administrators 17,000 head of cattle, of which as many as 8000 remained unappropriated in 1840, as well as 200 horses and 9000 sheep, while four hundred Indians remained even at that late day gathered about the Mission. He was also much interested by a school, still in existence,

where sixty Indian children surprised him by their progress in elementary studies, especially arithmetic.

J. T. Doyle
Century Jan 1891

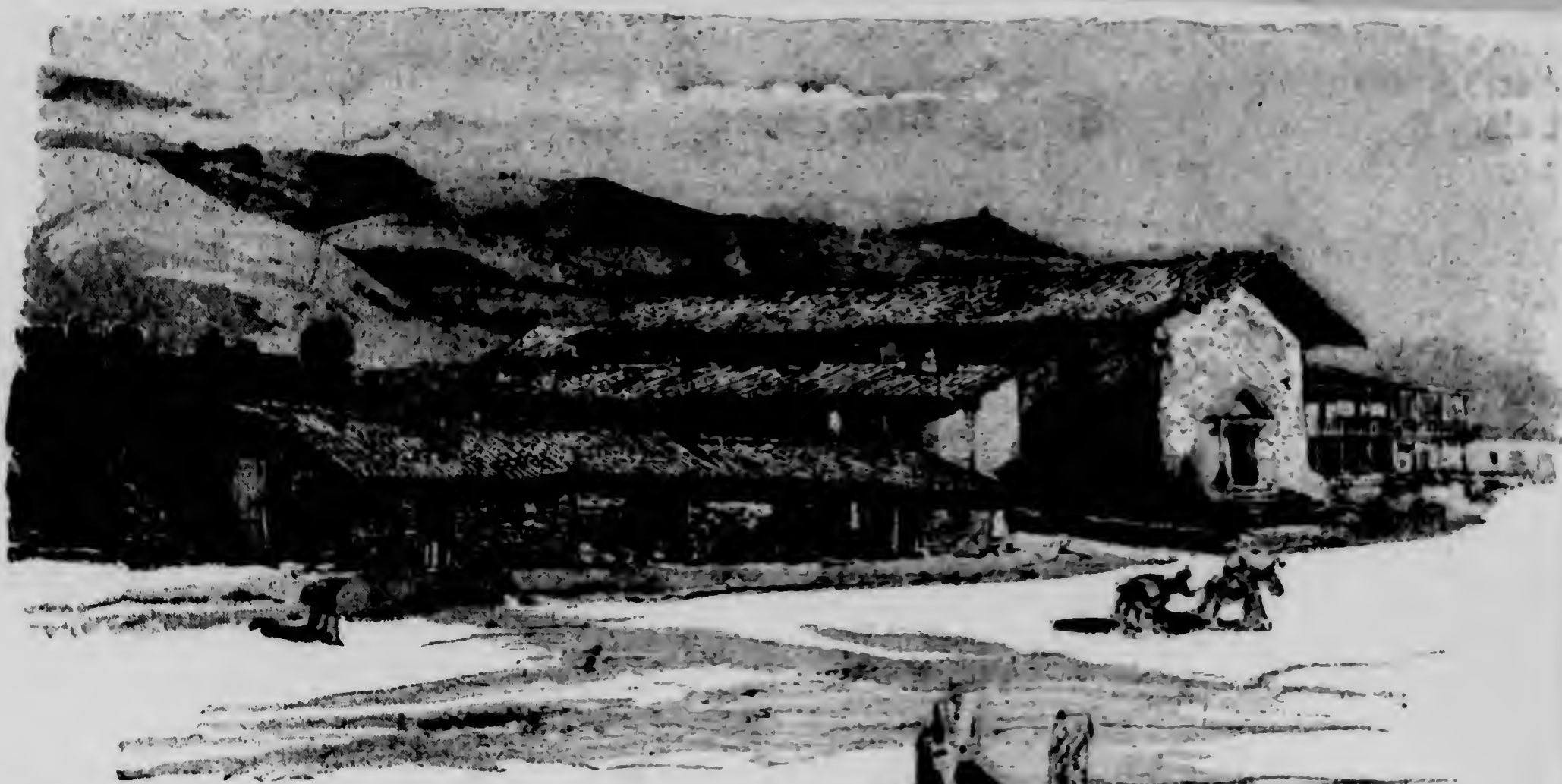


INTERIOR OF SAN LUIS REY.

The most extensive of the old establishments was that of San Luis Rey. I visited it with a companion in the summer of 1862.

The old chime of bells still hung there inscribed with the maker's name and "Boston, 1820," telling plainly of the intercourse of the old missionaries with the whaling fleets and the hide drogers which half a century ago wintered on the coast. Probably the order for these bells had been given in 1818, and they had been received, in pursuance of it, in 1821 or 1822. There was no express in those days between Boston and California; the journey was made *via* Cape Horn, and a couple of years elapsed between the departure and the return of a vessel.

*J. T. Doyle
Century Jan 1891*



MISSION OF SAN JOSÉ. (DRAWN AFTER A DAGUERRETYPE
TAKEN IN 1853, NOW OWNED BY J. L. BEARD.)



BELLS AND FONT AT SAN JOSÉ.



Santa Barbara Bay from the Coach Top.

Brown
92



MISSION AND BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL, NEAR LOS ANGELES.

Besides instructing the natives and incidentally fulfilling the duties of parochial clergy, the Missions extended a bountiful hospitality to all travelers and wayfarers. Planted at intervals of about a day's journey, on the natural route of travel along the coast, they became the usual resting-place for all travelers in either direction. Horses were the only means of locomotion, and at the end of his hard day's ride the weary traveler stopped at the door of the Mission building as naturally, and with as little thought of intrusion, as one might now at a public hotel. Throwing his rein to an Indian *arriero*, he was received by the mis-

sionary priest, or in his absence by the sacristan, with the patriarchal hospitality that Abraham extended to Lot. A bath was provided, followed by a plentiful meal and a comfortable bed. He was at liberty to stay as long as his convenience required, and on leaving was provided with a fresh horse and directions, or, if needed, a guide, for his further journey. Perhaps it is a tradition from these early days, but travelers still speak

kindly of the hospitality of California.

Serius in cœlum redeat !

J. T. Doyle
Century Jan 1891

Arrangements had been made by the viceroy by which Franciscan friars, drawn from the convent of San Fernando de Zacatecas, took the place of the expelled Jesuits in the several Missions; and adopting the rules and practices of their predecessors they gradually slid into the confidence of the simple-hearted natives, and carried on the work as it had been commenced.

At this time the Marquis de Croix was Viceroy of New Spain, and José de Galvez was sent over from the mother country as Visitador General, armed with extraordinary powers. Apprehensions of an attempt by the English to enlarge their possessions in America and to obtain a foothold on the Pacific made it appear unsafe to permit the northwest coast to remain longer unoccupied, and Galvez determined to colonize it on a large scale. He was a man of immense zeal and untiring industry, well chosen for an occasion requiring energetic action. Fortunately he met with an ecclesiastic to second his movements who possessed the same qualities in as high a degree, perhaps in a higher, and who joined to them a humble piety, a zealous devotion to duty, and a self-abnegation even more remarkable. This was Father Junipero Serra, president of the Missions.

Father Michael Joseph Serra was born in the island of Majorca, in the year 1713. After pursuing his studies in the Lullian University there he evinced a preference for a religious life, and

was admitted to the order of St. Francis, taking instead of his baptismal names that of Junipero, by which only he is known in history. The Franciscans and Dominicans were, about that period, extending their Missions among the Indians of America in rivalry with the Jesuits, and Father Serra with three of his fellow-mem-

bers became inflamed with the desire to take part in these pious enterprises. The other associates were Fathers Rafael Verger, Francisco Palou, and Juan Crespi. They obtained permission to join a body of missionaries which in 1749 was assembled at Cadiz to embark for the New World, and after a ninety-nine days' voyage they landed in Vera Cruz. Palou has left us a quaint history of their journey, which in these days of rapid transit is rather amusing. The voyage from Majorca to Malaga was made in a small English coaster,

After many years' successful missionary efforts in the Sierra Gorda, Father Serra was selected to take principal charge of the Missions of California, now confided to the Franciscans, and he arrived at the port of Loreto with fifteen associates on the 2d of April, 1768. After having made the necessary dispositions for occupying the various establishments of the peninsula—a task which occupied many months, as they extended over a territory seven hundred

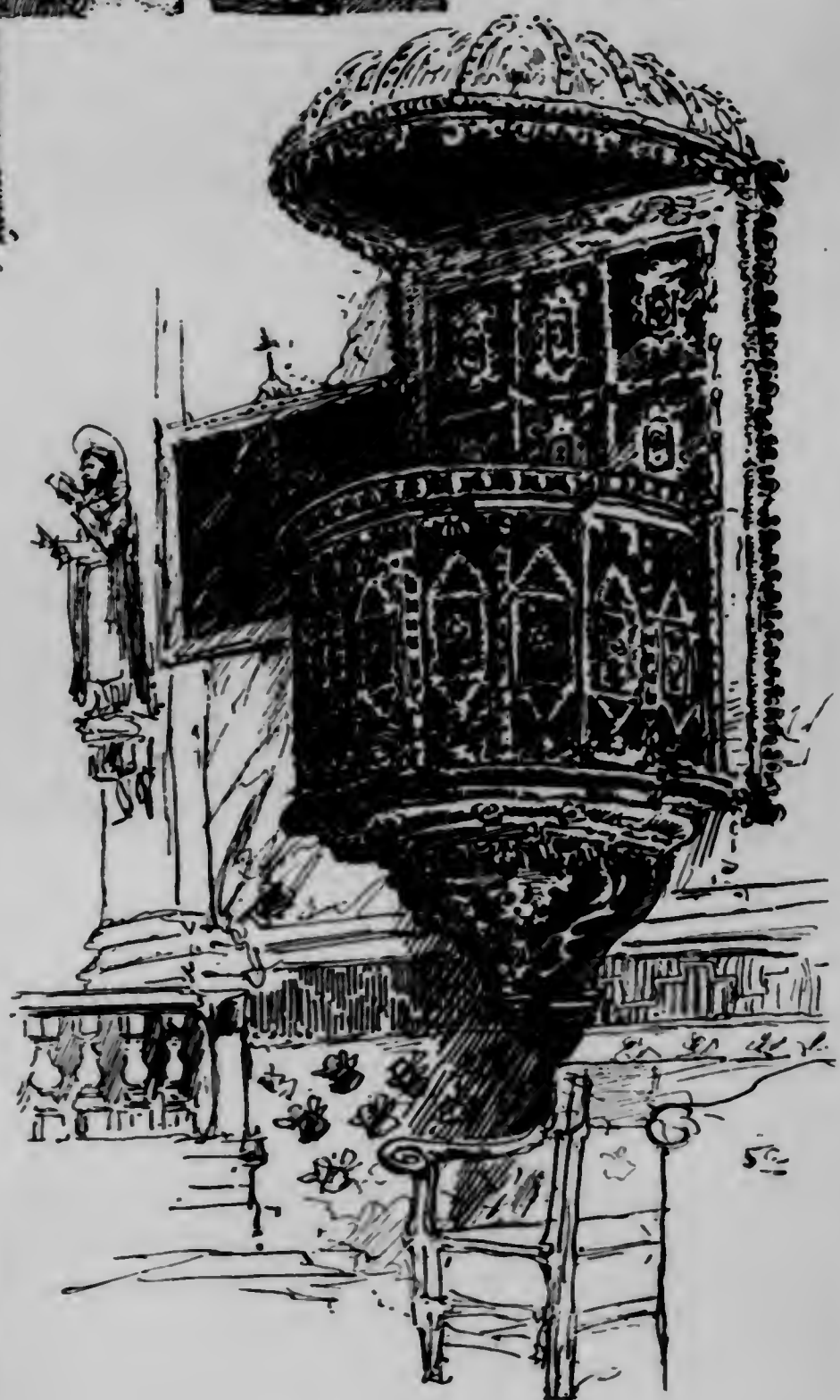
mile in length—he was ready to coöperate with Galvez in the subjection of Upper California to the practical dominion of the crown of Spain and the Christian religion. Two expeditions were organized for the purpose, one by sea and the other by land. The latter was formed into two detachments, which, after a toilsome march from San Fernando de Vellicata, on the Indian frontier of Lower California, were, on the 1st of July, 1769, reunited at the bay of San Diego, where the schooners *San Carlos* and *San Antonio*, which had come up the coast to meet them, were also safely anchored. San Diego was a place of which at that time nothing more was known than that there was an excellent harbor, which had been visited by Sebastian Vizcayno in his voyage of 1601-2. This journey to San Diego occupied ninety-three days, during which Father Serra suffered

excruciatingly from an injury to one of his legs, so that at times he could neither walk nor ride.

J. B. Doyle
Century Jan 1891



MISSION OF SAN BUENAVENTURA.



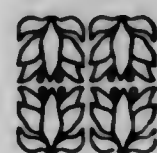
PULPIT AND CONFESSIONAL OF SAN BUENAVENTURA.

OUT WEST

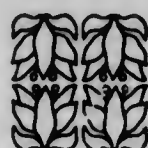
A P R I L

1 9 1 2

Mission Canyon



Santa Barbara



By A. T. Johnson

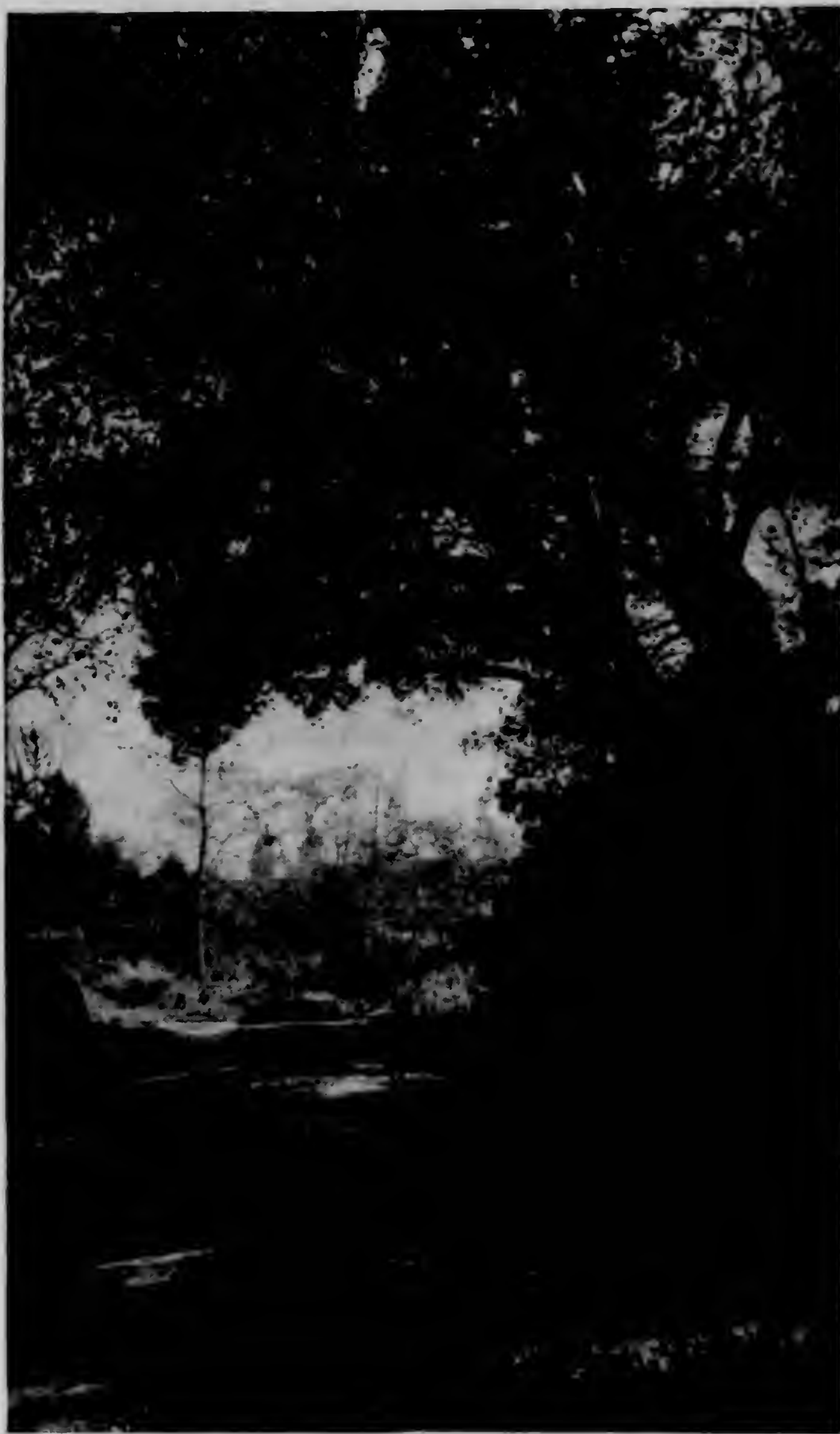
*In a land of clear colors and stories,
In a region of shadowless hours,
Where earth has a garment of glories,
And a murmur of musical flowers.
Swinburne.*

its own—quite apart from the historic old church which gives it its name.

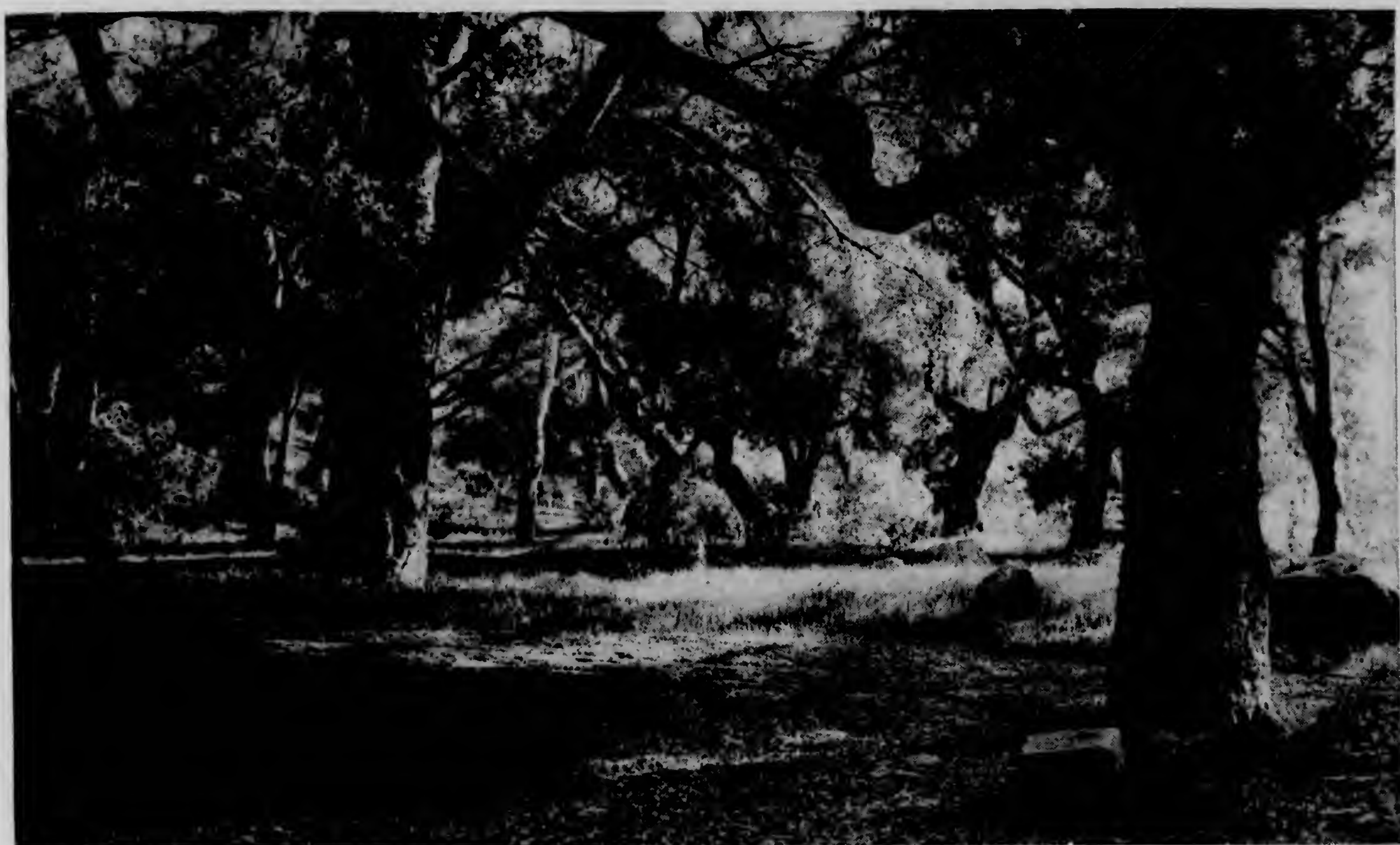
The old mission of Santa Barbara stands on an eminence about one mile from the center of the city. An electric

THERE IS a belief common to travellers in many lands, and most of all to those who are passing through the vastness of Southern California, that to see the inmost recesses of the deep country is generally impossible. They have not the time, they are not accustomed to riding, they cannot afford long stage journeys off the beaten track. Those are a few of the obstacles which are said to stand between them and the cool, fern-clad glens of the mountains and the music of rocky streams. They read descriptions of these things made by residents, or more fortunate wanderers, and feed their only half-satisfied imaginations upon the unattainable delights which lay hidden in the folds of the distant hills. Some of them, perhaps, even go so far as to emulate the sour philosophy of Aesop's fox!

But, while there is doubtless some truth in the statement that the sweet companionship of the far country's heart is forbidden to the tourist who has a time-table for his inexorable master, there are not a few places of unique natural beauty quite within easy reach of the rail-road. One of these is the Mission Canyon of Santa Barbara, which has not only its accessibility to recommend it but a peculiar fascination of



The Woodland Path

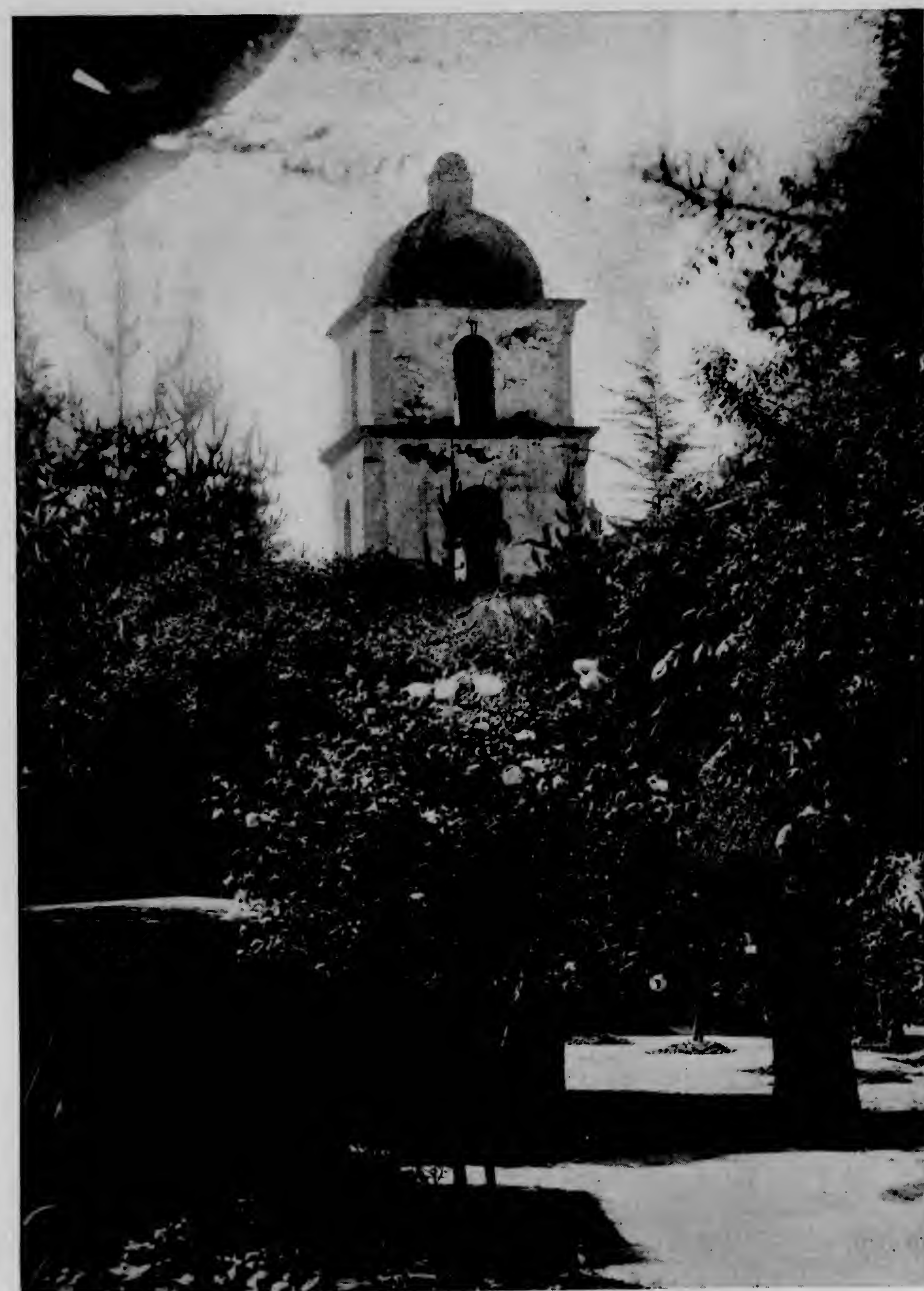


Live Oaks in Mission Canyon

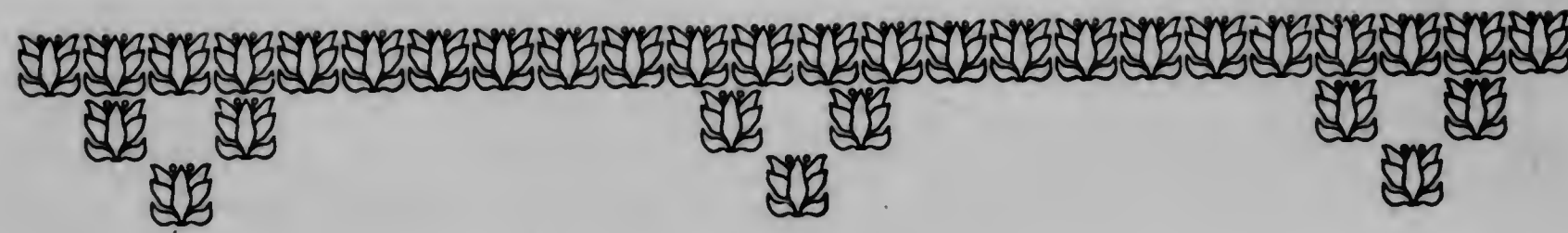
street car (which starts from near the railroad depot) will carry you to within a few feet of its venerable shade for a nickle. You then pass through the turn-stile and, crossing over a hoary stone bridge under which the mountain waters rush and tumble with a merry sound, turn into a foot-path immediately to the right. Its walks and flowers and ornamental shrubs, its pretty bungalows half-hidden among the cool shade of trees, suggest the quietness and hospitality of old Spanish days. On the other hand the notices requesting passers-by not to pick the flowers, bring one back to the modern world.

However, many a time and oft have I made my way through those charming grounds where exotic garden flowers run at random with the native wildlings of the woods and from whence one can hear the bell-chimes of the mission recall the hallowed memories of centuries of ancient peace, through the old oaks and leafing sycamores. Many a time have my English sympathies been arrested by the unexpected discovery of some blossom which has become a familiar and homely object in the cottage gardens of the old country. Here, in the land of their nativity, the Califor-

nian poppy lifts its golden chalice to the sun, violet lupines make *parterres* of brave color between the lichened boulders. Dainty little nemophila, fragrant with cherished reminiscences, are clustered amid the young grass of spring. Exquisite anemonies star the sod with their fragile grace. Columbines mirror their bells in the translucent waters of the brook. More gorgeous, if less endeared by sweet associations, are the other plants and trees—aliens which someone has gathered together in this favored spot. There are acacias from Australia, ablaze with trusses of golden bloom; narcissi from the colder countries of far-off Europe; Montbretias, scarlet tritomas and geraniums in infinite variety from Southern Africa; English ivy creeps about the stems of venerable live oaks; agaves and cactus bring back grim memories of the desert kingdom of the sun; conifers from Alpine heights suggest the silent dominions of the snows. Fragrant eucalyptus trees, so loved by the humming birds, afford a touch of tropical lassitude with their drooping tired boughs. The wondrous, flower gardens of the Orient have here, as elsewhere, decked an already sumptuous earth with their inexhaustible treasures.



Santa Barbara Mission



April

Grow old, did you say? I shall never grow old,
As long as the green buds of April unfold;
As long as the stony, brown fields change to gold,
Of poppy and mustard my heart still shall hold
That the last scroll of youth is never unrolled.

This morning the meadow-lark sang as I went
To the hills, and my heart in the same rapture blent
Sent a song of its own, sent a song far and free
With the lilt of young life in its full ecstasy,
And the echoing hills sent the song back to me.

—L. H. M.



And this peculiar adaptability for the establishment of exotic flora is not only one of California's greatest charms but the most substantial proof that her wonderful climate is as nearly perfect as an equable climate can be.

From here the wanderer may make his way by a woodland path far into the green depths of the mountain. From the companionship of the rushing stream, which thunders in silver foam over some obstructing rock, the land rises high on either side. Great alders and dappled sycamores stand with their roots in the water, wild cucumber and clematis and bramble climb up their branches to reach the light. Amid the soft green of unfolding brake, giant ferns, whose fronds are often six feet in height, o'er shadow the way; dainty maiden-hair clothe the banks and moss-clad stones with their cool tapestry of emerald. Humming birds flash through the spokes of sunlight which pierce the foliage like animated jewels; blue jays shriek in the dark, fragrant bay-trees; finches of gorgeous color sing their lullabies of love and happiness amid the tender greenery of spring. On, on, on, the winding pathway leads one, higher grow the mountain sides until the throb of the city tunnel water-works. Here, half way up one of the highest peaks of the Santa Ynez, the great mountain whose pines stand like sentinels against the blue, is being pierced to the heart. But one marvels that such a stupendous undertaking should so little disturb the prevailing quiet. Already is nature hastening to heal the scar and covering the tilted rock and soil, which all but fills the canyon, with her mantle of green. It takes more than the pulsations of an electrical generator to break the spell which the old mountains have held for so many centuries of sun-kissed peace. Still the blue myrtle stains the hill sides with the azure of heaven, and the wild white lilac sheets the chaparral with its snowy clusters. The tree-poppy still hangs its cups of burnished gold among the glaucous leaves to seduce an idle butterfly. Leaning oaks, which cast a grateful shade over the trail beyond—the trail which winds up to the pines—hear not the ominous rumble of shattered rock. And the grim old

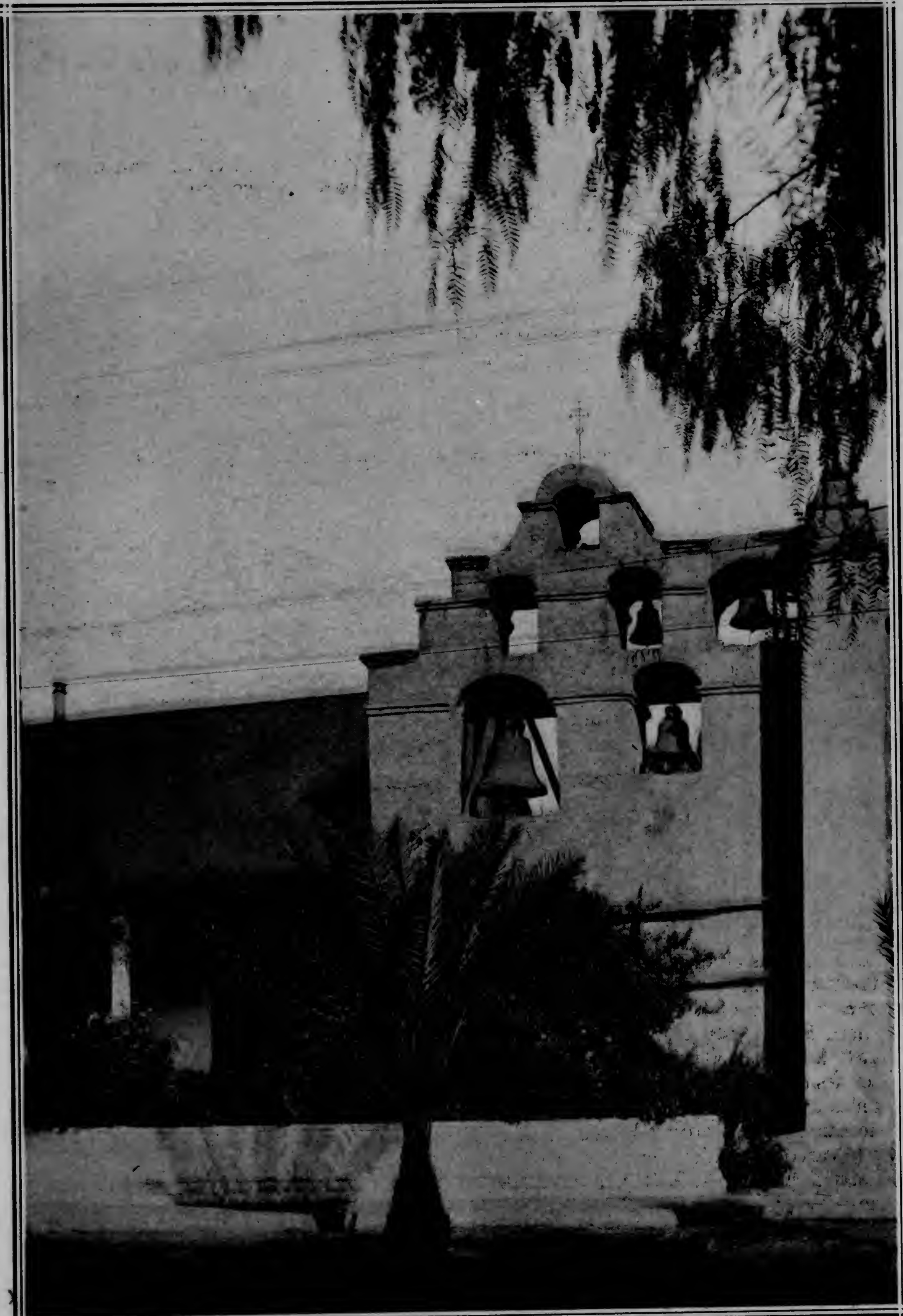
mountain itself has not a less splendid indifference to the ephemeral efforts of man.

It is with thoughts such as these that one turns his face towards Santa Barbara, the sea and the islands and makes his way down an easy road which skirts the right bank of the Canyon to the Mission. In the deep folds of the green hills the music of the stream is hushed, the glow of the lowering sun sheds a



The Rushing Stream which thunders in silver foam over some obstructing rock

ruddy warmth upon the little ranches of the slopes, with their orange orchards; the meadow-lark, which loves the road side as much as it does the meadow, cheers us on our way with the sweetest of all wild music, and a day up Mission Canyon, of whose charms one half has not been written, is cloistered as a cherished memory in the pigeon-hole of undying reminiscences.



The bells of old San Gabriel are hung above a sleepy little village, shaded by pepper and palm.

Sunset Jan. 1914

THE JUNIPERO OAK

By ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT

THERE have been many famous trees in history, which have become as shrines to many enthusiasts. Thus we have the trees which are associated with the names of George Washington, William Penn and others. Overlooking the ancient city of Smyrna, on Mt. Pagus, there stands a tall cypress-tree which is said to mark the spot where Polycarp, one of the early Christian fathers, was burned at the stake in the year A. D. 168.

In the old city of Monterey, California, which is replete with buildings and things of historical interest, there is to be found, in the rear of the San Carlos Mission, all that remains of an ancient oak. An inscription on a stone at the base reads: "The Junipero Oak. At Monterey June 3rd, 1770, the ceremony of taking possession of California for Spain was enacted by Father Junipero Serra under the shade of this tree. Placed here for preservation by R. M. Mestres and H. A. Greene, 1905."

Padre Junipero Serra was the leader of the Franciscans who estab'ished and maintained the chain of Missions along the Pacific coast, starting with the Mission of San Diego de Alcalá, near the present city of San Diego, California, in 1769.

At San Diego there still stand some of the palms and olive trees which were planted by the padres. Beautiful pepper trees are also features of the landscape which date back to their time.

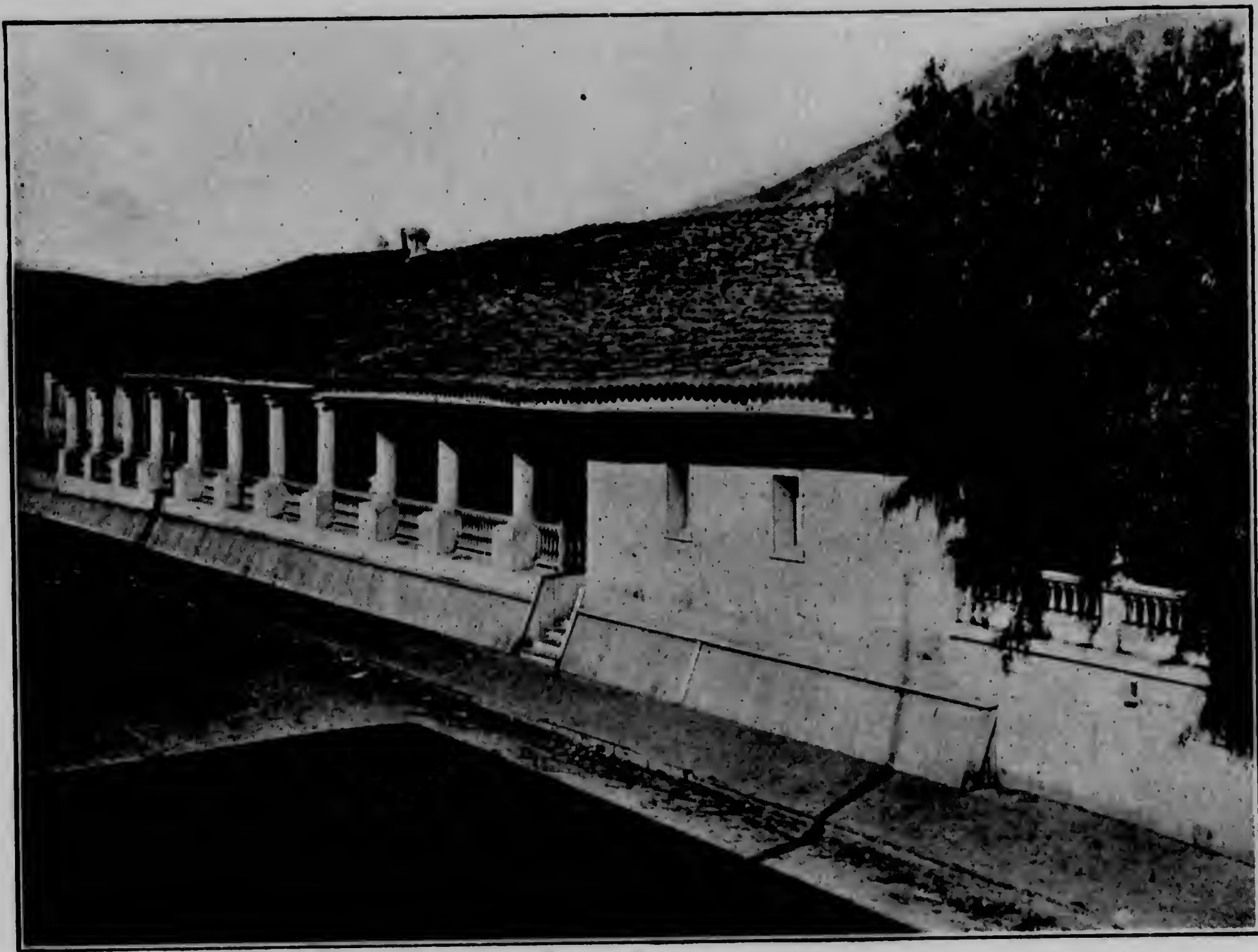


Photo by A. H. Wright

THE JUNIPERO OAK AT MONTEREY, CAL.

Am. Forestry - Feb. 1915.





SAN LUIS OBISPO MISSION.

Photo by Taber.

(Before it was "restored" out of all semblance of beauty. From an old photo.)

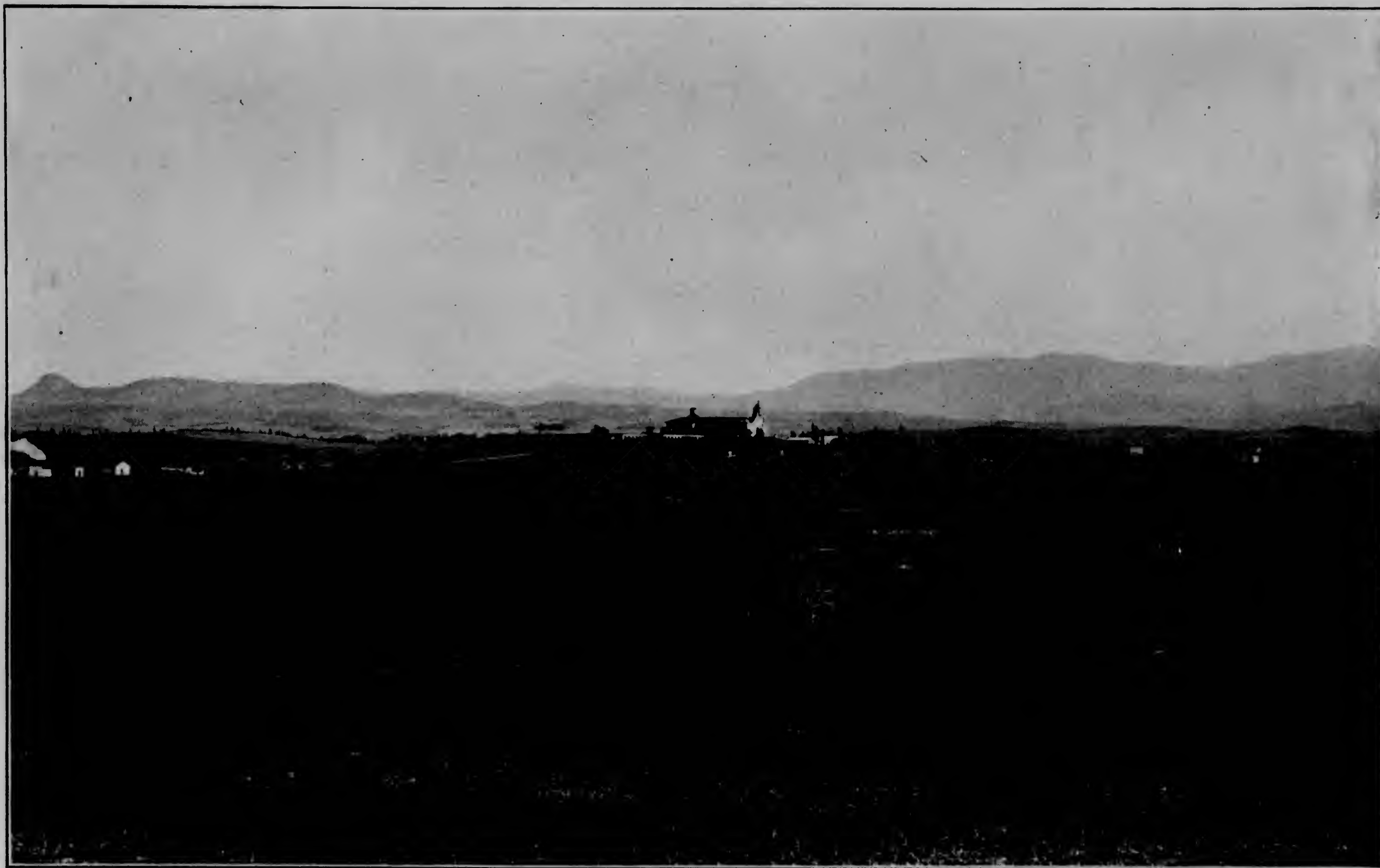
Out West, Sept. 1902.



A FRANCISCAN HAYMAKING. (At Santa Barbara Mission.)

Photo by W. L. Newton.

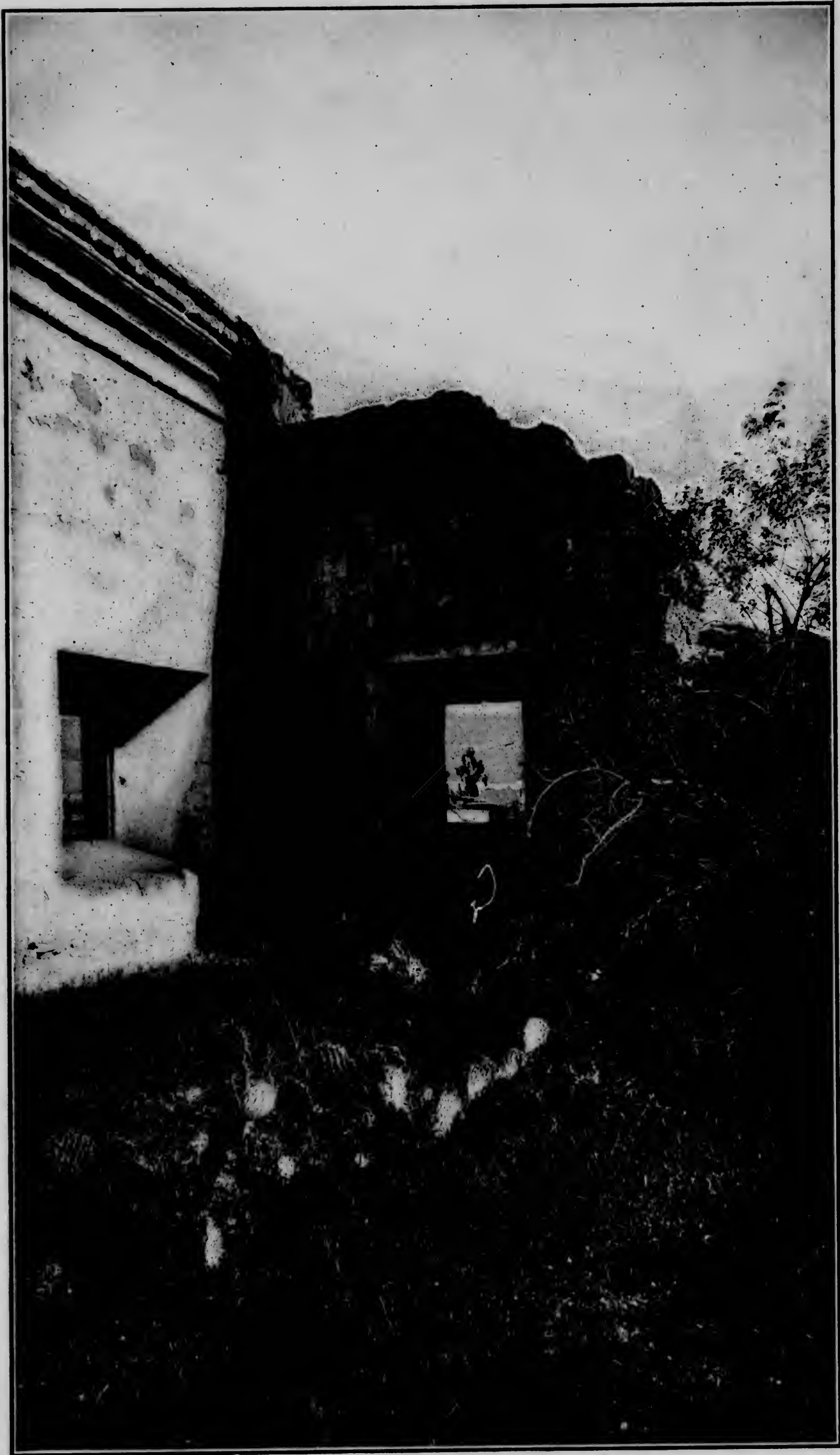
Out West, Dec. 1902.



A TYPICAL SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VALLEY. (San Luis Rey and its Mission.

Photo by C. F. L.

Out West, Nov. 1902.



A MISSION CORNER.
On the roof of the Sacristy, San Juan Capistrano.

Photo by C. F. L.

Out West, Aug. 1902.

En un - a jau - la de o - ro, Pen dien - te de un ba -
All in a cage pure gold - en, Hung in a bal - co -

con... Un a tris - té ca - lan - dria llo - ra - ba sa pri -
ny... A la - dy - lark im - pris - oned Was cry - ing to be

sion. Ay, Dios! no hay re - me - dio? Ay, Dios! no hay pie -
free. Ay, God! is there no ph - y? Ay, God! is no re -

dad? Me ro - bas del re - po - so, y a - dios tran - qui - li - dad.
dress? Of all my peace thou rob'st me, Good - bye to hap - pi - ness.

tro of the mission, Fray Antonio Paterna; and our arrival was [a matter] of much joy to all, the guard of the mission receiving us with a salute, and the other two padres who were here, Padre Fray Antonio Cruzado and Padre Fray Miguel Sanchez, with many peals of bells and with especial demonstrations of content.

"Jan. 5. We remained to rest; and the señores comandantes talked over the business of the rebellion of the Indians of San Diego.* After breakfast I went with Padre Sanchez to see the spring of water whence they bring the acequia for this mission of San Gabriel by means of which are conferred the greatest conveniences; for, besides being sufficient and passing in front of the house of the padres, and of the little huts (*jacalitos*) of the Christian Indians who compose this new mission, who will be some 50 souls of recent converts, big and little, this acequia renders all the flats of the immediate site apt for sowing, so that the fields are close to the pueblo; and it is a mission which has such good adaptabilities (*proporciones*) to crops, and is of such good pastures for cattle and horses, that no better could be desired. The cows that it has are very fat, and give much rich milk, with which they make many cheeses and very good butter; there is a litter of pigs and a small flock of sheep, of which on our coming they killed three or four muttons that they had, whose meat was particularly good, and I do not remind myself of having eaten mutton more fat and beautiful; and they have also some chickens. It has enough wood of oak (*madera de enzinos*) and other logs (*palos*) for building, and consequently much fuel (*lena*); only is wanting lime, which has not been found hitherto, though perhaps by searching well it may be found, to improve the buildings, which at present are some of adobe, and the most of wattles and tule, for which reason they are very risky and exposed to fire. At present the whole building is reduced to one very large hovel (*jacalon*), all in one piece with three divisions, and this serves as the habitation of the padres, granary (store-house—*troxe*, for *troje*), and everything else; somewhat apart from this there is another square hovel (*jacal*) which serves as a church; and near this another, which is the guardhouse, as they call it, or quarters of the soldiers of the escort, who live in it, who are eight, and close by some little huts (*jacalitos*) of tule which are the little houses (*casitas*) of the Indians, between the which and the house of the padres runs the acequia. In the spring of water grows naturally apio, and other herbs which appear to be lettuces (*lechuguitas*) and some roots like parsnips; and there are thereabouts many coleworts (*nabos*) which from a little seed

* The uprising in which Father Jayme was slain. See this magazine for Feb., 1899.

that was sown now cover the ground ; and near the old site of the mission, which is distant from this new one about a league southward, grows great abundance of water-cresses (*berros*) of which I ate enough ; and finally is the land, as Padre Paterna says, like the Land of Promise ; though indeed the Padres have suffered in it many needinesses and travails, because beginnings are always difficult, and more so in those lands where there was nothing, and they would suffer the inconvenience of lacking supplies for two years. The converted Indians of this mission, who are of the Befiemé nation, and also Jeneguechi (*sic*), seem tame, and of middling good heart ; they are of medium stature, and the women somewhat taller ; round-faced (*cariredondos*), flat-nosed (*chatos*), and rather ugly ; their custom in gentiledom is for the men to go entirely naked, and the women wear some sort of deer skin with which they cover themselves, and also some small coat (*cobija*) of skins of otter or of hair ; though the padres try to make the converts dress as well as they can. The method which the padres observe in the reduction is not to force anybody to make himself Christian, and they only admit those who voluntarily offer themselves, and this they do in this fashion : As these Indians are accustomed to live in the plains and hills like beasts, so if they wish to be Christians they must not take to the woods, but they must live in the mission, and if they leave the rancheria (for thus they call the huts and dwelling place of the Indians) they will be gone in search of, and be punished. Whereupon they (the padres) begin to catechize the gentiles who voluntarily come, showing them how to make the sign of the cross and the rest that is necessary, and if they (the Indians) persevere in the catechism for two or three months with the same mind, being instructed therein they pass on to baptism. The discipline of every day is this : In the morning at sunrise mass is said regularly, and in this, or without it if it is not said, all the Indians join together, and the padre recites with all the Christian doctrine, which is furnished by singing the Alabado, which is sung in all the missions in one way and in the same tone, and the padres sing it even though they may not have good voices, inasmuch as uniformity is best. Then they go to breakfast on the mush (*atole*) which is made for all, and before partaking of it they cross themselves and sing the Bendito ; then they go to work at whatever can be done, the padres inclining them and applying them to the work by setting an example themselves ; at noon they eat their soup (*pozole*), which is made for all alike (*de comunidad*) ; then they work another stint ; and at sunset they return to recite doctrine and end by singing the Alabado. The Christians are distinguished from the Gentiles in that they manage to go clothed, after a fashion (*tal qual vestidos*), or covered as well as the

indigence of these lands will permit ; and no account is kept with the catechumens of the soup, unless some of what is left over is given to them. If any Indian wishes to go to the woods to see his relatives, or to gather acorns, he is given permission for a specified number of days (*por dias señalados*), and regularly they do not fail to return, and sometimes they come with a Gentile relative who stays to catechism, either through the example of the others or attracted by the soup, which suits them better than their herbs and eatables of the woods, and thus these Indians are wont to be gathered in by the mouth [as we say, "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach."] The doctrine which is recited in all the missions is the brief of Padre Castañi, with total uniformity, without any padre being able to vary it by a word or add a single thing ; and this is recited in Castilian, even though the padre may understand the (Indian) language, as is the case in the mission of San Antonio, whose minister, Padre Fray Buena-ventura Sitjar, understands and speaks well the language of the Indians of that mission, and with all is recited the doctrine in Castilian, and as the padre translated (*sacó*) the doctrine in the vernacular, the most that is done is to recite daily once in that, and again in Castilian, conforming thereby with that which has been so many times ordered since the first Mexican Council, and treated so well by Señor Solórrano, that the Indian be taught doctrine in Castilian, and be made to speak in Castilian, inasmuch as all the languages of the Indians are barbarous, and very lacking in terms (*muy faltas de terminos*). In the missions it is arranged that the grown-up girls (*muchachas grandes doncellas*) sleep apart in some place of retirement (*recogimiento*), and in the mission of San Luis [Obispo] I saw that a married soldier acted as mayordomo of the mission, so that the padre had some assistance, and his wife took care of the girls, under whose charge they were, and whom they called the matron (*la maestra*), and she by day kept them with her, teaching them to sew, and other things, and at night locked them up in a room, where she kept them safe from every insult, and for this were they called nuns ; the which seemed to me a very good thing. Finally, the method which the padres observe in these new missions seemed to me very good, and I note that the same which is done in one, is done in the rest, and this is what suited me best ; excepting the mission of San Diego, in which, it being the poorest, and the soil not permitting through the little suitability that it has, there are no fields in common, nor any private ones, nor is given soup to all, and the Indians are allowed to live on their rancherias, under obligation to come to mass on Sundays, as is done in California Baxa ; and this is the reason why this mission is so backward, besides that its Indians are the worst of these new missions."

San Xavier Mission, Arizona

68

LAND OF SUNSHINE.

July 1900

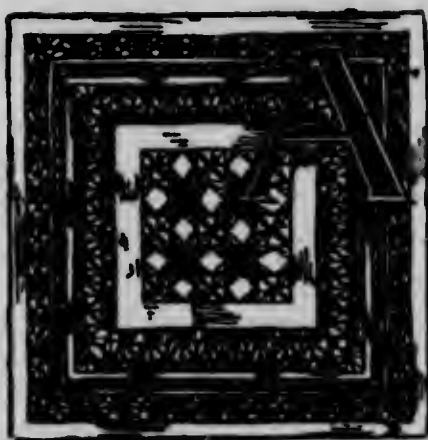
Behold the grandsire bent and gray,
His sons, his grandsons at his side,
So like to when stout Warren died
For us that doughty Boston day—
So like were we, the brave and free
To these brave Christian farmers now
Who, girt in battle harness, plow
Or die for holy Liberty.

So like, and yet how unlike we—
France found us bleeding, prone in dust :
She smote the mouthing lion, she
Threw her broad mantle over us
And bade us rise, live, and be free !
I say what less should we? I say
We owe such like brave debt today
To France, to Boerland, Liberty.

The Hights, Cal., June, 1900.

A BORDER MONUMENT.

BY BLANCHE A. PUTNAM.



ABOUT nine miles from the city of Tucson, Arizona, lies the old mission of San Xavier del Bac. We had driven miles across a hot and dusty plain, bereft of all vegetation, save the inevitable cactus and sage-brush, and were almost in despair of reaching any place of interest, when far in the distance there loomed up before us the towers of one of the most impressive ruins in Arizona. As we came nearer we realized that here on the edge of a desert waste stood a structure handsome enough to adorn any capital in Christendom, and the contrast of its surroundings was almost too great to describe. We gazed upon it from a slight eminence and were greatly impressed with its lonely grandeur and picturesque appearance.

Beyond lies a little scattered Papago Indian village, of the very people the missionaries converted in the early days. The mission is now under their care and protection, and is the center of their very world. There is an Indian school in connection with the mission, the attendance numbering some hundred boys and girls, under the supervision of the Sisters of St. Joseph. We were greeted very cordially and were shown through the different class-rooms, where we examined the children's work. Everything was in perfect order, so thorough and well regulated was the discipline of the entire school.

Of all the old missions built by the Franciscan Fathers in Arizona, this is the only one in a good state of preservation.

"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 13, No. 2

LOS ANGELES

JULY, 1900.



FOR BOERLAND AND LIBERTY.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Six thousand miles of stranger sea,
Then leagues on leagues of desert sands,
And there they set proud Freedom's tree
And tilled and tamed the savage lands;
Content, content but to be free.

How free they lived, how fair they died
Housed in their desert wild and wide
With God—just God and Liberty.

But see! the same invading hordes
Our fathers fought, a howling flood,
An hundred thousand hungry swords
Athirst for these few freemen's blood,
Because they fear to have them free:
Poor blinded Hessians bought with gold
Just as were those who came of old
To hew *our* tree of liberty.

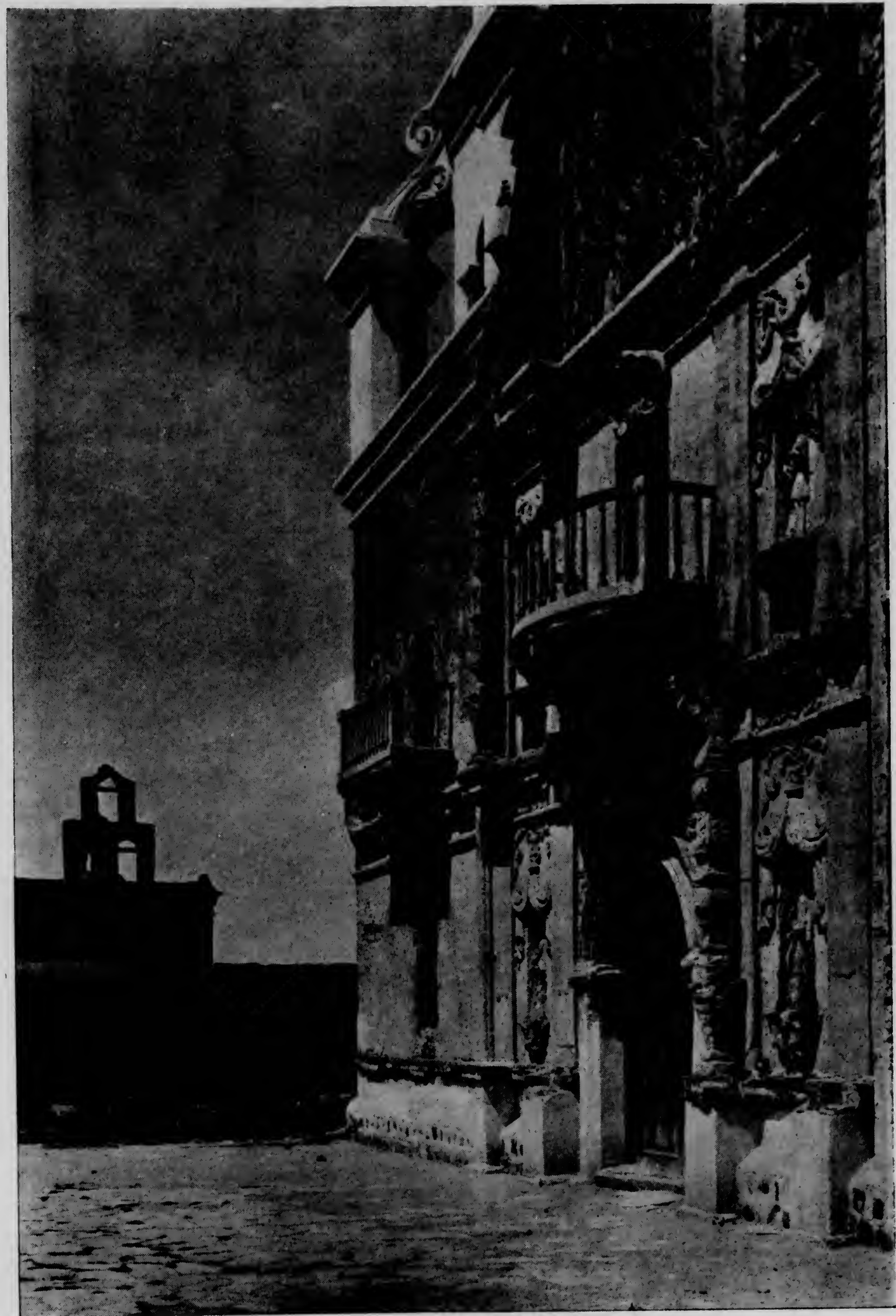
But look again! God's freemen kneel,
Their bowed heads bare, a hurried prayer—
Up! Up! A flash, the helmets reel,
Roll back and death is in the air.
Each rock finds tongue of flame, each tree
Exultant hurls defiance down
To boastful helmet, haughty crown—
A flash, a flame for liberty.

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THE MISSION OF SAN XAVIER DEL BAC. Land of Sunshine, July 1900. Photo. by Putnam.

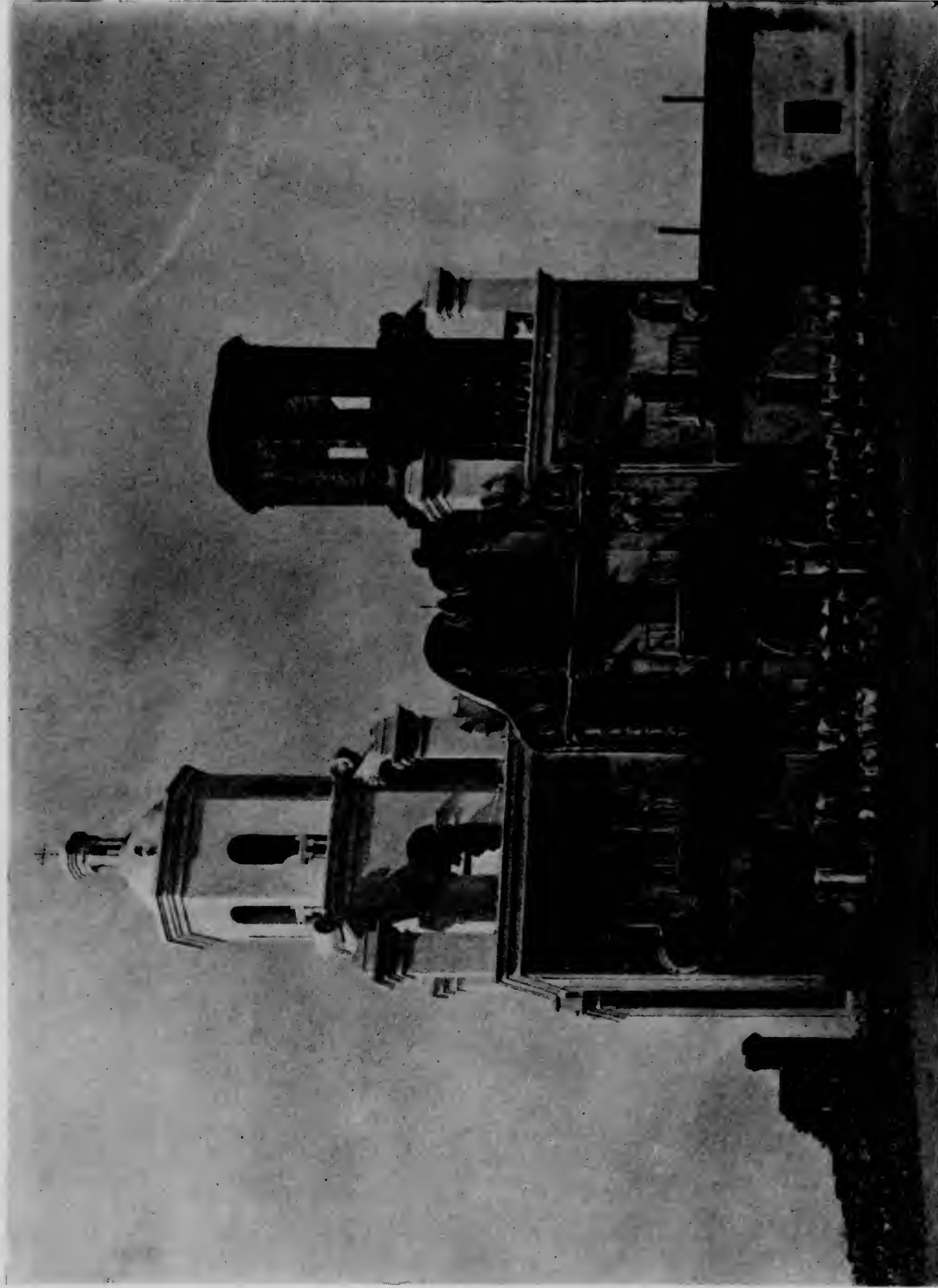
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DETAIL OF FACHADA, SAN XAVIER DEL BAC.

Photo. by Putnam.



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THE FACHADA OF SAN XAVIER.

Photo. by Putnam.

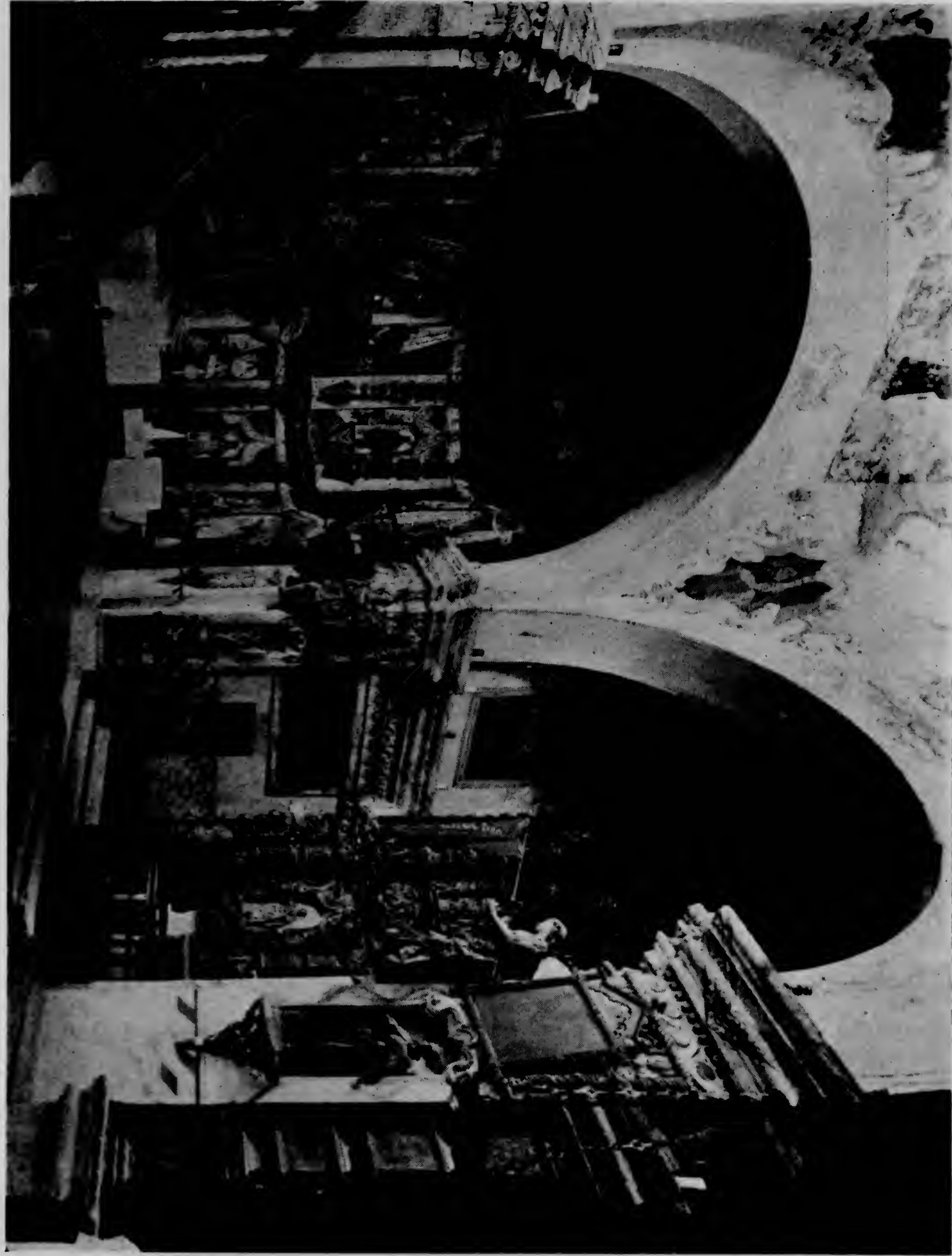


Photo. by Putnam.

INTERIOR OF SAN XAVIER.

L. A. Eng. Co.



Photo. by Putnam.

PAPAGO INDIANS AT SAN XAVIER.

L. A. Eng. Co.

A BORDER MONUMENT.

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Until 1720 Bac was a small and unpretentious adobe building with a roof of straw. The new building bears the date of 1797, which was probably the date of its completion.

This foundation of brick and stone is built in the form of a cross, in the style so peculiar to Spain and Spanish-American countries—the Spanish renaissance.

The interior is of medieval richness and obscurity, and fairly dazes the beholder with its mass of elaborate gilding and fresco work. The atmosphere of the olden time still lingers, and the gliding to and fro of an occasional Indian, bent on his religious duties, only makes the feeling more realistic.

On the right hand as you enter is a fresco representing the "coming of the Holy Ghost", and on the left another of the "Last Supper." Statues of the twelve apostles are placed in niches on the massive columns along the principal arch. The main altar is dedicated to St Francis Xavier and is adorned with small-sized figures of the Saints, the Virgin and the Holy Family.

As we stood there with that feeling of awe with which a mission ruin always impresses one, the bells in the belfry rang out their sweet and melodious chime, and brought us back from our day dreams.

Time has dealt kindly with the exterior of the building; save for a broken balcony, and a few nicks and apertures, San Xavier del Bac stands as substantial and magnificent a monument to the old mission Fathers as it did a hundred years ago.

Within, all is peace and quiet; without, the sun shines hotly upon the little Papago village, the inhabitants of which are as unconcerned about the visitors that watch them so curiously. They till the soil and are at peace. We see the women gathering dry sticks for the fires in their huts. Many a group of laughing Indian maidens gather and gossip on the way for water. In fact, all is harmony. This, too, is a monument to the zeal, energy and self-sacrificing devotion of the mission Fathers, who were the first to open up to civilization the region of Arizona.

San Xavier del Bac was given its apostolic name by that wonderful Franciscan missionary Fray Eusebius Kino (Kuehue), who first visited the spot in 1692. It was then a rancheria of the Sobaipuri Indians, and known as Bac—which in their tongue means "a house." In 1697, when he was there again, the population was 830. May 5, 1700, Father Kino founded the Mission of San Xavier del Bac, "laying the foundations of a new, large church, so big that it would suffice for many people" (Ortega, *Apostolicos Afanes*). The present noble building is not the one built by the Apostle of Arizona two centuries ago, but occupies nearly the same site. It was begun in 1783 and finished in 1797. It is beyond cavil the finest mission edifice in the United States. It had a long line of heroic missionaries. Among them was Father Francisco Garcés, who served there from 1768 to 1778, and whose diary of a tramp over Sonora, Arizona and California in 1775 is included in the last volumes of the late Dr. Elliott Coues.—ED.



¶ If you do not know the authors that have immortalized the West in travel, history, and fiction, *now* is the time to get acquainted.

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ANCIENT CALIFORNIA MISSION GETS NEW CONCRETE FRONT

A picturesque mingling of the old and the new is now to be seen in the mission district of San Francisco as a result of the recent rehabilitation of the Mission Dolores. Built a few years after the establishment of the local church, in 1776, the ancient structure has, in general, resisted decay surprisingly well. Lately, however, the adobe brick of the front wall has crumbled badly, making extensive repair necessary. In consequence, the entire front — arches, columns, and all—have been done over in concrete. While this work was in progress, incidentally, the

tiles of the roof were lifted from the timbers on which they have rested for a century and a half, to be relaid later on new sheeting, but without changing the outward appearance.



The Crumbling Adobe Front of This Ancient California Mission was Reinforced, Recently, with Concrete. This Is Doubtless the Most Extensive Repair Made in the Church's Century and a Half of Existence

245. CALIFORNIA MISSIONS. Historia Cristiana de la California. Obra traducida al Espanol para El Domingo por el lic. D. German Madrid y Ormaechea. 16mo, newly bound in ¾ red morocco, gilt paneled back, gilt top, original wrappers bound in. Mexico, 1864.....\$20.00
Translated from the French edition of 1851.



Padre Junipero's Pathetic Farewell—Act II

THE MISSION PLAY

By John Steven McGroarty

Most notable example in playwriting of the successful blending of the pageant and the drama.

Now playing in its own theatre, the Mission Playhouse, at San Gabriel, nine miles from Los Angeles.

In three acts—each act pulsating with romantic episodes of California's glorious past, and forecasting the California that now is. Visualizing upon the stage in two and one-half hours what historians tell in many volumes.

Tickets on sale at The Wiley B. Allen Co.'s music store, 416 South Broadway, Los Angeles, and the Mission Playhouse, San Gabriel.

Pacific Electric and Southern Pacific trains to entrance.

Auto parking facilities adjacent to theater.



Lucretia del Valle as Senora Josefa Yorba



Benjamin Horning as Fray Junipero Serra

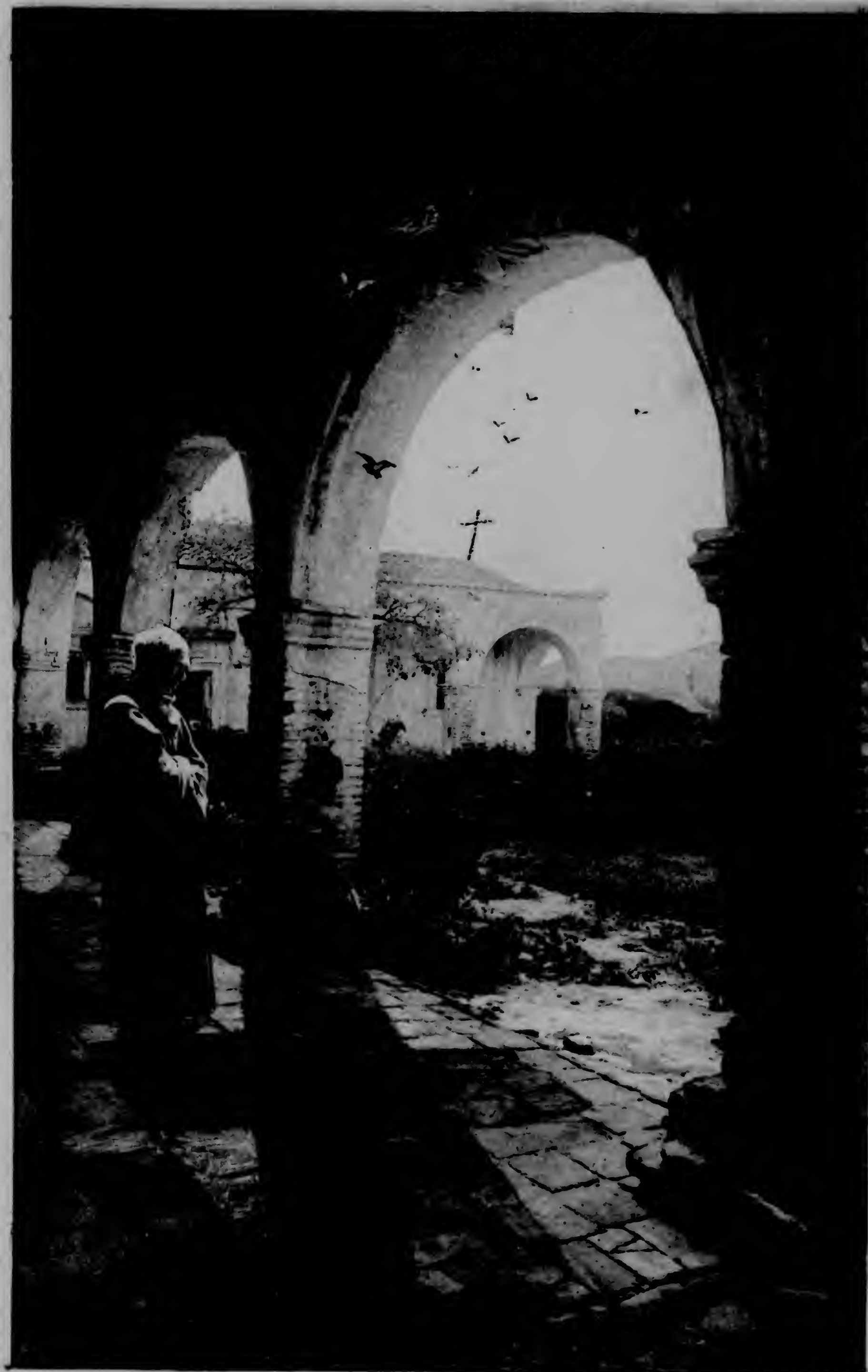
MISSION PLAY ASSOCIATION

409-10-11-12 Equitable Bank Building

Los Angeles, California



Discovery of the Holy Chalice—Act III



THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

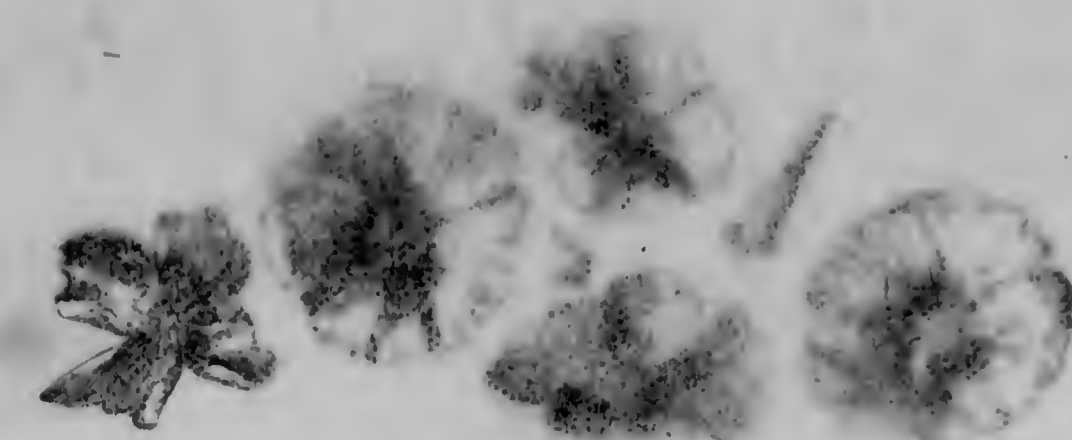
MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. VII.

PAGE 100

No. 2



THE CALIFORNIA POPPY.

"Capt de Ore"

BY INA COOLERITH.

Thy satin vesture richer is than looms
Of Orient weave for raiment of her kings.
Not dyes of olden Tyre, not precious things
Re-gathered from the long forgotten trails
Of buried empires, not the iris planes
That wave upon the tropics' myriad wings.
Not all proud Sheba's queenly offerings
Could match the golden marvel of thy blossoms.

For thou art nurtured from the treasure store
Of this fair land, the golden mother-land.
Her wealth of gold - of gold thy petals show.
The golden glory, then, we find not only
In thy radiant, sunny wings, but
In the golden glory of the sun.





THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1893.

No. 2.



THE CALIFORNIA POPPY.

"Copa de Oro."

BY INA COOLBRITH.

Thy satin vesture richer is than looms
 Of Orient weave for raiment of her kings.
 Not dyes of olden Tyre, not precious things
 Re-gathered from the long forgotten tombs
 Of buried empires, not the iris plumes
 That wave upon the tropics' myriad wings,
 Not all proud Sheba's queenly offerings,
 Could match the golden marvel of thy blooms.

For thou art nurtured from the treasure-veins
 Of this fair land ; thy golden rootlets sup
 Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals spun.
 Her golden glory, thou ! on hills and plains
 Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup
 Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun.



1542 1893

The of Missions California

BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.



OLD FOUNTAIN.

THOSE sad-eyed pilgrims who bade adieu to the cliffs of Albion two centuries since, and sped across a trackless waste of ocean, sought shores anew that they might find liberty—liberty of thought and of speech—a heritage divine that the laws of their land had denied them.

From the hour they set foot upon Plymouth Rock, that little band of pilgrims has been immortalized. Their sacrifice of home and fortune upon the altar of freedom has won the respect and admiration of two worlds. But behold another pilgrimage, a century later, to the other border of the new continent—a pilgrimage of men who suffered exile from motives yet higher and nobler. They sought not freedom, nor fortune, nor fame—these followers of Christ—but only that the land of their adoption be delivered from the darkness of paganism and savagery.

The planting of the cross was their one unselfish aim. There was naught

of mundane recompense to hope for—deprivation and bitter sacrifice alone was their portion—yet fearlessly, almost with joy, they shouldered the cross and went forth to the crusade.

Coincident with the landing of the *Mayflower* upon the Atlantic coast, there came to Mexico a little band of Jesuit Missionaries, who established themselves in monasteries throughout the country, augmented from time to time with recruits from Spain. In the midst of their labors a peremptory decree was issued, expelling the Jesuit Order from all Spanish provinces. Turning over their monasteries to the Franciscans, a class more in favor at court, they left the new field to the disciples of the "Seraphic Father," and sought more tolerant shores.

The new order, famous for its beneficence, lost no time in importuning Carlos III. for authority to establish



OLIVE-MILL, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

missions in the new country to the north of them. Prayers innumerable and exhaustive found their way to court, but owing to internal strife, they fell upon diplomatic ears unheeded. Grave rumors now spread abroad that military occupation of Alta California was imperative, lest Russia seize upon it as her prey. Then to the great joy of the zealous monks, the coveted permission was granted—Padre Junipero Serra, the *presidente*, in his intense zeal failing to detect the subtle union of statecraft and religion, discerning only the desire of his sovereign to carry light unto the benighted savage.

Without delay, arrangements were made for the invasion of the cross. Gathering together all the live-stock, implements and seed-grain that could be spared from the Mexican mission, together with the necessary ecclesiastical appurtenances, Padre Serra and his band of pilgrims bade adieu to their beloved Mexico and set out for San Diego, there to unfurl the ensigns of God and the King.

After bitter hardships and deep perils, the naval and military expeditions reached their goal almost simultaneously.

On July 16, 1769, the Mission of San Diego de Alcalá was formally established. The officers and their gathered troops assembled at the site

selected for the presidio, which was destined for a time to serve as a chapel. Willing hands set to work to erect an altar of branches, from which arose curls of purple incense that floated off over the blue waters beyond.

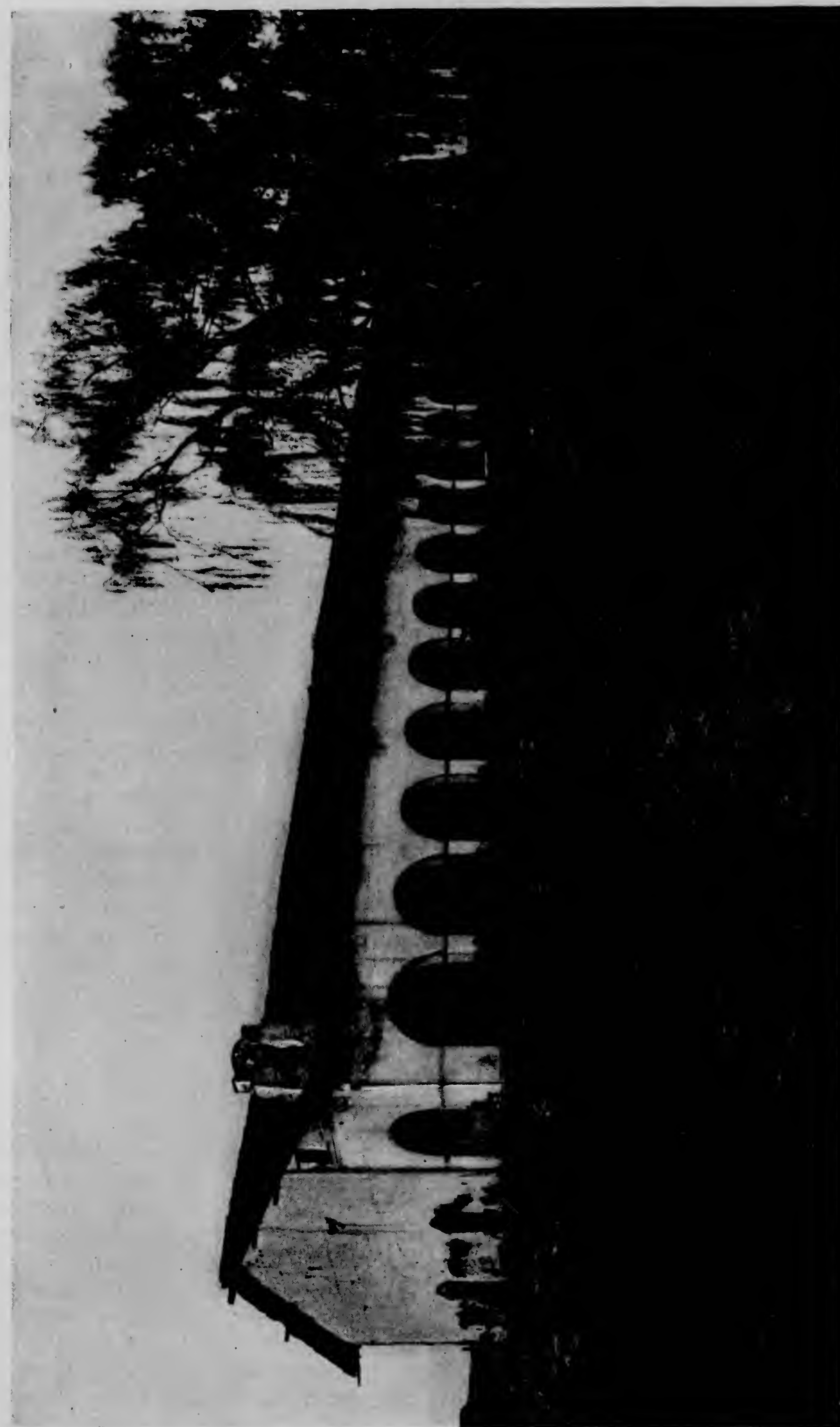
A trio of bells was swung over the green boughs of a neighboring oak.

Joyfully were they rung by the ardent Serra, who cried aloud in his ecstasy, "Come ye Gentiles—come unto the faith of Christ." Hill and vale reverberated with the strange sounds, reaching the ears of the Indians who hastened to the beach in alarm and wonderment, presenting an uncanny picture to the anxious Spaniards. Undersized, thick-set, low-browed, heavy jawed, and with no indication of mental or moral elevation, they were not calculated to thrill the hearts of the missionaries with enthusiasm. Nothing daunted, however, Serra set to work to acquire the language of the Dieguines, and ere many months, the friar could be seen beneath a spreading cypress on the brow of the hill,

teaching and preaching, like the good St. Francis, with groups of dusky savages crouched about him, drinking in his words of inspiration with the deepest awe. What more fitting a spot, thought he, to worship God and to expound His love than here beneath the trees—His handiwork.



SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—A BIT OF THE CLOISTERS.



MISSION OF SAN FERNANDO.



CLOISTERS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

"Why
Should we in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised?"

Here it was that the largest number
of his conversions were made—in-
spired, no doubt, to the glorification
of His name, by the blue canopy that
spread above him, and the fields of
buttercups and poppies beneath.

Later the mission site was moved
inland, to a spot known as "Cosoy,"
and once again to "Nipaguay,"
where the crops grew abundantly,
and the flocks and herds thrived upon
the fertile fields.

Meanwhile, the secular education of
the Indians was going on, hand in
hand with the spiritual. Some were
instructed in the mechanical trades,
such as carpentering, blacksmithing,
stone-cutting, weaving, etc., many of
them attaining proficiency in their
respective branches. The tillers of
the earth had learned the use of mod-
ern implements, and the virgin soil
was yielding its rich return.

As years wore on, attention was
bestowed upon higher attainments—
it becoming no unusual thing to listen
to a neophyte leading in prayer, or
assisting in the service of the mass.
Nature had endowed many of them
with excellent voices, and these were
trained to chant the deep Grego-
rian.

Thus did the good padres labor on
from dawn till dusk, content and
happy in their voluntary exile, while
yet there remained work in the Mas-
ter's vineyard. And notwithstanding
the many Indian uprisings and the
occasional massacre of a padre, others
were ever eager to push forward to
fill the vacant cell.

Meanwhile, various outposts of civil-
ization were being established. Gov-
ernor Portolá and Padre Juan Crespí,
with sixty-four soldiers and muleteers,
marched north to the coveted port of



A CEMETERY DOOR.



IN THE GARDEN—SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

Monterey—there to plant an important mission and establish a presidio.



MISSION SAN GABRIEL.

After passing through beautiful valleys, over verdure-clad hills, and across stretches of grassy plains, encountering on the way numerous Indian villages of curious little thatched dwellings, a cross was planted upon a spot thought to be Monterey, as described by Sebastian Viscaino, the explorer. Uncertain of its identity, however, the party returned to San Diego, quite disheartened and chagrined, and all but the sturdy padre bent upon abandoning the enterprise and returning to Mexico. A return march resulted from the persistent entreaties of Juan Crespí and the zealous Serra, which resulted in locating beyond all doubt the long sought-for port. There indeed stood the wide-spread oak tree, whose branches still kissed the white-capped waves at high tide; here it was that in 1602 three Carmelite friars (hence Carmel) offered up the sacrifice of the mass and consecrated the country to God. Here, on the self-same spot, over a century later, would they plant the cross.

On June 3, 1770, the Mission of San Carlos de Borromeo was formally established. An *enramada* was constructed, beneath whose grateful shade the mass was celebrated, the water blessed and the joyous *Te Deum* chanted. The low murmurings of the praying padres having ceased,

Portoiá stepped into the midst of the assemblage, and amid the boom of cannon, took formal possession of the port in the name of God and the King. Thus were the edicts of Carlos III. obeyed, and the dreams of the missionaries in a fair way to be consummated.

The Eslenes were somewhat higher in the social scale than were their brethren in the south, having among them a few orators and many warriors, but possessed of no native lore. The dialect of the nation once ac-

was astir. Every one save the sick or infirm repaired to the chapel to assist at mass. Then came the breakfast of *atole*, or ground barley, served to the unmarried in the *pozolera*, to the married in their *rancherías*, whither they carried their rations at daybreak. The *mavera*, or keeper of the granary, performed the duties of commissary, distributing to each male that proportion of supplies to which he and his family were entitled. Thus it will be seen that communism in a modified form was one of the early



VALLEY AND MISSION OF SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA.

quired, Serra and Crespí labored faithfully on, fully recompensed by each conversion. In the belief that contact with the soldiers at the presidio was detrimental to the welfare of the neophytes, the mission was moved to Carmelo Valley, about three miles distant, where the grassy meadows afforded fine pasturage for the already increasing herds, and gave a renewed impetus to agricultural pursuits.

Thus were the two centers of western civilization established, and from these, the remaining nineteen germinated.

In the few years that had passed, life about the missions had become routine. At daylight, all animal life

institutions of our infant civilization.

At noon, the bells in the town rang out the angelus, when instantly every head was bared and bowed. Then man and beast repaired to the *pozolera* for the midday meal, which consisted of the ever present *atole* in one of its various forms, supplemented by mutton or beef. At times, milk was distributed freely, and always to the sick or aged. Nuts and fruits from the surrounding hills were usually added to the meal—these being gathered by the neophytes during short periods of absence from the mission.

During the heated hours of the

afternoon, it became the custom in many of the southern missions to lead about the fields a burro, laden with jars of sweetened water and vinegar with which to regale the toilers. At five o'clock, the duties of the day were over, and man and beast plodded homeward. Happier communities than these of the missions during the years of their prosperity would be hard to picture.

At sundown, the angelus called the faithful to prayers; then quietly, solemnly, the neophytes, workmen and the padres repaired to the chapel, where the litany was sung and the evening blessing imparted. Then came a light evening repast, after which gentle sleep spread over the mission and all was quiet.

Prominent among the mission buildings were those used for sleeping apartments—the unmarried males occupying one, under the jurisdiction of the major domo, and the girls another, known as the *monjerio*, or nunnery, presided over by a hideous old Indian woman, called *Llavera*.

Picture, if you can, a low stone structure built so as to permit of a court in the center. Here amid ferns, flowers and fountains the Indian maidens laughed, chatted and spun. All the blankets, towels, napkins, *rebozos*, etc., used at the mission, and much used at the presidio were the products of their deft fingers, and all of the beautifully embroidered altar cloths issued from the *monjerio*.

Despite the vigilance of the old Indian woman, many of the laughing, dark-eyed maidens of the *monjerio* won the love of soldiers of the presidio and became their wives. Thus was laid the foundation stone of the future society of California.

This mésalliance of the Indian and the Castilian did not find favor in the eyes of the padres, however, who desired that the blood of Castile might be perpetuated in all its purity; so they decided upon a novel method of inducing marriage among the natives. All the unmarried neophytes were

summoned to church and arranged along the wall. Then would the padre hasten to the *monjerio*, and ask aloud of the maidens, "Which of you, my daughters, desire to marry?" Hesitating for a moment and sorely trying the padre's patience, they would finally spring up from their spinning and trip into the chapel, to find their future spouses awaiting them.

Unlike the present inexorable laws of society, the girls were permitted the choosing. Great was the agitation of the prospective benedicts, as they awaited their fortunes, good or ill; and desperately did they seek to arrest the attention of the younger and prettier maidens, as they roguishly cast their black eyes up and down the row of candidates.

In this manner, many marriages were joyfully consummated. Within each mission domain, there grew up hundreds of happy homes, and thus were planted within these little rose-covered adobes, the seeds of civilization, enlightenment and even culture.

Home became a fixed institution, and she who presided over it gradually assumed the position she was destined to grace in the years to come. Ere long she became queen of the household and the honored of the fireside—no longer the watch dog of her master's wickiup.

These transitions from the savage state gladdened the hearts of the patient, plodding padres, who saw in visions of the future all the children of the forest gathered into communities, presiding over thrifty farms and orchards, and living in peace and plenty.

Meanwhile, Serra and his indomitable colleagues had established a chain of missions extending from Carmel to San Diego—fertile oases of civilization, these, in so vast a waste of darkness.

San Antonio de Padua, beneath the shadow of moss-hung oaks, had gathered together a prosperous community of Indians who devoted themselves



THE PALMS OF SAN FERNANDO—MISSION IN THE DISTANCE.

principally to the raising of fine horses for the mission. What beauties they were! and so highly prized that the friars were made wretched in their almost vain endeavor to maintain a monopoly of them. As it was, hundreds of the proud-stepping animals were spirited away to the mountain fastnesses of the gentiles, and there turned loose. Thus it was that in later years, wild horses were quite as frequently met with in travel as were bears or coyotes.

Then came San Gabriel, fairest of all the missions. Her orchards and vineyards, her gardens and her quaint

buildings made the mission a delight to the eye of the dusty traveler, who, whatever his station in life, was ever made a welcome guest. It was quite necessary, however, that the guest be capable of absorbing religion and bread with equal facility, for the *ministro residente* was usually one of intense religious proclivities; especially was this true of Padres Cruzado and Sanchez. These two earnest workers died at their post, where they had toiled on patiently and faithfully for twenty years or more, and within the ancient sanctuary they await the final summons.

Soon after the establishment of a mission at San Luis Obispo, the peninsula that lay in the embrace of the waters of the bay and ocean, and sloped away from the green hills of San Mateo, were brought under the sway of the cross.

The adobe church of the Dolores, with its white pillars, and its red tiled roof, and the ruined graveyard in its shadow, are the relics of the mission of San Francisco de Assisi, established September 9, 1776, by Francisco Palou, best known to us as the enthusiastic biographer of Junipero Serra, his *presidente*.

Who has ever stood amid the wonderful ruins of San Juan Capistrano and not dreamed himself back a hundred years, to the blissful pre-pastoral days when the temple was reared? The proudest edifice of its day, it is no less dignified in its dissolution. At no time, however, are the ruins so solemnly impressive as when viewed by the soft light of a summer afternoon; then is the world of nature silent, and one's thoughts may revel undisturbed. Just as



THE CORRIDOR STEPS, SANTA BARBARA.



the temple fell on that murky morning of 1812, crushing beneath it forty poor neophytes who had gathered to worship, it lies before you. For these hundred years its cloisters have echoed the querulous cry of the quail, and sheltered the bat from the glare of the noonday sun. After the great temblor, services were held in a little

adobe apartment adjoining, that by some special dispensation escaped destruction. For years thereafter the Indians gathered here to offer up their simple supplications, ere the tasks of the day began.

Ever alert to discern fertile districts that would give support to large communities, Padre Tomas de la Peña determined to establish a mission on the winding banks of the beautiful Guadalupe. Santa Clara, patron saint of Assisi, was to be honored by the new institution. Beneath the bluest of skies, and upon a carpet of flaming eschscholtzias, making a veritable field of gold to tread upon, little wonder that here the good padre halted when searching for mission sites.

Santa Clara became second to none in spiritual and temporal prosperity. In 1784, a magnificent church was erected, then the finest in the Californias—Padre Murguia, *ministro residente*, performing the dual rôle of architect and laborer. Sad to relate, it proved to be his tomb. Four days before its dedication, he was buried beneath its walls. At a later date this structure was supplanted by another, the chapel that is preserved to us of to-day.

Among the populous Indian villages along the Santa Barbara Channel, the Padre Presidente caused to be established three missions under one jurisdiction—San Buenaventura, Santa



GRAPEVINE NEAR SANTA BARBARA, PLANTED BY THE MISSION FATHERS.

Barbara and La Purisima Concepcion. Deeming it impolitic to disturb the tribal authority that maintained such excellent decorum as was observable in their villages, the missionaries permitted the neophytes to live on for many years in their neat little conical huts. In these cradles of civilization had been gathered, since their establishment in 1782-7, nearly 10,000 converts; these by the decree of secularization in 1835, were freed from the padres' jurisdiction and became, ostensibly, Spanish citizens.

These fair mission gardens, whose perfumes were wafted over hill and vale by the ocean breezes, gladdened the eye of the voyagers who chanced to anchor near by. Vancouver went into ecstasies over the gardens of San Buenaventura, which he declared were more beautiful than any he had ever beheld; and their orchards, too, were marvelous. The young trees in the virgin soil produced prolifically—the sensuous banana and cocoanut trees thriving with vigor beside the apple, peach and pear trees. Amid tinkling fountains and soft zephyrs and sweet perfumes, who could realize that the transformation was one effected in fifty short years! Then came the clouds of secularization. When the



CHAIR BROUGHT FROM SPAIN BY FATHER JUNIPERO.

storm burst over the missions, they were shorn of their beauty and divested of their wealth; and behold them to-day, spectres of their former glory, but eloquent epitaphs of the deeds of their founders.

Yet another mission was to be planted within sight of the surging ocean, in honor of the fair Santa Cruz. Founded Sept. 22, 1791, by Padres Alonzo Salazar and Baldomero Lopez, it was ushered into being most auspiciously. Sugert, chief of the natives in the region, entertained no fears of the *chinchinabros* (white men), and had communicated his friendliness to his tribe.

When at sunrise the bells were swung over a bending branch, they were rung by the gathered savages, who watched the ceremonial of establishment with consuming interest; the thundering of guns apparently having no terrors for them.

Such clear skies became clouded ere long, and many were the storms the lonely padres had to weather through. Floods came, the gen-



THE BELLS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

tiles arose against them, and disasters followed in their wake. At last, overcome by deprivation, disappointment and sorrow, the founders sought the seclusion of the college in Mexico, whither they repaired to die. Others, however, pressed forward to succeed them at the mission by the sea.

Mournful Soledad! Lonely and deserted it stands to-day—a monument to a lost people. Few traces, either in records or ruins remain. Established at a spot known as "Chuttusgelis,"

interesting in its decline for the romance of its past. In 1800, San Jose was at the zenith of her glory, about 500 Indians having been gathered from the hills and valleys, and inducted into the ordinary routine of civilized life.

The missions of San Juan Bautista, San Miguel and San Fernando followed each other in establishment, but much of their subsequent history is enveloped in darkness. Rumors are current that many of the mission records have



SAN LUIS REY DE FRANCIA.

beneath clumps of spreading oaks, it was even in its prime a sad institution. The church, of which a few struggling walls remain, was completed somewhere around 1797. Later, its straw roof gave way to one of tiles. The winds seem to take on a plaintive wail as they sweep over these sorry ruins, ever singing a requiem over the padres who lie beneath the shadows of the tottering walls.

After a lapse of nearly a century, the adobe church of the mission of San Jose still survives. With beautiful vineyards and blossoming orchards stretching away to the foothills, which, by the way, were once all its own possessions, the mission is yet a picturesque spot,

found their way into the treasure vaults of the early Californians, where as heirlooms, they are zealously guarded. A more probable theory is that the friars, through carelessness or press of duty, neglected to preserve many of the important documents.

Of these later missions, San Fernando was the most prosperous. Her vineyards vied with those of sunny Spain, and even as late as 1840, 2,000 gallons each of superior wine and brandy were produced.

With all her wealth and pride, however, her doom, like all the rest, was sealed. The padres who had labored there so earnestly turned away lest they should be called upon to witness



PORTION OF SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA MISSION.

the overthrow of their life-work. With secularization came dissolution. In 1846, the once proud mission went under the hammer. It was sold to one Eulogio Celis for \$14,000. Later, however, by decisions of the court, the chapel and the immediately surrounding property reverted to the church, in whose custody the romantic ruins are still retained.

San Luis Rey de Francia, once the queen of the missions and by far the grandest adobe edifice ever reared in California to the glorification of His name, has at last appealed availingly for its preservation. It is soon to be restored to the dignity of its former glory by the Franciscan monks, they of the order who reared it, when it will no longer be included among the mission ruins, but known as the college of San Luis Rey.

The mission was founded June 13, 1798, by Presidente Lasuen, assisted by Padres Santiago and Peyri, under the most favorable auspices. It was erected not far from a beautiful winding river, amid lands that were wonderfully productive, yielding support to a large neophyte population and affording pasture to immense herds of cattle.

Padre Peyri, than whom no soldier of Christ was ever more faithful, guided the destinies of San Luis Rey from its rise to its downfall. Pathetic

indeed was the parting of the venerable friar with his children, as he gathered them together in the mission garden to receive his parting blessing. Broken-hearted he turned his feet away and became a wandering pilgrim, traveling on and on, until he finally fell ill and died in Rome. Though far from the scenes he loved, they were no less dimmed by distance—his last blessings being waited over the seas for the Indian

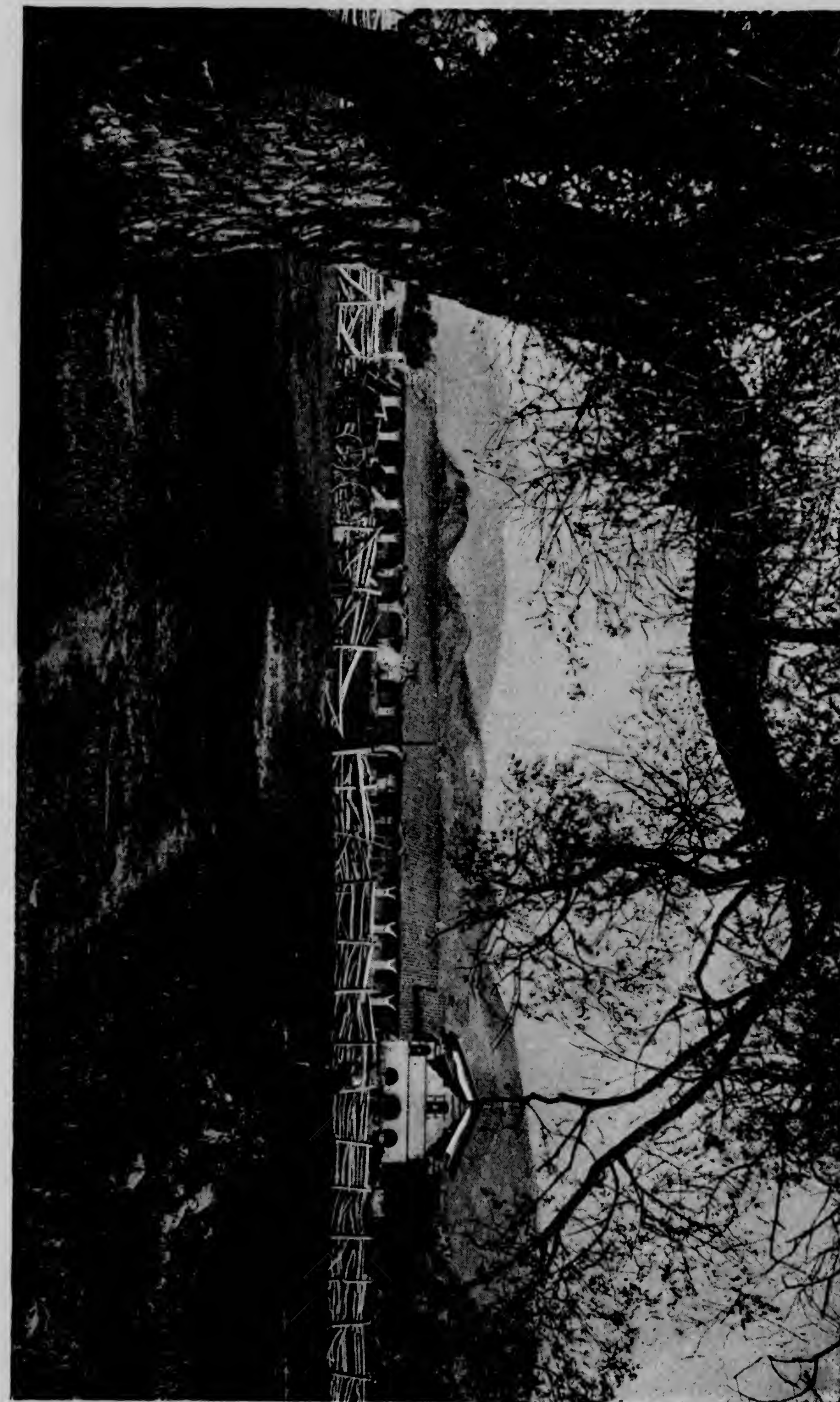
children of San Luis Rey.

The final mission established in the south was Santa Inéz, named in honor of the good St. Agnes, whose adobe church still remains in a fair state of preservation. Its style of architecture was unimpressive as its



GRAVEYARD OF SAN LUIS REY.

MISSION OF SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA.





ARCADE, SAN FERNANDO.

history has been uneventful, yet for its romantic past, it is regarded as one of California's precious heir-looms.

Thus have we seen how the dream of Junipero Serra, that mission stations might dot the line from San Diego to San Francisco, was realized.

What glorious days were they for the impoverished traveler! Indeed, it is quite enough to make our modern tramp wish he had been ushered into existence a hundred years ago, instead of in this age of greed and inhumanity.

Bidding adieu to the bending bay of San Diego and the blooming hills around, the traveler could easily make a mission or two in half a day. Arriving at one of the monasteries, a rap of the big iron knocker would summon a friendly friar, who would lead the dusty newcomer into the inner precincts and regale him with food and drink. Meanwhile, his horse, footsore and weary,



OLD PALM NEAR SAN FERNANDO.

would be led to the corral and his wants attended to. If the animal were lame, or too much fatigued to proceed further, he was supplanted by a mission steed, while he remained till his master's return—a week, a month, or a year hence. It was no unusual thing for a traveler to be entertained so royally as to be disinclined to depart, and it mattered not how long he remained; he was never invited to go. A pity that such hospitality should die with the missions!

While the mission system was already on the wane, two new establishments were effected north of the bay—San Rafael and San Francisco Solano. The immediate reason for the birth of the new missions was the desire to remove as many neophytes as possible from San Francisco de Assisi, where pulmonary diseases were rendering the mortality frightful. In fact, so alarmed were the gentiles becoming, that

fiery sacrifices were offered up nightly to "Chinigchinich," that he might drive away the evil spirit rampant among them.

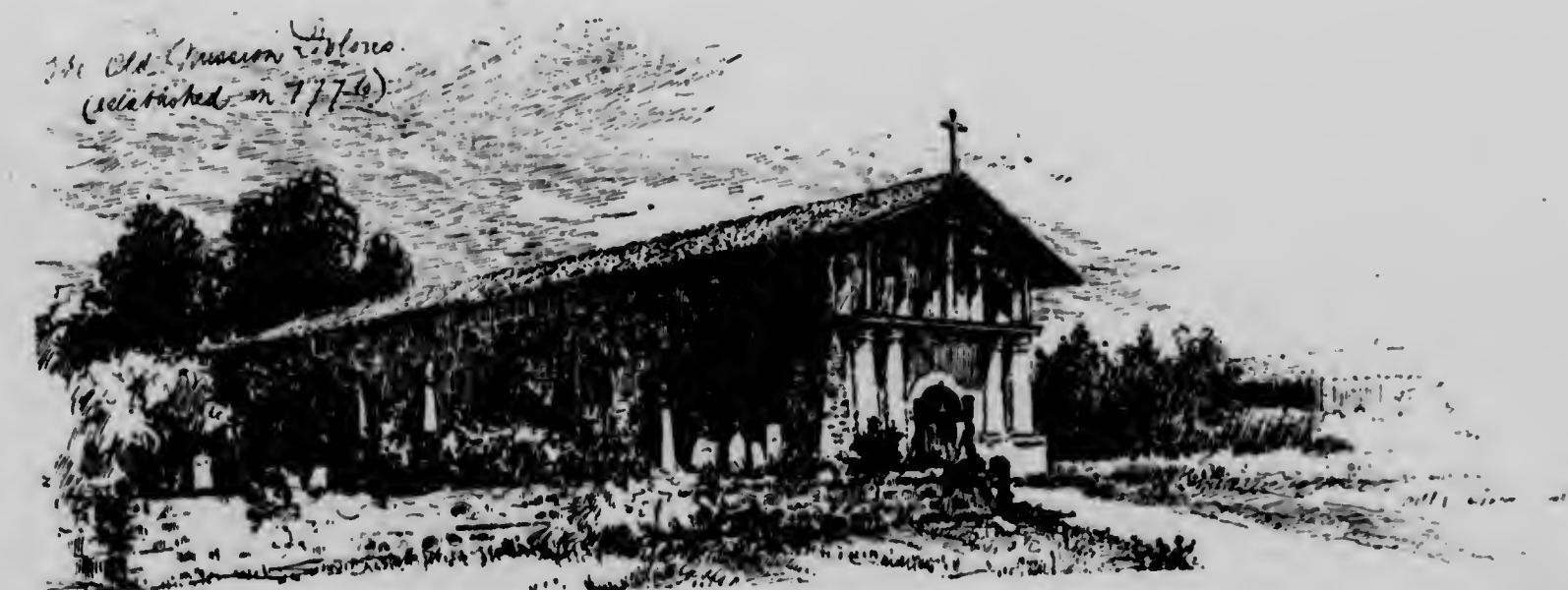
Believing that the balmy breezes of the country over the bay would prove beneficial to the dying race, Padres Luis Taboada and Altimira determined upon planting missions there. The buildings were crude, and for the most part built of wood, with roofs of grass. At Solano, a stone structure was begun, but it met with disaster during erection, and was never completed.

These, the last of the California missions, were the puniest institutions of all. The mission system had outlived itself under the existing conditions; the curtain was about to be rung down upon the most gigantic scheme of missionary work the world ever saw.

What were the results? Thirty thousand savages had been rescued from superstition and iniquity in a little less than half a century. The natives had been instructed in the arts of polite nations; they were taught to clothe their nakedness, to dwell in houses, wherein the family, the foundation of church and state had become a fixed institution, and to relegate woman to her proper sphere; the

industries of thrifty peoples were taught them, and in these they had become proficient. All this was being accomplished when the shadows of secularization began to lengthen. Then came the revolution. The moral support of the padres withdrawn, many of the savages reverted to the free lives of their forefathers. The conflict between fifty years of civilization, and centuries of barbarism, was too great. Yet the fact remains that wonderful things had been achieved by those early fathers of our State. If the fabric which they reared tottered and fell, there arose from its ruins a civilization more elevated than that of which even Serra himself had dreamed.

These friars, the "pilgrim fathers" of California, do we not owe them deep debts of gratitude? Are they not entitled to our most exalted opinions? Such instances of abnegation and sacrifice of self are rare in the history of modern times, and we as Californians should appreciate them. How can we manifest it? Simply by preserving from further disintegration the crumbling sanctuaries, beneath whose walls lie many of the bodies of the Franciscan friars, who laid the foundation-stone of our Western civilization.



CHRISTMAS AT SAN LUIS REY.

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

ON this special 25th of December it is pleasant to think that Mass will be said within the Mission walls of San Luis Rey under what will henceforth be known as the Re-establishment. The romance of the year is also its news. The Franciscan Order has returned to California. Santa Barbara, watching devoutly from her tower, has probably long known of the coming of the King to his own again, but to many of us it seems a fact almost mediæval and perhaps even startling.

The letter of announcement was shown in Los Angeles at the private house where interesting facts have a pretty habit of congregating, with an earnest request for its publication in a respectful manner.

Later in the quiet Rectory of the Cathedral of Saint Vibiana the subject was discussed afresh.

The Vicar was absent but the Father in charge listened with courteous attention to a resumé of the morning's news, receiving warmly congratulation upon the accession of the brethren of another but Catholic order, and confirming each detail of the information received. Some technical point arising, he suggested introducing the Franciscan friar already with them and only waiting the arrival from Mexico of his expected confrères to join them in their re-establishment within what we have regarded in current literature as the picturesquely irreparable ruins of San Luis Rey. This older Father, who immediately answered the summons, came in with apologies for his after-dinner cigar, smilingly waved away the absurdity of a suggested *siesta*, and entered into the coming of his Order with great accuracy as to details, great intelligence as to the policy involved and no small wit in dealing with

Protestant perplexities. He stated with entire simplicity that the arrival of the Mexican Fathers must be a matter to be expected soon, since a package had already been received addressed to them in Los Angeles; also that if they expected to render the Mission inhabitable, work must be commenced before the setting in of the rainy season with its attendant destruction and inconvenience. Had he said Frederic Barbarossa and the Mahdi were *de re'our* together, and the crusading sword and cross of the one with the turban of the other, here in a registered package, he could not have delivered himself of anything less commonplace.

The pathos and "Storm and Stress" under which the Order practically left California are only now becoming clearly known. That the Franciscans *could* return is a contingency entirely beyond average American contemplation. And yet this quiet return, though not so dramatic as the going away of Father Peyri, is a fact as significant and unprosaic.

In 1891, the Mexican brethren of Saint Francis, assembled in Cholula, where they were making a retreat for the Christmas novena, were arrested by the Government and individually imprisoned. Benedictines, Dominicans—all Catholic orders shared the same fate. By subsequent legislation no more than two brethren may live in community in Mexico.

This policy, recalling at once the Napoleonic *coup d'état* and the Spanish "pragmatic sanction" of 1767, is followed in 1892 by the return of the Franciscans to their old inheritance in California, where freedom to worship God according to the dictates of individual conscience is part of American citizenship.

from the cable on trolleys. Then the horses were driven across the ford and Mr. Kelly was within an ace of losing his animal which was nearly swept away by the impetuous current.

Continuing along the trail they found it bad and dangerous. Skirting on smooth shelving ledges along the brinks of cliffs where a slip meant death to man and horse, and passing a huge storm-eroded and weather-rifted granite cliff that overhangs the trail and ever threatens with a downpour of rocks and boulders, they pursued their way for twenty miles, and then struck the Coulterville road just outside the Yosemite grant; thence a good wagon road led them into the valley. Speaking of that overhanging cliff with its oft-repeated slides of granite slabs and disintegrated masses of rock, an old mountaineer said: "I don't want anybody to speak above a whisper in that place, because I think the ghost of an echo would start some of those loose rocks. I never crossed there yet without finding new rocks on the trail, and I don't think it would take much of a blast to bring that whole mountain side down into the Cañon, dam the Merced River and make a lake of the Yosemite Valley."

There was but little snow in the

valley when they entered it, and they proceeded without difficulty; but there are times when the mail-carrier is obliged to leave his horse near the entrance and continue his journey for eight or ten miles on snowshoes. But these spells of heavy weather do not last. In the valley the snow rarely lies deep for any length of time, except in isolated places that protect it from the liquefying effect of sun and weather.

Few, very few, of the numerous visitors to Yosemite see it in all the phases of its thousand glories even in the summer time. The impressions carried away by most tourists are general and common to the majority. Following beaten tracks under similar conditions of season and weather, and under like circumstances of transportation and hurry, the same routine of views and emotions is followed by all. It is only those exceptional individuals, whose enthusiasm carries them off the hackneyed highway of the sight-seer, that behold nature under other than ordinary aspects; and the few who face the discomforts of a journey to Yosemite through the snow have their reward in being spectators to some of the most sublime sights that Nature, in her prodigality of phenomena, is in the habit of exhibiting.

TRUTH.

BY ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

There is no life's companion like the Truth.
Bind it with close-forged fetters to thy side,
And guard it like the apple of thine eye:
Else it will flee away; and men will say:
"Aye, so he says; but we believe him not."
Then wilt thou call for Truth to come again:
"Ah, Truth, sweet Truth, I know thy worth at last!
Come back again!" And then it will not come.

These facts form at least an interesting Christmas antithesis.

Spanish history is so busy with expulsion! Expulsions of Moors, of Jews, of Christians, of Jesuits—these form the burden of her chronicles. The result was at least a homogeneous population from which heresy seemed chemically expelled.

The expulsion of the Jesuits from lower California preceded the coming of the Franciscans; the practical expulsion of the Franciscans by secularization brought in the present secular clergy. That personally, however, harmony existed among the various orders acknowledging Rome as a head, is evident from a study of the Catholic literature of the State. In Father Adam's translation of Palou's Vida, for instance, it is distinctly mentioned that the Franciscans informed themselves of the régime observed by the (expelled) Jesuits, and then strictly adhered to it, thus doubtless retaining the confidence of the Indians, first won by the Order of Jesus, and setting the neophytes an example of harmonious action, the value of which cannot be overestimated.

The present good-will existing between the black sotana and gray gown can be proved by any one fortunate enough to possess credentials admitting to an interview with the representatives of the varying orders.

The interview at the Rectory was succeeded by a call upon the editor-in-chief of the principal city paper, whose editorials during the decade of its existence have steadily been making written history for future reference, and whose brilliant staff is doing telling work not only in journalism but contemporary literature. The voices of the newsboys, still crying the contents of the last edition, suggested as a parting subject for conversation the relative importance of the day's events and the return of the Franciscans to California. The editor's recognition of the interest attaching to the information was prompt; and a reporter sent to the Bishop's residence, received

fresh details from the Vicar himself, details published on the following day under the heading "After Many Years."

Thus announced, the Gray Friars commence with the new year a fresh epoch in our common history, under the renewed and extended protection of that French Louis who guards the great city on the Mississippi River—the half mystical Meschacébé of Chateaubriand. We bespeak from Saint Louis interest in San Luis Rey.

Mr. Bancroft's resumé of its establishment is of special interest in this year of the Re-establishment:

"The Governor issued orders, the 27th of February, 1798, to the commandant of San Diego, who was to furnish an escolta and to require from the soldiers personal labor in erecting the necessary buildings, without murmuring at site or work, and with implicit obedience to Lasuen. The records show no subsequent proceedings till the 13th of June. On that date, at the spot called by the natives Tacayme, and by the Spaniards, in the first expedition of 1769, San Juan Capistrano, or later Capistrano el Viejo, in the presence of Captain Grajera, the soldiers of the guard, a few neophytes from San Juan, and a multitude of gentiles, and with the aid of Fathers Santiago and Peyri, President Lasuen with all due solemnity, supplemented by the baptism of fifty-four children, ushered into existence the mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, it being necessary hereafter to distinguish between the establishment of San Luis, king, and San Luis, bishop. All was prosperity at first. In a week Antonio Peyri, the energetic founder, had 77 children baptised and 23 catechumens under instruction. By the first of July he had 6,000 adobes made for the mission buildings. In July he was joined by José Faura, who was succeeded in the autumn of 1800 by José García.

"The mission books of San Luis Rey are the only ones in California

which I have not examined. Their whereabouts is not known."

The Governor mentioned is none other than Don Diego de Borica—he who rode into his kingdom of California accoutred with Cervantes in the *mochila* of his saddle, comparing himself to Sancho Panza, and laughing alternately over his book and the horrors of the sea voyage, as suffered by the ladies.

The Padre-Presidente was that courteous Frenchman whom Mr. Bancroft bids us ever rank first among the Californian prelates, of whom it was said by La Perouse: "*Sa douceur, sa charité, son amour pour les Indiens sont inexprimable*;" and whom every Angeleño who embarks from San Pedro for north, south or west should remember as the beloved "Padre Fermin," after whom Captain George Vancouver named the present lighthouse point, famous in the history of Pacific navigation. Of these two, Captain Grajera and Father Antonio Peyri form picturesque accessories; Father Peyri was almost worshipped during his long pastorate, and rudely canonized after his departure on the same vessel—the *Pocahontas*,—which carried Governor Victoria away.

Of the Indian policy of the Re-establishment, we know as yet only that it is a matter of earnest intention and thought. One instinctively wonders what the remnants of the neophytes will say about the campfires of this Christmas, concerning the to us unexpected, possibly by them, anticipated and believed in return.

Reading over the Indian Report (1852) of that pioneer American of whom his descendants may well be proud, and whose pages, amid much of the wearisome and unfortunate partisan writing of his period, stand out like a classic, in their honest intelligence, we find the Hon. B. D. Wilson accepting the defeat of the Franciscans as final as we have considered it to be.

"To the missions they (the Indians) can never go again with hope of

finding a home. I am not certain that some of the Indians do not preserve a sort of vague belief that those immense buildings—to our eyes, greatly dilapidated and fast going to ruin, yet with their rude repairs, ample enough for their accommodation—are ultimately to be restored to them."

The character of Saint Luis of France, as given so exquisitely by Mrs. Jameson—whose "Legends of the Monastic Orders" should form part of every traveler's preparation for California—is one to appeal distinctly, by its very kingliness, to the inner heart of savagery. To the neophytes who worshipped at his altar he must have been always the great *Capitan*, and Paris his rancheria.

Legends cluster around the books and the bells, the altar and court of this Parisian king. In the "History of Los Angeles County," it is stated (p. 120) that two of the old Spanish bells of the Cathedral of Saint Vibiana are from San Fernando Mission and one from San Luis Rey. Mr. Doyle, on the contrary, in the *Century Magazine*, asserts that, visiting the Mission of San Luis in person, in the summer of 1862, he saw "the old chime still hanging in the belfry, inscribed with the maker's name and Boston, 1820," testifying to their American origin. The history quoted above may have used the word Spanish in a romantic and inexact sense.

There is a current Indian tradition, supported by the usual testimony of the dying, that part of these bells are buried in the church itself, hollow reverberation testifying to the spot as known to the initiated.

Helen Hunt calls the name Nuestra Señora Reina de los Angeles musical as a chime of bells. Musical also is the distinction between San Luis Obispo and San Luis Rey, between Bishop of Toulouse and King of France. The latter figures in California tradition and history, prose and poetry, fiction and facts. Here the old Capitanejo laughed scornfully over the possible dethronement of dancing

by baptism; here Paulino, the mission baker, vied with the record of San Antonio. Here was educated the last chief of Agua Caliente, Antonio Garra, and through the same corridors went that Alexander whom Californians are commencing to pronounce Alejandro, but whom they still spell in Italian. Mr. Harte has made this mission the scene of the least acceptable of all his poems. The ride of Father Peyri's neophytes may yet, in poetry, rival that from Ghent to Aix.

Most sacred, to some of us, of all its associations, is the fact that at the left of the altar is buried Padre José Maria de Zalvidea, the planter of the San Gabriel tuna hedge; he whose smile is a Franciscan memory; whose self-scourgings explain the *penitentes*; and from whose arms when, in his cell, they prepared him for burial, yet living witnesses took off with blinding tears the cruel *cilicios* armed with iron points, which he himself had bound upon them.

In 1846, San Luis was sold for \$2,437. In 1847, for two months it was used as a military post by Lieutenant Oman and thirty-two men of the Mormon Battalion.

Strange tales of incoming treasure already greet the returning Frays. We commend to those who have thought the Preservation Fund an unnecessary one, the statement of Mr. John T. Doyle on the authority of General Beale, concerning this same mission then just vacated as a military post by the United States Government at the close of the Mexican war: "When it ceased to be so used, the Government caused an estimate to be made of the expense of repairing and restoring it to its former condition. The figures were \$2,000,000, and the project of repairing was of course given over."

May not the Re-establishment, re-opening communications between San Diego and San Juan Capistrano, essentially revive the old Camino del Rey, or King's Highway, under entirely natural conditions? A recent

article in the *Century Magazine*, quoted by the New York *Evangelist*, asserts that in France good roadways pay better than great railroads themselves. What could not the drive from San Diego to Sonoma be made, if the State once roused herself to make it? Planted and watered and owned as an illustration of Forestry, reviving the traditions of the Alameda of San José, why should it not also, as a route of pilgrimage, rank with that to Canterbury or Cologne on the Rhine? The Franciscans have given to California a nomenclature which connects them and us permanently with what was great in their contemporary history, while preserving daily upon our lips the great chiefs of their own order. The cordon of missions included the jurisdiction and protection of Archangel and warrior; "Poor Claire" and Seraphic Cardinal; Archbishop and martyr; Virgin and king; crusading priest and *Padre Serafico*. You may offer prayer for your own soul at the shrine of Santa Barbara, on one eve, and on the next, remember Keats at that of St. Agnes.

Why may we not establish a President's Highway or Camino del Presidente, which shall rival in sweet and gracious associations that of the third Charles of Spain? Across this highway who should dare draw the line of State division? Might not such a united revival of sacred associations still, once for all, the latent feud of North and South *Arribeño* and *Abajeño*, and bury it forever in the old gray Franciscan robe of the Friars?

The assertion concerning the probable causes of the Franciscan return have been submitted to the Rev. Father Joseph O'Keefe, General Auxiliary of the Re-establishment. His reply follows: "Although the Order in Mexico has had under consideration the expediency of establishing a house and novitiate outside the Republic since 1857, this last act you refer to, forced them to decide in favor of doing it at once."



FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA.

BY FRANK J. POLLEY.



HUNDRED years have passed since the death of Father Junipero Serra. For a man who stood first and foremost among that band of missionaries, military authorities, and civilians to whom Spain had confided her interests in colonizing Upper California, he has received but little attention proportionate to his merits from the world at large.

Prior to the researches of Bancroft and Hittell, no historian of California discussed the life and labors of this zealous, faithful, and untiring priest with the fulness that the subject

would have justified. Such articles as often appeared in the general press of this State were evidently compiled from poor or insufficient translations of Father Palon's life of Junipero. Even so able and conscientious an historian as Royce, in his late history of California, cannot give room to treat in detail of Serra's work, but while passing the whole subject of the early missions over with the briefest mention, he pays him the following tribute: "About Serra's high worth as a man and as a Christian there is, indeed, no controversy among those who know his career."

Fortunately, however, such neglect is no longer to be expected, and for the last few years Father Junipero's labors have met with universal praise,

seven. This is not the notion that the great poets have of their art, whether in youth or in age. With all his brilliance, the figure of this beautiful poet stands somewhat dim and shadowy; with the light and outline of the angel, there is yet something wanting: Shelley is not quite whole, not an "unspotted soul." Read between the lines, Arnold's stern conclusion is nearer just than it strikes one at first:

"The man Shelley, in very truth, is not entirely sane, and Shelley's poetry is not entirely sane either. The Shelley of actual life is a vision of beauty and radiance, indeed, but availing nothing, effecting nothing. And in poetry, no less than in life, he is a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

For a last word, coming down seventy years, from 1821 to 1891, it may be profitable to inquire briefly into the success of Mr. Theodore Watts' attack on the old notion of poetry as formulated by Arnold. In his article on Lowell (*The Athenæum*, August 22d, 1891) Mr. Watts says:

"It is always difficult to know when Matthew Arnold is in earnest and when he is playing with his readers; but if he was in earnest when he defined poetry to be a 'criticism of life,' he certainly achieved in one famous phrase a definition of poetry which for whimsical perversity can never be surpassed. Had he said the opposite of this—had he said that all pure literature except poetry may be a criticism of life, but that poetry must be a simple projection of life in order for it to be separated from prose—he might perhaps have got nearer to the truth."

If Mr. Watts, with all his acuteness, is not keen enough to know when Arnold is in dead earnest and when he is at play, we must not blame him for being blind to very plain things; among them the flippancy and padding, the newspaper recklessness sometimes displayed in the staid columns of *The Athenæum*.

In this article we are informed at the first dash that most Americans lack "moral, high-bred courage." This may be, but some of us have enough patience and courtesy to hear a speaker through before beginning to dispute him. Arnold did not define poetry as a "criticism of life," but as a "criticism of life under the dictates of poetic beauty and poetic truth," as a "powerful poetic application of ideas to life." In exemplifying this poetic application, he said that it has the accent of such a line as

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,"

an injunction to which Mr. Watts seems to have yielded temporary obedience. He goes on to say:

"If there is in any literary work a true projection of life, it must sometimes be classed as poetry, even though the writer shows but an imperfect conception of poetic art. Although much of Browning's noble and brilliant writing is a 'criticism of life,' and is, therefore, as I think, not poetry, a very considerable portion of his work is poetry, because it is a true projection, and not a criticism, of life. But Lowell's verse is all 'criticism of life.' Of poetic projection there is almost nothing at all."

While Mr. Watts is right in saying that much of Browning's writing is not poetry—he goes too far in finding "almost nothing" of poetry in Lowell—how is it that, with his mind and experience, and Anglo-moral courage to top it all, he does not know that, instead of combating Arnold's idea, he is reproducing it in less happy words of his own? In saying that, because much of Browning's work is rather a criticism than a "projection" of life, it is something different from poetry, he is simply saying what Arnold says better, viz., that it is something different from poetry because it has not the "matter and the inseparable manner" of "adequate poetic criticism."

while his character as an able, constant, conscientious, pure-minded, and unselfish worker in his chosen field grows brighter as the critical attention of the public is directed to it. More than any one else of the eighteenth century, he stamped his impress upon the record of Californian history, and fully deserves an honorable place among the illustrious names of the makers of America. He was as sincere a man and as willing and able to perform the work to be done as any who have ever lived for so high and holy an object in life. He strove only for the reward that comes in the life beyond, and with that goal ever in sight labored for those on earth whom his belief taught him were in peril of not sharing in the joys of the future life. The life of St. Francis of Assisi was a stimulus to Father Junipero, and the records of the saint's work, his faith, courage, hope, and cheerfulness under difficulties were as personal calls to Junipero during the many years he was a devoted and loyal follower of the Order of Franciscans.

Born of humble parents, November 24th, 1713, at the island of Majorca, he early chose the life of the Church, and during his boyhood and youth fitted himself for the office he aspired to. Once admitted to the Church, his zeal, learning, and eloquence soon commanded attention. He formed friendships with his brother priests that were destined to be tried in after years by hardship and peril of all kinds, and yet which were broken only by death, so loyal were these men to each other and the cause they worked for.

It was on August 28th, 1749, before he was able to set foot on the shores of America, after years of hoping and patient waiting. He was then a man of years, past the inexperience of youth, yet his zeal could not allow him to wait for the regular transportation, and starting from Vera Cruz, he made the journey to Mexico on foot. He had only one companion,

but the perils of the way were as nothing to the unrest in his soul at being kept from the scene of his future labors. He was at once assigned active labors in the surrounding country, and for nineteen years labored hard and earnestly; teaching the Indians, improving the missions and church property, preaching, travelling, and seeing as well to the temporal welfare of his charges as to their spiritual salvation. His abilities were pre-eminent, and when upon the dissolution of the Order of Jesuits it fell to the lot of the Franciscans to succeed to the field of labors so long and faithfully worked by those brave men, the authorities at once, and without solicitation from Father Junipero, selected him as their leader to extend the work of the Church among the Indians of Upper California.

His executive ability was of high order, and with the assistance of Jose de Galvez, the visitador-general, expeditions by sea and land were soon under way to San Diego. The start was made on January 7th, 1769, and after disheartening sorrows and suffering a reunion was effected in San Diego, and on the 16th day of July, 1769, the first mission in California was founded there. The condition of affairs was discouraging; the voyage by sea had been fateful, one vessel was lost, the scurvy had broken out, Father Junipero was very sick, provisions were low, and the overland party in but little better condition after their months of wandering in search of roads through the valleys, mountains, and desert wastes. The Indians proved thievish and treacherous; they stole from the scanty supplies of clothing and even attempted to cut the sails from the ships, so that while sick and needing rest in body and mind all were called upon for ceaseless vigilance.

An expedition had been dispatched overland to search for Monterey, but passed beyond, reached San Francisco Bay, and returned in a starving and

destitute condition to their waiting friends. A vessel had been sent to Mexico for help, and before its return the Indians made an attack upon the little settlement. Six able-bodied men were all that were left to defend the lives and property of their companions; but the Indians, unaccustomed to fire-arms, were repulsed by these few.

Relief at last came from Mexico and hope once more arose. Energetic measures were instituted and maintained by Father Junipero until an expedition was under way for Monterey. This time the bay was seen and, with a heart filled with gratitude, a landing was made and Father Junipero raised the cross and preached a sermon to the company under Viscaino's oak. The primary objects of the first expedition were accomplished. San Diego and Monterey were settled, and a messenger was dispatched with the information to Mexico, where bells were rung, proclamations printed, and the news at once sent to Spain.

No day or hour was lost to Father Junipero. He labored with the laborers, taught with the priests, advised with the military commander, organized expeditions in search of fertile valleys, and rested only to conduct the services of the Church. He was unceasing in his efforts to obtain new missionaries, and as fast as help was received missions were founded and the work of converting the Indians commenced. He made his journeys on foot in all kinds of weather and with insufficient guards. No danger could make him turn from the path of duty while a soul remained unsaved.

He was happy in his chosen work; the soul was dominant and the ills of the flesh were disregarded. In the midst of his labors came news of distress at San Diego, and hunger was even then causing much suffering at Monterey. The Indians had helped the colonists with seeds and nuts, but the supply was insufficient. Junipero

was in bodily ailment at the time from an ulcerated limb, but without a murmur he made the journey overland to San Diego, explored the valleys, founding the Mission of San Luis Obispo and making friends with the Indians as he journeyed.

At San Diego the captain of the ship *San Antonio* was found with supplies, but refused to proceed to Monterey on account of the lateness of the season and the danger of the winter winds. But no difficulties were insuperable to Father Junipero, and not until he saw the vessel leave the harbor and a pack-train commence its overland journey for Monterey, did he feel that the destruction of his labors was averted and his friends and companions relieved from danger.

Hardly was one trouble settled than a more serious one presented itself in the fact of a change of administration in Mexico and the efforts of the Dominicans to be allowed to share in the territorial and spiritual conquests of the Franciscans.

To negotiate or properly represent the cause of the missions without an agent in Mexico was manifestly impossible. No one save Junipero was deemed equal to the task, and after consultation with his missionaries and a decision made, he, with his usual energy and promptness, started upon the long trip to Mexico. Only an Indian boy accompanied him on this tedious, dangerous journey, during which they were both ill of a fever and once given up for death. They met with friends, and upon arrival in the capital so well did he argue his case, and so impressed were all with his honesty, sincerity, and ability, and so able a diplomat did he prove himself that he was successful beyond his hopes. The Dominicans received as their territory that known as Lower California; San Blas was saved as a shipping port; the finances of the missions placed in better order, and expeditions planned, equipped, and started for further surveys and explorations.

The authority of the priests extended to the matter of preserving discipline and morals in the settlements, a better system of supplies arranged, disturbing elements among the military, noticeably Fedro Fages, the commandante, removed, and, most important of all, the full winning over to the cause of Bucareli, the viceroy of Mexico; and so skilfully did Junipero plan that the best human foresight with the means at hand could hardly have accomplished more. Laden with provisions, encouraged by the friendship of those in authority, at the end of two long, busy, laborious, and eventful years, he said a tearful adieu to all and bade a last final farewell to the homes of his friends, the comforts of life, and the security of civilization.

Two years had passed since his departure from San Diego, and learning of hardships and privations at the missions, he left the vessel, and with a train of pack-mules laden with supplies went to all the missions from San Diego to Monterey, a veritable good shepherd who carefully watched and tended his flock.

In the midst of his unrelenting labors and journeyings came the news of an Indian outbreak at San Diego in which several of his friends were killed and wounded; also that a most unfortunate quarrel had arisen between Commandante Rivera y Moncada and the missionaries as to the punishment of some neophytes whom it was alleged had been concerned in the outbreak and jointly responsible for the murders. The missionaries were for pardoning them, but the commandante, in defiance of the priest's orders, broke open the warehouse on the beach, where the neophytes had taken refuge and claimed the privilege of the sanctuary. The quarrel assumed grave aspects, for the commandante dragged forth his prisoners and was excommunicated therefor by Father Fustu, who was an eye-witness of what was to him a scandalous and sacrilegious act. In

those times and under the circumstances such an anathema was a serious matter, and Moncada in order to obtain absolution went to Junipero, then at Monterey. Not obtaining it, he appealed to the authorities in Mexico, and was soon afterward transferred to Loretto, in Lower California. Nothing could have struck deeper into Junipero's heart than to lose a mission or see the work into which he was throwing his whole soul retarded for a moment, and as soon as possible he started for San Diego. Arriving there, sailors, neophytes, soldiers, and people of all classes were soon engaged in the rebuilding of the mission.

Junipero labored with the rest, quarrying stone, making adobes, and pushing the work forward with feverish haste. A short time would have sufficed to have completed it, but again Moncada hindered him by issuing orders calling off the soldiers, pretending to believe another attack was planned by the Indians.

Father Junipero was firm, but pending the time before orders could be received from Bucareli he suffered martyrdom in spirit. When the decision was rendered that the Indians be pardoned, that twenty-five additional soldiers had been ordered, and that the building be not further delayed, Junipero's joy was so great that the bells were rung and a thanksgiving mass said. Moncada submitted, soldiers were appointed as guards for the different missions, and the building at San Diego was finished as planned.

Zealous as ever, Junipero pushed on to the site of the intended mission at San Juan Capistrano and dug up the bells that had been previously buried there when tidings of the trouble at San Diego had caused a cessation from work.

To further secure the peace and prosperity of the new missions, without intrusting the task to others, aged in years as he was and stricken with a painful disease, he undertook a

journey to San Gabriel in search of food. Though the Indians were hostile and the way laborious, yet rather than take one man from the work on the buildings, he chose as only companions one soldier and an Indian boy.

They were stopped by a band of painted Indians and would undoubtedly have been murdered had not his Indian boy cried out that a large body of soldiers were following them. The ruse was successful, and Junipero made his journey in safety, driving the cattle before him that he had obtained for the new mission. Meantime his work in the north had been neglected. Missions at San Francisco and Santa Clara had been planned before his departure, settlers were expected, explorations and surveys intended, and yet no news had reached him of any description for months. Once more the weary but unconquered man set his face toward Monterey, and reached there in January, 1777. He had blessed an expedition destined for San Francisco before called to quell the troubles at San Diego, and returned to find that the flag was flying at the Golden Gate. He had labored with all his soul since he assumed command in 1769, and for the few years yet remaining to him he found no rest. What he had accomplished, his many journeys, and his watchful care, all seemed as nothing to his ambitious mind. He was ceaseless in his efforts to obtain more missionaries, that he might realize the noble plans he had formed for further spiritual conquests. His watchful eye was ever on the alert for advantageous sites for missions, and the judgment that he and his followers exercised upon these occasions has never been questioned, and to-day still challenges the admiration of men who from long acquaintanceship with the entire country are familiar with all its favored sites for wealth and beauty.

He had met with great success in making converts. In all his plans

the ultimate end sought to be attained was the conversion of the Indians, the salvation of their souls, and finally fitting them to be loyal subjects of the Spanish crown; and to accomplish this end he labored among them with an unflagging zeal and a patience truly saint-like at times. He had long mourned his inability to confirm. As a priest he had authority only to baptize; he studiously refrained from all efforts to be raised to the dignity of a bishop, which would have carried this power with it; but a bull was issued by the Pope on July 16th, 1774, which gave him authority to confirm for a period of ten years. Formalities and delays retarded its transmission, and the patent founded on this bull and under which Junipero acted did not reach him in California until June, 1778.

In 1779 he received news of a great political change. The territory of California, among others, had been ordered withdrawn from the viceroyalty and erected into a separate jurisdiction under the government of a *comandante-general*. It gave him serious alarm. He had become an old man by this time, was nearly seventy years of age, and still much afflicted in body from the severe hardships and perils he had undergone. His friend Bucareli no longer in charge, the impossibility of another journey to Mexico was manifest, and he had a new government to deal with, which might at any moment give the death-blow to his life-work. Upon receiving permission to confirm, he had undertaken without delay the arduous task of administering the rite of confirmation to all in the State, and had commenced at San Carlos. After finishing there he proceeded to San Diego, and went northward from mission to mission until he reached Monterey, worn and exhausted by the journey and the spiritual excitement under which he labored while administering the rites.

His recent efforts, and again the

old trouble from the ulcerated limb had rendered him very feeble, but in a short time he was on his way to San Francisco. At Santa Clara he was met by the officers of the government exploring expedition and found barely able to stand. With unflagging enthusiasm he pursued his work even here, and from thence to San Francisco, remaining there three weeks at labor; then hastened back to San Carlos, arriving November 9th, 1779. He had confirmed all those ready to receive the ceremony, and the consciousness of having performed his whole duty gave him strength to meet the troubles now fast approaching.

Upon Bucareli's death he had charged the new governor, Felipe De Neve, to cherish the missions; but De Neve's first act, almost, was to question Junipero's power to confirm on account of the change of governors. The question raised was largely technical and was referred to the college at San Fernando. Decision was given in Junipero's favor, with orders that he was not to be interfered with, and when going from mission to mission an escort of soldiers should be furnished him. In 1781 he was able to renew his duties, and at once made another journey to the northern missions, administering the rites as before.

A new source of trouble soon arose in the shape of a conflict with the Colorado Indians. Under the new *régime* a mission had been founded upon a new principle; *i.e.*, the missionaries were now simply religious teachers; no government was placed over the Indians; no food distributed to them brought in that close relationship with the Church that Junipero had so striven for, believing that the temporal and spiritual go well together, and both to be important factors for each other.

Provisions ran short, the supplies obtained were inadequate, the settlers encroached upon the good lands of the Indians; a train of soldiers

with their animals in an exhausted condition arrived; the stock injured the Indians' fields and a massacre took place; the buildings were burned and the settlers, priests, and soldiers killed after a brave resistance.

De Neve was called south to assist in the pursuit and punishment of the Indians, but was far from successful. This unfortunate trouble retarded further progress of the proposed three new missions on the Santa Barbara Channel. It was necessary to have a colony near San Gabriel in case of further trouble in the south, and Governor De Neve, taking recruits that had been sent from Lower California for that express purpose, founded the city of Los Angeles. He wrote Junipero, as soon as the danger at San Gabriel from the Colorado Indians had passed, to come with missionaries, and the long-delayed settlements on the Santa Barbara Channel could then be made. Junipero arrived in San Gabriel in March, 1782. Not being able to supply the needed missionaries, Junipero felt called upon to serve as one himself, rather than lose a moment, and so a mission at San Buenaventura was founded. Later, on April 12th, 1782, Junipero had the joy of blessing an altar and performing the usual ceremonies of consecration at Santa Barbara; but notwithstanding all his efforts and urgent appeals, Junipero could not procure the six new missionaries for these two new missions and a third one he had also projected. The governor refused to proceed without them, and Junipero, almost in despair, hurried on to Monterey in search of help and of his expected supply-ship. A courier met him on the road with dispatches that proved to be a death-blow to Junipero. The ship had arrived, but no missionaries. Affairs were badly mixed in Mexico. The government refused to grant any of the usual governmental supplies for the missions, as the new viceroy said the governor of California had informed him they were unnecessary.

The college at San Fernando, therefore, refused to send the missionaries, and wrote Junipero to suspend the foundation of new missions until the government took a more liberal view and allowed them their supplies, as in the former times, until they could be made self-sustaining. Had his worst enemy planned the blow, it could not have afflicted Junipero more. However, he retained the mission at San Buenaventura, though being short of missionaries, and two being necessary to each mission, he was obliged to devote his time and energies to his church at San Carlos, and forego his essential visitations to the other missions.

The good fight was almost ended. While able to proceed with his work, no floods or storms of nature nor bodily ills of the flesh were ever able to check his career or his usefulness. That his life had been prolonged to his present age was a wonder to all. His limb was ulcerated and his chest much weakened, and caused him great suffering, for in his later years, as he saw the end approaching, so intensely did he feel the need of improving the hour and so enthusiastic was he that when preaching of purgatory he would tear aside his gown and hold a lighted four-wicked taper to his breast until the sight was almost sickening. He would lift a huge stone and strike himself so hard when excited by his over-fervid oratory that his friends often looked for his death. He wore the coarsest clothing and scourged himself with an iron chain. Few people were so dull as not to understand these tortures, and Junipero would endure anything to save the soul of the lowest Indian in his congregation.

Such things could not always be. The shattering of his hopes and bodily ills brought on a serious sickness. He rallied from this, and two new missionaries having arrived, he felt he could now leave San Carlos for a final visitation to his loved missions. He was seventy-one years

old. Yet he proceeded at once to San Diego, and though he expected every moment to sink by the way, he went from mission to mission, carefully examining into its administration and confirming all those ready for the ceremony.

At San Gabriel he nearly died, but recovered when he heard of the good progress made at San Buenaventura. In five months he travelled, thus constantly employed, over a hundred and seventy leagues, still very weak, and safely reached his home at San Carlos. His power to confirm would expire in a short time, and without delay, as soon as the winter streams were fordable, he proceeded to San Francisco. No rest for him here. His old friend, Father Murguia, had died; so as soon as he could finish his labors at the Mission Dolores he at once proceeded to Santa Clara, and in the dead priest's church said a mass for his soul, then preached most eloquently, and afterward confirmed his people. This loss was a cruel blow to the now suffering priest, and before parting from San Carlos he made final arrangements for his own death and then bravely resumed his travels and his works.

On July 16th, 1784, the day his power to confirm expired, he had confirmed five thousand three hundred and seven persons. He honestly believed that each soul had been saved from a burning hell, and, so far as he knew, he had not been unfaithful to his trust by omitting a single soul in all the vast territory he ruled over as President of the California Missions.

The same day a ship arrived and he learned that the missions on the Santa Barbara Channel must be abandoned. It was his last hope, and with a broken heart he dispatched couriers to his friends to visit him and say the eternal farewells. Father Palon alone reached him as he lay weak and suffering in a narrow cell. A surgeon newly arrived from a vessel suggested the application of the

cautery and Junipero submitted to the excruciating torment without a murmur. He passed a bad night, prayed during the day, and upon another day he was assisted to the church, where he knelt at the altar during the ceremony, while sobs resounded through the edifice from the mourners who had already assembled to say farewell. He could not sleep that night from pain, so he spent it in the arms of his neophytes. In the morning he received the captain of a vessel then in port. He made it as the request of a dying man that in death he be laid by his old friend and co-worker, Father Crispi. He asked to be allowed to rest, and when Father Palon returned after a short absence he found him exactly as he had left him; the body was motionless, but the suffering was over, and Father Junipero Serra, the greatest of them all, was gone.

He was seventy-one years of age at his death, and for nineteen years in Mexico and thirteen long, weary years in California he had labored as no man before him or since has labored in the line of his work. The funeral was solemn and imposing. He left absolutely no earthly possessions; his robe and sandals were divided among the sorrowing survivors. The tapers were lighted round the simple coffin; Indians adorned the bier with flowers, and long processions of Spaniards and natives reverently passed beside the wasted form, touching it with rosaries and medals, that they might be blessed by mere contact with one now regarded as a saint. At the burial the soldiers, sailors, and civilians united in the solemn ceremonies, and as the dead man was laid to rest beside his friend, the tolling bells were answered by the cannon from the ships.

Such, in brief, is a bare outline sketch of this Franciscan priest. The amount of work performed and the results accomplished still challenge the admiration of the world, though its tangible part, owing to the ra-

pace of the Mexican and Spanish officials and the spoliations of the American settlers, aided by vexatious lawsuits, have reduced the once powerful and flourishing missions to the condition of ruin in which the tourist now sees them. During Junipero's life he held the missions together with great executive ability, and so wise were his acts and so far-seeing his plans that it excited the avarice and cupidity of the government officials. As soon as the wise care and reverent feelings toward the priests and the missions vanished and greed took its place, their doom was sealed. If Junipero did wrong, it was in planning so well that he placed his missions upon the high road to prosperity and so invited the world to a rich treasure-house where there was no power to repel the invader.

Junipero was loved by his subordinates and obeyed generally with that disinterested devotion to the great cause that so marked the early missionaries in those new fields of work, though the same zeal that made his friends love him often sorely tried the patience of the military authorities when a question of priority of authority arose between them. He was a formidable adversary when the rights of the Church were intrusted to him, absolutely fearless so far as physical danger was concerned, and unflinching and untiring in his efforts when moral suasion was necessary.

His character was a strange compound of courage, enthusiasm, patience, zeal, love, and superstition. He was thoroughly educated in the doctrines of the Church and the rules of his order. His zeal allowed him no rest in his journeys, and his diplomacy in Mexico and in dealing with the military and sailors, when he chose to exercise it, was far superior to the best among them. No man could induce a refractory captain to put to sea in winter weather or a sulking soldier to labor as he could. All love and gentleness with his

friends, he could rule with a rod of iron when necessary.

His enthusiasm was so great at the founding of a mission or when laboring for converts that, hanging his bells on the boughs, he would ring them until exhausted, hoping that the sounds might penetrate the whole land and call all to the service of God. His courage was beyond question; he, a non-combatant, had braved death at all times and in every form—hunger and thirst, the scurvy of the ship, the wildness of unknown mountains and the attacks of Indians were all known to him, and one night when huddled in a hut expecting every moment an attack and massacre he spent the long hours until morning in recounting to his friends the greater dangers he had passed through in safety. It seemed at times as if he courted martyrdom by journeyings with only one companion among hostile Indians, or through unknown regions when sick unto death and too weak to walk and almost to ride. He was simple in his tastes, dressed in the coarsest gowns, and was abstemious in his living. A man of reason also, for when on the voyage from Spain all were suffering from thirst and loudly complaining he alone was silent, and in reply he said substantially: "I do not suffer from thirst so much because I have learned to eat little and speak less and thereby save my saliva." Though president of the missions, he asked no man to do what he would not do himself, and by his constant daily labor in working the soil, making bricks, and participating in the details of building he stirred all men to emulation.

He never sought for temporal power; the presidency was conferred upon him because of his merits and without solicitation, and while he could have probably been raised to a bishopric he made no effort toward the same.

A salary was originally allowed the priests from a fund known as the

Holy Fund, but he gave his to the cause he worked for and died without worldly wealth. His power as a preacher in Spain and then in Mexico gave him great fame. His earnestness is shown in the lacerations of the flesh before alluded to as a means of more deeply impressing his auditors. His life was a constant struggle for existence against the painful ulcer upon his limb, contracted from a wound received while journeying to Mexico. That he was filled with enthusiasm and fully believed that the Lord was directly assisting him to do his work cannot be denied. Often, especially in his younger days, he saw a miraculous intervention in happenings where, had he chosen to look deeper, a simpler explanation might have been found: for instance, when a man appeared and rescued him from a flood and then disappeared, he thought an angel had been sent; when, the commander being about to desert the port of San Diego, he asked him for an extension of time to a certain day, and on that day the supply-ship was seen, then disappeared and then three days later came into port. The vessel was passing on her way to Monterey, but meeting with an accident in the Santa Barbara Channel put back to San Diego for repairs, and so almost by a miracle saved the starving colony which had been unable to reach Monterey. That in all things he may not have acted as calmly and soberly when harassed and thwarted by unsympathetic military commanders in defiance of what he honestly and sincerely believed to be their orders and their duty, may be true; but that human foresight could do more than he did under the conditions in which he found himself placed, or that one could be more faithful to his trust, more sincere in his beliefs, and fight the good fight better than this old unconquered priest is much to be doubted and has never been proved.

Land of Sunshine, ²⁴⁷ *April*
1899.
THE OLD MISSIONS.



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo by Linsley.

AT SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

☉ CALIFORNIA, it is true, is the newest of States; a sister so young and so far that her elders in the federal family cannot realize that she is growing up. To have been born a little quicker by the calendar is so much more important than to have robust health, a liberal education and a light heart, that the elderly sisters are quite right in assuming that the chit on the Pacific is to be snubbed. And on the other hand youth is quite content to let the waddling matrons and sour old maids find what comfort they may in their condition, while she runs barefoot in the joy of life.

The Caucasian history of California turns back only 130 years—though the State was discovered 60 years before New England was. And yet, if New England had anywhere within its historic limits one building from the last century so romantic, so picturesque, so noble in architecture, so great an achievement for its time and circumstance, as an average California Mission, the English-speaking world would ring with its fame; Hawthorne and Whittier and Longfellow and Holmes would have immortalized it, and millions would make pilgrimage to it.

Unfortunately for American literature, "there's no such a person." There is not in New England—nor in the whole United States, east of Colorado—a single old building remotely to be compared with the Franciscan Missions, of which California has 21. The Atlantic States were a century and a half old when the first European sat down in California for good; but in all that time they had not erected an edifice so masterful as he began at once. The Easterner who knows anything about his own history stands astounded before such enormous structures as the monastery at San Fernando, the



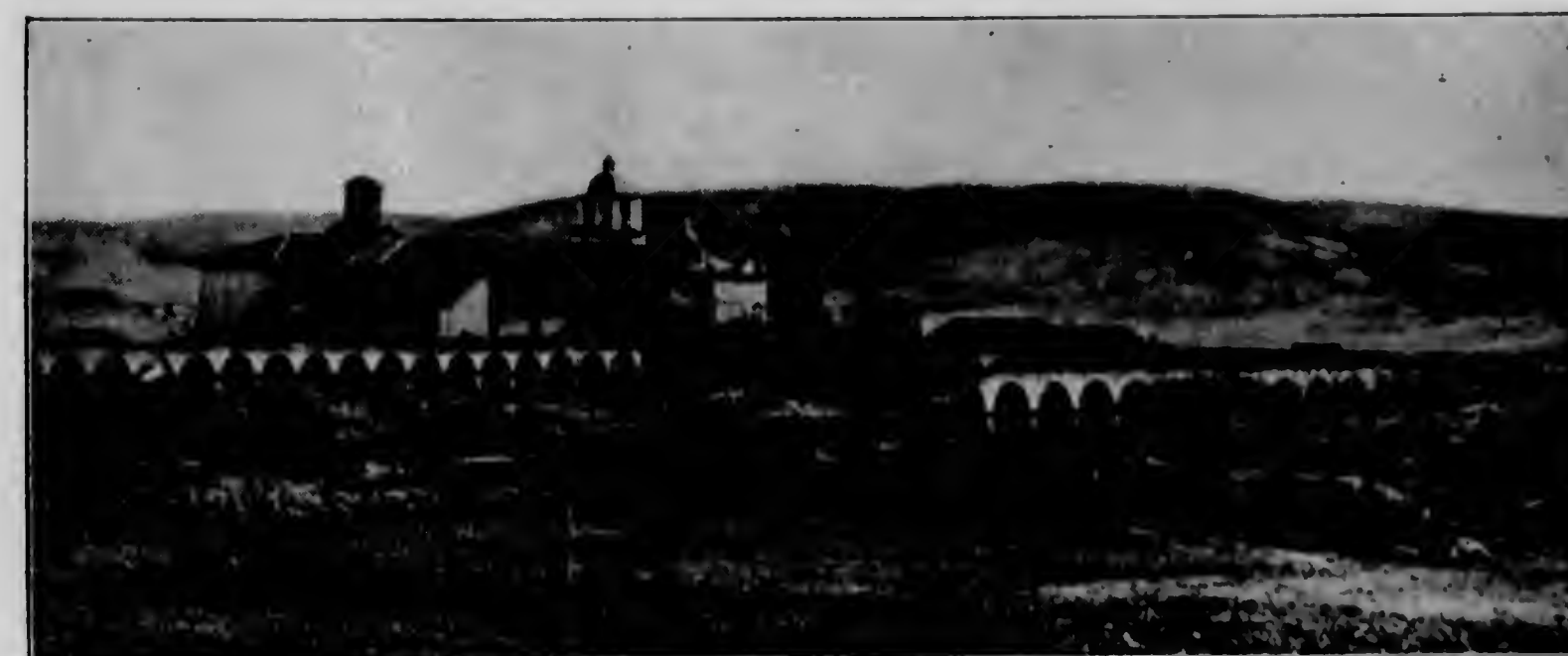
Photo. by Brewster.

SAN BUENAVENTURA MISSION.

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THE OLD MISSIONS.

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SAN LUIS REY MISSION.

Photo. by C. F. L.

temple of San Luis Rey, and other buildings of the Franciscan missionaries.

The Puritan (and the writer is proud to be of that strenuous breed) came to hunt room for his own faith; he sat down on the first shore he reached; he hanged, whipped and boycotted every other fellow that had another faith. And while he believed in God as hard as ever man did (and a cast-iron God at that), he built his temples of the nearest logs.

The Franciscan after sailing farther from the Old World, tramped on his feet as far again, to give someone else a faith. He hung no Quakers; but he built, in place of little log "meeting-houses" for himself, enormous stone churches for the Indians. Instead of the shrewd, earnest labor of the Puritan's co-workers, he had no masons nor carpenters except absolutely raw savages. And by moral suasion, not by blue-



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AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

Photo. by C. F. L.



Photo by T. H. Palache.

SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

THE OLD MISSIONS.

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laws and force, he got nomads who had never built a house for themselves to help him build imposing structures for his alien but amiable God.

This is not a California guess. It is proved historic truth, which no scholar would any more deny than he would deny gravitation. And it is food for thought. Take, for instance, the stone church at San Juan Capistrano. It could not be rebuilt, even in this easy day, with a railroad at its door and skilled masons "hunting a job," for less than *one hundred thousand dollars*. Yet it was built in what was then a deeper wilderness than Daniel Boone trod, a country more distant from the civilization of its time than central Africa is to-



L. A. Eng. Co.

MISSION SAN CARLOS.

day, and with stupid savages for workmen—held to their task not by an army, but by the magnetism and diplomacy of a couple of brown-robed missionaries.

To those who know something of history, the California Missions are, as a physical achievement and a "business success," among the most wonderful things in our country. To those who know anything about architecture, they are, collectively, the noblest monuments in the United States. To those who have some insight of beauty and picturesqueness, they are precious beyond speech.

The brutal and thievish "disestablishment"—for the early Mexican "republic" was as bitter a jest as the Mexican Republic of today is honorable and substantial fact—broke the backs of the Missions and gave their dismembered properties



SAN DIEGO, THE MOTHER MISSION, 1769.
(Now about to be safeguarded by the Landmarks Club.)

over to be looted. Since the American occupation and the coming of security, carelessness has continued the destruction that greed began. Their proselytes scattered or dead, their revenues stolen, their temples robbed to make one man's house and another man's pig-pen, the Missions have fallen into irremediable decay. Not one keeps, or will ever have again, the splendor of the good old days when each Mission was a little commonwealth, self-sustaining and self-sufficing; producing everything within its own walls; a "business management" which no American Trust surpasses in efficiency, a work of love and conscience that Americans might profitably pattern by in their dealings with minor peoples.



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CLOISTERS AT SAN LUIS REY.

Photo. by C. F. L.

A few Missions are still occupied by the meagre heirs of the patriarchal pioneers; many are gone to swift decay—pillaged by man and the elements. And some are safeguarded and loved by a devoted little band of the newcomers, who care for romance and beauty, for sincerity and skill and self-sacrifice, and who mean that the monuments of learning and faith and infinite zeal shall not perish from off the face of California. Even in ruin, the Franciscan Missions are the noblest architectural landmarks our nation owns. There is no question that the United States is smart. If it is also wise, it will preserve and honor its finest antiquities.

C. F. L.



THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

O, in sober truth, California is. It is also the paradise of the aged—and even those who are in their prime find unfading joy in a climate so motherly. But particularly to the young who are building the bodies that must serve them through life, and to the old who are clinging to the worn tenement, these genial skies are a godsend. The weather is *never dangerous*. We do not freeze to death nor roast to death. We can go out in perfect security every day of the year; and open our homes to the air every day.



L. A. Eng Co.

THIS IS CALIFORNIA.

Photo. by Schumacher.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE



General Statement

ENDORSED BY

The City Council of Pasadena

**The Honorable Board of Supervisors
of Los Angeles County**

AND

The State Bureau of Highways

AND CONGRATULATED BY

**The United States Office of Public
Road Inquiries**

The Pasadena Exhibition Association

asks the interest and assistance of "Official" California in its plan of

EL CAMINO REAL

The Plan exhibited in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, has the following Objects:

1. Tracing the original Government road of Spanish California, from San Diego to San Francisco Solano, through present succeeding counties and recording the history and traditions of this road.
2. Proving the present adaptability of portions of this route of travel for the purposes of a California state highway, with the 21 Franciscan Missions as both stations and landmarks upon it, one Spanish day's journey apart.
3. Petitioning county supervisors to assist the movement and record by county surveyors the present road, where it exists, as well as its intersection with other roads and boulevards suitable for a state thoroughfare.
4. Further petitioning supervisors to unite in asking the State of California to survey the existing portions of this Camino Real and put mile-stones upon it which shall record its history.
5. Interesting residents and strangers in making gradually of this road a MEMORIAL HIGHWAY, preserving its Spanish name, as well as a "model" road meeting Government approval.

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Mission San Antonio de Padua, Monterey County

FOUNDING OF THE PUEBLO
 *** Then Governor Felipe de Neve delivered a formal speech to the settlers, of which no report has come down to us, but which we may safely assume was full of excellent advice to the citizens, and of glowing prophecy for the pueblo's future. Prayers and a benediction from the padres concluded the ceremony, which was probably the most extensive and the most impressive that was ever held over the founding of an American city. The comparison is easily made, for the reason that probably not more than half a dozen American cities ever enjoyed the distinction of being really founded. The great majority of them merely happened.

AS PART OF A MEXICAN TERRITORY
 The pueblo of Los Angeles was the storm-center for revolutions during this period. Most of the plots

or the overthrow of one governor and the setting up of another had their birthplace in Los Angeles, and the chronic conspirators who, at irregular intervals, would work up a new scheme for making trouble, were, with a few exceptions, residents of Los Angeles.

LOCAL EVENTS OF MEXICAN RULE
 During this period of its history Los Angeles was generally known as "The Pueblo"—its full title, El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles—being used only on official documents. There was a short time during which an effort was made to change the name to Santa Maria, as the theory seems to have prevailed that the name of the saint, as well as her title, was used in the original name of the town—thus, El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora, Santa Maria, la Reina de Los Angeles. In 1827 Los Angeles had a

narrow escape from an official change of name, but not to Santa Maria, however. The Mexican authorities complained that the name of the California city was frequently confused with that of the Puebla de Los Angeles, the capital of the Mexican state of Puebla, and the California legislature reported back advising that the name be changed to Villa Victoria de la Reina de Los Angeles, the purpose evidently being to call it Victoria in everyday use. At the same time it was proposed to change the name of the territory from California to Moctezuma. The reason for this does not appear. Fortunately the whole proposition was pigeon-holed in Mexico, and Los Angeles was allowed to hold its unique title. There are plenty of Victorias in the country, but only one Los Angeles. The first American settlers had the habit of calling the place "Angeles"—without the "Los."

From the
Illustration
Dwight
History of

Text and
of Charles
Willard's
Los Angeles



Mission San Buena Ventura, Ventura County

CALIFORNIA ENTERS THE UNION

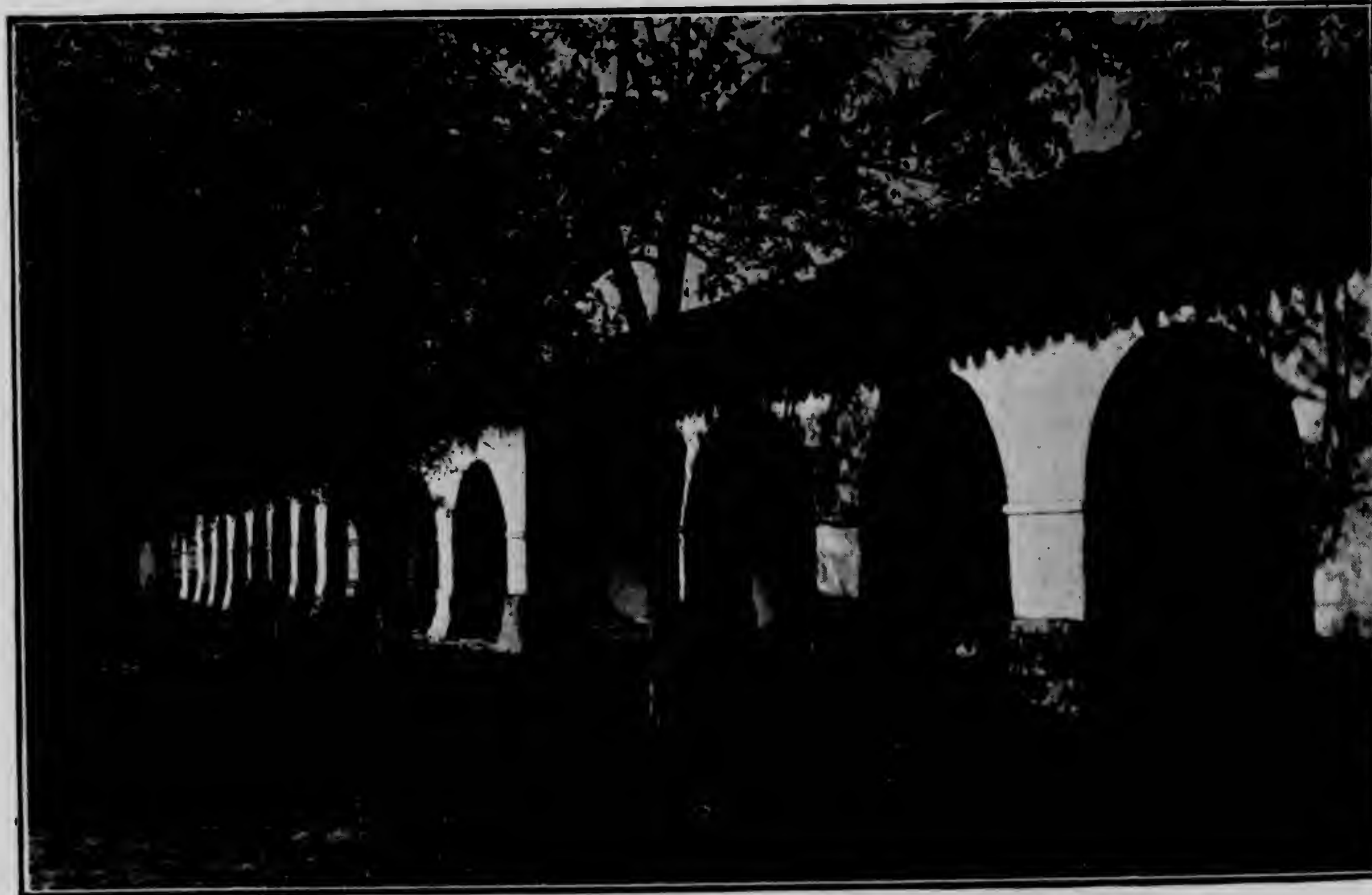
Thus far the history of Los Angeles city has been so intimately connected with the history of the whole territory of California that the narrative has, of necessity, often strayed outside the local limits. Los Angeles was not only the largest and most prosperous city of Spanish and Mexican California, but it was also the most considerable political factor of the territory, a leader in all plots and rebellions, and for a time the capital. But now, under American rule, the relation of the city to the state undergoes a change. Los Angeles presently ceases to be the largest center of population in the territory. The little town of Yerba Buena, which had recently been rechristened San Francisco, and which at the time of the American occupation contained perhaps a thousand people, is suddenly flooded with a great wave of immigration, as a result of the discovery of gold, so that Los

Angeles becomes little more than a village in comparison. Other towns besides San Francisco spring up in the northern part of the state, rivaling the southern city in size, and surpassing it, for the time being, in business activity.

LOS ANGELES AT ITS WORST

The people of Los Angeles seem, from the very beginning, to have adopted the principle that whatever they undertook to do they must do thoroughly. During the Spanish regime their chief purpose was to avoid work; and indolence was practiced until it became almost an art. Probably there was at that time no city within the boundaries of the Union where more work was permanently left undone than at Los Angeles.

The entire
cordon of the
21 Missions
forms part of
the
illustration



Mission San Juan Bautista, San Benito County



Mission San Diego, San Diego County

The above
paragraphs
suggest
the text

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California Missions

Furnished by the Pasadena Exhibition Association.

FOUNDING Franciscans of the College of San Fernando in the City of Mexico, established in Upper California, 21 Missions whose architecture is recognized as the most picturesque the United States has ever known.

GEOGRAPHICAL SUCCESSION These 21 Missions were one Franciscan day's journey apart; the traveller hearing matins in one and vespers in the next, and the entire cordon covering a distance of 700 miles, from south to north.

PRESERVATION Nineteen of the 21 Franciscan buildings are still in existence, the missing two being Santa Cruz and San Rafael. Of the existing 19, three lie to the south of the City of Los Angeles and are reached by the Santa Fé Railroad, or by carriage connecting with this railroad. These three are San Juan Capistrano, San Luis Rey de Francia and San Diego de Alcalá.

SOUTH from LOS ANGELES By the Santa Fé The remaining 16 Missions of the cordon are upon the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, or may be reached by a drive connecting with it, and lie in succession north of the City of Los Angeles. The first of the 16 is San Gabriel Arcángel, the second, San Fernando Rey, the third, Buenaventura and the fourth, Santa Barbara.

NORTH from LOS ANGELES By the Southern Pacific Lying north of Santa Barbara are San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Santa Cruz, (the city) San José and Santa Clara, preceding "the City of Saint Francis", and its incomparable Bay.

EL CAMINO REAL The old road which originally connected the 21 Missions, 3 pueblos and 4 presidios of California, was called Camino Real. For most of the way from San Diego through Los Angeles to San Francisco, this road survives as a county highway, and a plan to rehabilitate it will be brought before the Biennial by Mr. Charles F. Lummis, the famous President of the Landmarks Club.

LOS ANGELES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE EXHIBIT All Los Angeles visitors interested in the California Missions, the Road connecting them, or the Club which is preserving them, are asked to visit the exhibit in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, called El Camino Real.

AN INVITATION Special Committees will, in this exhibition space, at the Chamber of Commerce, distribute maps, explain routes, answer questions, commend guide-books and mission literature, or serve as cicerones through the Coronel, Pico and Palmer collections.

The Twenty-one Franciscan Missions on the Camino Real, in California

WITH DATE OF FOUNDING

1. *San Diego de Alcalá* (Saint James of Alcalá). 1769.
2. *San Luis Rey de Francia* (Saint Louis, King of France) — Louis IX, Member of the *Tercer Orden* of the Franciscans. 1798.
3. *San Juan Capistrano* (Saint John Capistrano) — The warrior priest who fought at Belgrade. 1776.
4. *San Gabriel Arcángel* (The Archangel Gabriel). 1771.
5. *San Fernando Rey de España* (Saint Ferdinand, King of Spain). 1797.
6. *San Buenaventura Doctor Seráfico* (Saint Bonaventura, Seraphic Doctor). 1782.
7. *Santa Bárbara, Virgen y Mártir* (Saint Barbara, Virgin and Martyr). 1786.
8. *Santa Inés, Virgen y Mártir* (Saint Agnes, Virgin and Martyr). 1804.
9. *La Purísima Concepción* (The Immaculate Conception). 1787.
10. *San Luis Obispo de Tolosa* (Saint Louis, Bishop of Toulouse). 1772.
11. *San Miguel Arcángel* (The Archangel Michael). 1797.
12. *San Antonio de Padua* (Saint Anthony of Padua). 1771.
13. *Nuestra Señora de la Soledad* (Our Lady of Solitude). 1791.
14. *San Carlos Borromeo de Monterey* (Saint Charles Borromeo of Monterey). 1770.
15. *San Juan Bautista* (Saint John the Baptist). 1797.
16. *Santa Cruz* (The Holy Cross). 1791.
17. *San José de Guadalupe* (Saint Joseph of Guadalupe). 1797.
18. *Santa Clara Madre Seráfica* (Saint Clara, Seraphic Mother). 1777.
19. *San Francisco Padre Seráfico* (Saint Francis, Seraphic Father). 1776.
20. *San Rafael Arcángel* (The Archangel Raphael). 1817.
21. *San Francisco Solano* (Saint Francis Solanus). 1823.

From The Biennial Guide.



Mission San Gabriel Arcangel, Los Angeles County

The Californian - March 1892 -

THOSE BELLS OF THE MATER PURISSIMA.

BY EVELYN MORSE LUDLUM.

CAPTAIN SIMON MATTHEWS did sometimes quote the Bible, but always in a slighting, colloquial phrase, and merely to suit his private purposes.

For instance, "that there apple business" was thrown at Josefa, his granddaughter, as an unanswerable reason why she should not be given the liberty of his orchard.

To irrigate, to spray, to anoint, to fumigate his few trees was the anxious delight of his life. He accounted for his enthusiasm over some fine persimmons in words that might easily have had a human application.

"I've watched that there fruit," he'd say, "pickin' its way along from a bud."

Josefa, too, or "Chepa," as she was nicknamed, had been "picking her way along" under his eyes.

She had pretty, caressing tricks, would lay her soft, round cheek down upon her grandfather's arm. But children do not choose convenient times. Old Matthews' attention was absorbed by a thousand trifles. If he was busy, the arm Chepa pressed remained as irresponsive as a bone under its flapping gingham sleeve.

Chepa had a feeling that her grandfather locked her out of his heart with the same key clicking so sharply in the padlock of his orchard-gate.

Indoors there was always her Aunt Porfirio, a representative of the Mexican element of Pueblo Viejo, where Matthews had been settled these thirty years.

The Señora secretly called the Captain "that robber." Had he not been ready to snap up a bit of property whenever her improvident countrymen were forced to sell?

With a man's dullness the Captain had never discovered this domestic

enemy, or how Chepa's life was embittered by her.

She hated Chepa as the heiress of half the pueblo.

When Chepa's last and dearest playmate, Pablo McNamara, left the dead town to seek a livelihood elsewhere the girl would have run away from home; but, profoundly ignorant as she was, a vague terror always accompanied her speculations upon such a course.

At sixteen she had touches of beauty about her fit to dream upon: a rich sculpture of the lips, a dewy fire deep in her dark eyes, a glint of ravishing color where her somber hair ridged itself to the sun.

But she pondered too deeply about herself. There was much in her lonely habits to draw her to forsaken places. Such a place was one of the many ruins in Pueblo Viejo. "Mercedes' house" it was called, after a bride killed there by the falling of a tile through a weak place in the thatch.

The dwelling with all it contained had been superstitiously abandoned. Such rooms as were open had been robbed by Indians; but the death-chamber at one end of the row, hermetically sealed by the weight of the sinking roof, remained untouched.

A foot path leading from the *placita* to the little Catholic chapel on the outskirts of the town would have been shortened by going past Mercedes' house, but curved off widely instead.

A thicket of castor-bean and wild tobacco grew rankly around it. Chepa could be sure of solitude there.

One afternoon she fled to Mercedes' house in bitter revolt. She gave vent to her feelings with childish abandon by tearing at the braids of her hair, into which black strings had been tightly woven,—a hideous Mexican fashion.

business of the way ports will largely increase the receipts of the line; and, if built as well as operated in San Francisco, the enterprise would be of great service to our city and State. Unfortunately, the excessive taxation of shipping under our State Constitution would necessitate the registry in some other State more friendly to the shipping interest.

When these steamships can be passed through the interoceanic canal the full solution of the question will have been attained; and this is a feature of the question which may be considered very favorable to the experiment. Even perishable freights, the products of our orchards and farms, can be successfully and cheaply carried by this route on refrigerator steamers, as is now and has for years been done with fresh meats from the Argentine Republic, Australia and New Zealand to Europe. The requirements of this class of service for vegetable products are much less rigorous than for meats, the latter requiring from ten to twelve degrees Fahrenheit lower temperature than fruit and vegetables. The cheapness of transportation by water is well illustrated by the demand in various parts of the world for ship canals. Manchester demands and is completing one at a cost of about \$46,000,000, one-half of what the Nicaragua Canal will cost! Paris demands deep water at her doors. A ship canal is being built from the North Sea, and another at the Isthmus of Corinth, and others of less importance are projected. These are trivial in importance with the maritime canal of Nicaragua, which avoids the circumnavigation of half a continent, and discards the most tempestuous navigation on the globe!

The ocean is God's great highway,—nature's cheap transportation route,—an abundance of water but no watered stocks, no tracks to maintain, no switches to be left open,—its use free to all on equal terms!

Three-fifths of the globe is covered with navigable waters, affording a

basis of cheap transportation, inviting the energy and the skill of mankind. The greatest nations have been and to-day are those that have used water transportation the most. Navigation has opened the path to empire!

The depth of water at the principal ports of the world has limited the size of ships, and the limit appears to have been reached. It is a striking fact that a ship drawing twenty-four feet of water is too large for three-quarters of the harbors in the world. The trans-Atlantic steamships have to await high water before passing the bar at Sandy Hook, and the San Francisco bar has spots on it with only thirty feet depth, on which deeply laden ships have struck repeatedly. While this limit exists as to size there is no known limit to propulsion. It does appear as if not much more can be expected from the use of steam, except possibly as a secondary power to produce electricity for the propelling of ships. In the development of electricity we may look for a motive power applicable to ocean navigation. Electric ships are almost a certainty of the near future. Electric launches are now at work afloat, and one of the large flour mills at Minneapolis has just introduced electricity as its motive power. Under any circumstances that can be foreseen, however, water transportation will continue to be the cheapest known to commerce; and in the development of maritime commerce San Francisco must make its mark in the history of modern cities; while the Pacific Coast of the United States will welcome the day when an American interoceanic canal opens a cheap transportation route to Europe and our Atlantic coast. Without injury to existing transportation interests, it will mark a new era in our prosperity,—a monument to American enterprise and a benison to mankind. Welcome the day! It cannot come too soon. The American flag shall go afloat once more, and San Francisco shall become one of the world's greatest seaports,—a distributing point for the commerce of the Pacific Ocean.

She flung the string on the floor. Her two braids divided into six deeply waving strands; she attacked each strand, whipping it about. Her thoughts went even faster than her fingers.

"My grandfather will do what he pleases with his own," she declared, addressing her aunt, Luise Porfirio in imagination. "You cannot stop him."

Her loose locks spread gradually into a rich mass. She flung them around until her head swam and an electric life awoke in each airy filament.

The sunshine pouring down through the broken roof of the room where she sat took this magnificent mist of hair to itself, setting it afire.

Chepa was diverted from one cause of anger to another.

"Is this Indian hair?" she asked, in a transport of scorn and delight.

For the Señora Porfirio had not kept from her the ugly old rumor that her grandfather's first wife, her veritable grandmother, had been, not a Mexican woman, but an Indian squaw.

Little birds, accustomed to make free with Mercedes' house, could not wait for the disappearance of that glorified apparition.

Sitting silent on a rubbish-heap fallen in from the roof, Chepa felt a bird drop lightly down beside her.

She welcomed her visitor with a half hiss, half whistle, a charm she had learned from a Cahuilla Indian girl.

With a hop the bird took the edge of a tile-shard nearer to that mysterious summons. He twisted his head with insatiable curiosity.

As the hissing whistle went on inquisitive twitterings fell from ragged fringes of thatch overhead; excited shadows winked across the sunshine; bird after bird slipped down the golden chute and alighted.

In the midst of this growing flock Chepa was cautiously gathering up the hem of her gown so as to make a deep bag.

Whistle, whistle. A knot of snake-grass, stirred by heaven knows what,

for nothing else was stirring, rustled with sound of life trailing by; but not a bird took fright. Whistle, whistle. A wild tobacco-tree whose top, dipping slenderly over the wall, dipped deep into the sunstream, sprang up suddenly, riding some flaw, and sprinkled Chepa and her entranced observers with sundrops. Whistle, whistle. Swiftly Chepa's free hand darted out to catch a bird, and returning, whish it into her improvised bag.

The other birds flew wildly away, but Chepa knew how to lure them back until her game-pouch was as full as she cared to have it.

What did she mean to do? Without doubt the Cahuilla girl had kept her captives for the spit.

Chepa stood up, gathering the skirt of her gown closer and closer. She talked to her prisoners aloud:

"You will never, never fly again, no?"

An ever-recurring "No?" from the Spanish tongue was shaded to infinite meanings on Chepa's lips, was deferential, gracious, wistful, from mood to mood.

"Only your feathers will fly when I pick them. One by one they will fly away to the top of the trees, away high up to the sun."

The imprisoned birds chirped frantically. Chepa was thrilled by the feel of their tiny feet kicking and scratching.

"But you will be dead, dead, dead."

With this dire repetition she gave the tumbling, palpitating mass an ecstatic squeeze,—and let her gown fall.

The birds rolled downward as one, but only far enough to catch their wings and whirr! they were slanting madly up the sunbeam, up, up, as if not to stop short of the sky. Chepa's very heart rose with them. She stretched up her arms as if to share in their glorious liberation.

Her rebellious mood had given way to an ecstasy of hope.

This hope had some foundation. A corporation of medical specialists were bargaining for a thousand acres of her

grandfather's land. They were to build a sanitarium for consumptives, to plant gardens and orchards in which patients might work out their own cure.

The Captain thought it a magnificent scheme. He had gone into it heart and soul, raising his price enthusiastically from day to day. He talked to Chepa incessantly, with flashes of youth in his weak, old eyes, of what he would do with changing, yet always fabulous, sums of money.

The birds were gone. Chepa sat down once more on the rubbish-heap in the midst of her red-gold bush of hair.

A dream of the future glittered and spun like the sunshine, adorably pure, laden with balm and ozone which men were coming to buy with her grandfather's land.

Out of this dream of the future, advancing to meet the self she was to be, came her lost playmate, Pablo McNamara.

He turned adoring eyes upon her.

"You are beautiful," he seemed to say, "and I love you."

A sound, not human, broke upon her ears with startling nearness. Just one thrilling note, and at an ominous interval another.

The bells of the Mater Purissima had begun to toll.

Ineffably clear, and right at hand, yet those tones had a singular sound of remoteness. No material interposition produced this effect. It was a spiritual quality, an aloofness, in touch with the dead pueblo, with its summer-burned hills and the seeping away of life.

Those vibrations as they widened out toward infinity took Chepa's soul with them. Her dream of the future passed into them as a breath passes into a wide-winged wind, and is lost.

She rose quickly and went to look through the great blossom-brushes of the castor-bean with an instinctive effort to lay hold upon some object that would bring back the present to her senses, bring back her hopes for the future.

Beyond the thicket, across a sun-baked open space, stood the little chapel. As through a mist she saw its side door standing open, its dark interior showing as a niche of shadow.

Rude figures which the sunshine could not enliven were crowding out of this shadow. One of them bore a tiny box decorated with gay tatters of cloth and paper.

"It is only an Indian baby," Chepa said, in a daze.

Behind the chapel rose up austere the bare posts and cross-beam where the bells hung, or, as now, rolled languidly against the blue of the deep sky.

Seen through these posts as in a frame, immeasurable perspectives of wild land merged in the sapphire uplift of False Bay.

Upon this vacant water the afternoon was passing in flights of golden arrows.

Would those bells never cease! The priest who, only, had the right to ring them was tying back their consecrated tongues.

But whenever Chepa awoke that night their vibrations seemed to be still widening outward from her brain.

Chepa's heart was full of delirious expectations. The hours that separated her from a new life of travel and luxury, such as her grandfather had garrulously pictured, were on their way. At noon sharp, that very day, the great land deal was to be consummated.

At ten o'clock, giving up an attempt to spend the morning, as usual, in his orchard, the Captain had dressed himself with distinct reference to his dignity as a man of means.

The tails of his gingham shirt, wont to flow free, were tucked in. His hair, ordinarily left to draggle in gray wisps over his shoulders, was drawn up and spread painstakingly thin to conceal an extensive baldness. A strong musty odor exhaled from a brand new silk handkerchief knotted about his throat.

Chepa, on tiptoe with exultation, announced to him constantly how many

more teams and horses were hitching in the *placita*.

He remarked with an air of pride:

"They've heard of this big 'buy' all over the country."

The Señor Porfirio, who had taken the Captain's side against Luisa Porfirio and other mossback opponents of the sale, dawdled uneasily back and forth between his open door and the Captain's.

"You might spring an advance of five thousand on them," he advised at the last minute. "They would not let their scheme fall through for five thousand."

"Think ye? Think ye?" demanded the Captain, grouping and regrouping his wrinkles to the expression of varying shades of cupidity.

With the suddenness that surprises us in things long waited for, the great interview was actually taking place.

Chepa had fled to an adjoining room to listen. Her head and heart throbbed together with joy,—then terror.

Was that her grandfather's voice breaking out furiously?

"Who's made ye a better offer?"

Porfirio? He hasn't a acre in his own right. . . . Forty dollars a acre? . . . Take him up then, and when your improvements are in see if there ain't a right o' dower or trust deed, some d—d Mexican trickery, trumped up to drag ye into litigation?"

If Señor Porfirio had spoiled Captain Matthews' sale the Captain looked to a prompt return of the attention.

Those eminent specialists went elsewhere, leaving Pueblo Viejo to its old ways.

After such a terrible disappointment Chepa found the deadly monotony of things indoors unendurable.

A golden perch swimming in circles bounded by a glass bottle startled so stupidly at nothing. The round wooden clock on a bare wooden shelf was perpetually rolling over on its head and ticking placidly upside down. When Chepa was half mad with drawing threads from endless

strips of *perfilada*, her aunt's favorite species of Spanish lace, she ran desperately to her grandfather.

She found him talking aloud to himself as he stooped over a pepper-vine.

She laid her cheek, pale with thoughts, upon the arm he needed to have free.

"What's the matter of ye anyhow!" he shouted.

She had startled him when he was deeply preoccupied.

"Let go, there! Eh, eh?"

Chepa had said something in a low tone which he could not hear.

He jerked his face up at her and instantly, in the intensity of a peevish inquiry, drew his toothless lips apart.

What has an old man of eighty to do with storms of feeling?

In the Captain's agitation he pulled off a green pepper and stood up fumbling at it and blinking his weak old eyes at Chepa.

"What's on ye Chepa?"

She tried to speak, but could only draw her breath hard.

The Captain's discomfort pushed him to seek relief in a general accusation.

"Weemen are al'ays hankerin' for somethin'."

"Grandfather," said Chepa with a deep, still gaze upon him, and a childish quiver of her lip, "could not a girl like me be a religious, a nun? Is it not good, no?"

How had the Captain's life prepared him to answer such a query?

"Who's been a talkin' to ye?"

"Nobody—sure, no. I think of it myself."

"I've got along all my life—and I ain't goin' to begin givin' in to such notions. You're your grandmother all over."

With the green pepper still in his hand he had disemboweled it and ate the carcass with a furious churning of the jaws. His eyes were redder than usual from the burning.

"But when she got one o' her spells o' hankerin' on I jest upped and off fer a week's huntin'. When I got

back she was pretty generally ready to take things as they come."

"Grandfather," said Chepa, looking at him as never before, with eyes that summoned him before the judgment-bar of a soul, "I have often thought to myself I would ask you, Is that story true that I hear? Was my grandmother an Indian?"

Her lip quivered, not childish now, as she waited.

"Is it true, grandfather?"

He answered her sharply, "You're a fool!" and turned his back on her.

As Chepa was going vaguely out of the garden she saw Pablo McNamara whirling away from the town in a jaunty dog-cart.

Dead grasses flickered ghost-like in the *placita*. The sunshine absorbed there by dark walls lay dimly as in an eclipse.

At a curbless well, covered by a lid let into the street like a trap-door, a superannuated horse was waiting for some one to give him a drink. He blew his nostrils at Chepa and pawed at the wooden lid.

She drew water and gave him to drink.

The chapel door was standing open upon the eternal shadow of its interior. A priest praying alone before the altar did not look up while Chepa stood about.

Behind the chapel those bells seemed to be forever waiting for youth to be dead and borne to its burial.

A second time that strange seizure! Staring up somberly at the bells, Chepa found the present with its despair trembling outward from her soul to possess that vacant landscape, the world, eternity itself, in ripples of solemn sound.

* * * *

A strange event had quickened Pueblo Viejo into galvanic semblance of life.

Chepa Matthews' sudden disappearance was associated with Pablo McNamara's equally sudden departure from that section of the country.

But Captain Matthews charged furiously upon all gossips with another theory. His "little Chepy" had been "inveigled away" from him by priests who wanted his land.

An Indian boy stoning birds near Mercedes' house heard a strange sound in there.

The house had always been haunted. It was long before men were led to search it.

A heap of stones and tiles rudely simulating a flight of steps led from the earthen floor up to the roof of Mercedes' death-chamber.

Looking through the ruinous thatch into the cell-like gloom below a sight to chill the blood was seen.

Rooted amid dust and cobwebs, her wild hair in a sunless mist, stood what had been Chepa Matthews. Her arms hung rigidly down in front of her; the hands, locked together, made one fist.

At odd moments, far apart, moved by some blind mechanism, her arms lifted toward her breast, the fist smote there, and a voice not hers, but hollow and vibrant, answered the stroke as a bell its clapper. One lamentable great tone, and at ominous intervals another and another:

"Oh-h! Oh-h! Oh-h!"

Then marble silence again. Devout Catholics saw how this affliction had come about.

Had not that robber of a Captain just "floated a claim" over the land on which the chapel stood?

To punish this heretic, those blessed bells had "gone to Chepa Matthews' brain."

Solemn groups stand for hours at safe distances from Mercedes' house to hear and shudder at those lamentable great tones.

"Oh-h! Oh-h! Oh-h!"

Thus ringing her own knell dies Chepa Matthews, aged sixteen.

No other knell is rung for her. The priestly guardian of the bells will not untie their austere sweet tongues.

The Californian - Sept. 1892.

THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.



Mission of San Diego, Yesterday and To-day.

ITALY has its ruins, its Coliseum and its Forum; Germany, its castles that hide amongst the crags of the Rhine; and Spain its slumbering Alhambra, whose fountains have long since ceased to flow. With equal pride California points to its ruins. True, they cannot boast of great antiquity, neither do they tell of nations fought and conquered; their tale is of the heroic deeds of noble men, who yielded fame and fortune for the glorification of God in the then heathen California.

In 1543, Cabrillo, while exploring the coast of the mysterious Upper California, entered a land-locked harbor of much beauty, which he named San Miguel. Sixty years later, Viscaïno, commanding a Spanish exploring fleet, sailed into this same bay, whose name he changed to San Diego de Alcala, in honor of his flagship. The explorer left copious accounts of the new land and its inhabitants, but it was not until a century and a half had elapsed that the Spanish government made practical use of the knowledge.

Meanwhile, the different orders of missionaries were constantly importuning the king to authorize them to establish missions in Alta California; but intrigues and troubles at court constantly usurped the royal attention. Still undismayed, they presented prayer after prayer, until Spain finally awoke from its lethargy, and the longings of the zealots were about to be realized. Undoubtedly, though, had it not been for the fear of Russian invasion from the north, and for other political reasons, Spain would not then have heeded the prayers that for over a century had fallen unheeded upon diplomatic ears.

It was then resolved to occupy Alta California, and to establish military posts at San Diego and Monterey, as described by Viscaïno. The military

expedition was placed under Jose de Galvez, the most efficient officer in all New Spain, and a prime favorite with Carlos III. Immediately after receiving the royal decree to occupy these ports, he summoned for consultation, Padre Junipero Serra, President of the Franciscan missions of Lower California, that the military and the religious expeditions might act in unison. Full of hope and zeal born of years of patient waiting, Serra set out to meet the energetic Galvez. Between them, it was agreed that the old Jesuit régime be re-established; that is, that the older missions give birth to new ones, by furnishing church property, such as vestments, bells and ornaments, besides such livestock, grain and implements as could be spared. The church ornaments were regarded as gifts, but the more substantial donations were treated as loans, to be repaid in kind when prosperity should reward their efforts.

It was decided that four expeditions—two by land and two by sea were to be dispatched to the land of the Gentile. The first, a company of twenty-five Catalan volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant Fages, arrived from Guaymas, to proceed to sea as the first detachment of the illustrious band of crusaders into Alta California.

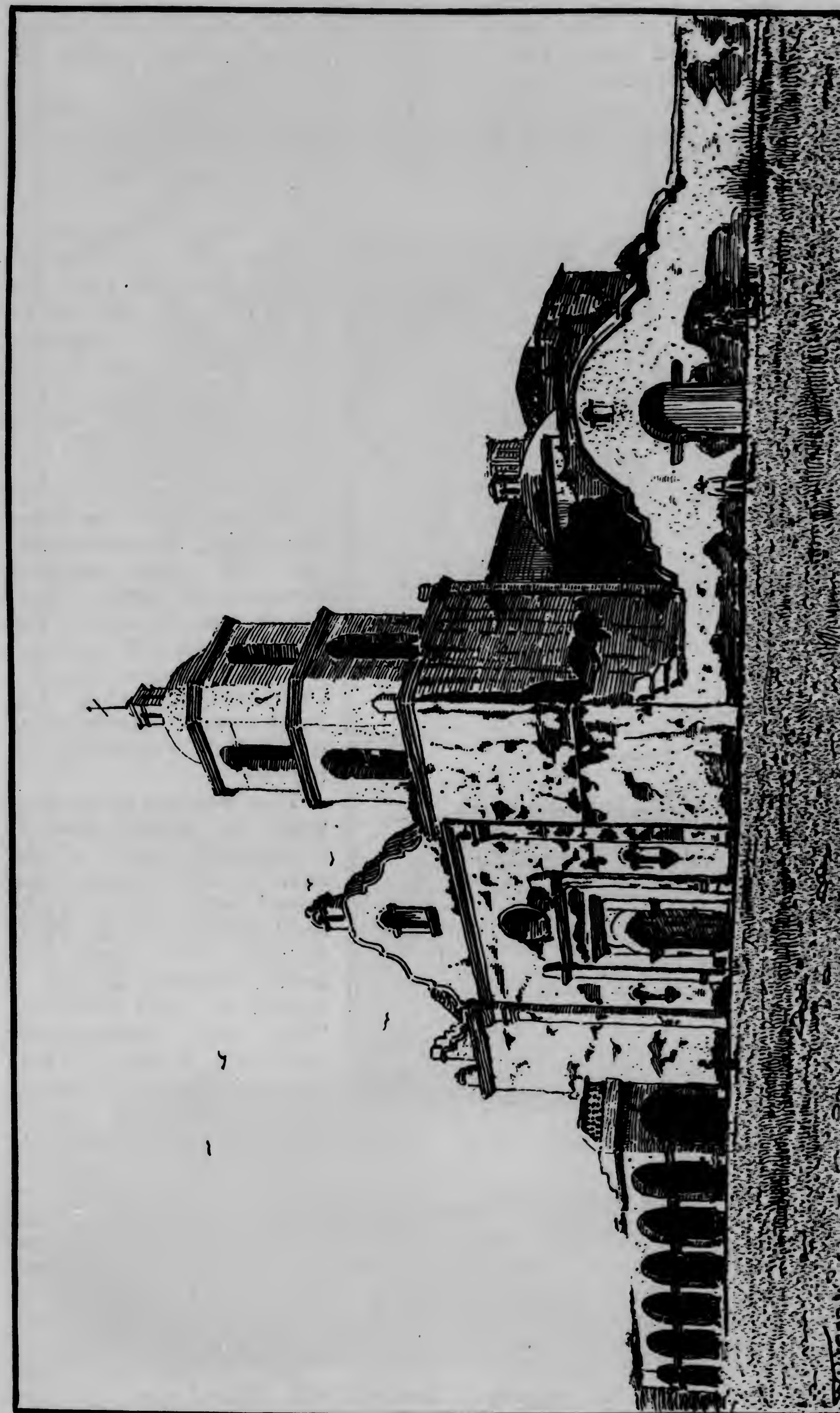
On the 9th of January, 1769, the San Carlos was ready to put to sea; St. Joseph, the patron saint of the expedition, was solemnly invoked to smooth the seas and clear the skies, that the vessel might reach San Diego in safety. Early that morning, all had partaken of communion at mass, and prostrate before the altar, with tear-dimmed eyes, they besought His Divine aid to strengthen them in their faith and perseverance. Junipero Serra, with outstretched hands, pronounced a most solemn blessing upon the departing pilgrims, their flag, their crew, and upon the good Padre Parron, to whom the spiritual care of the expedition was intrusted; and

after charging them in the name of God, of their King and of the Viceroy to accept the authority of the priests, and to preserve peace and unity among themselves, he bade them a loving farewell.

Without a fear, the gallant crew stepped aboard the vessel, waved adieu to their Mexican home, and the San Carlos was off to sea. Fifteen days after, the San Antonio followed with much the same ceremony.

Meanwhile the land expeditions were preparing for their invasion. Captain Rivera had gone northward through Mexico, visiting each mission and taking such livestock and supplies as could be spared; with concentrated forces and property, he started north for San Diego in March. Father Juan Crespi, a coadjutor of Serra, who had come with him from Mallorca to the Sierra Gorda missions, sixteen years before, was ordered to accompany this expedition. Accordingly he left the mission of Purissima, and with Father Lassen, joined Rivera's noble little army of crusaders. After the customary blessing and the invocation of Divine help, details being perfected, the march began—each full of the love of God, with zeal and hope for the future; but not without some misgivings, for Viscaino had told them in his manuscripts of the totally low and depraved condition, mentally, morally and physically of the Indians along the coast.

The second division, under Governor Portola, had already proceeded; but Padre Serra, who had planned to accompany this party, was disappointed in his hopes. He had not yet completed his collection of church utensils; besides he was suffering from an ulcerous sore on his foot, caused many months before during a difficult journey afoot from Vera Cruz to Mexico. In such a wretched condition was his foot that his colleagues deemed his following them practically impossible. Possessed, however, of such indomitable energy and zeal, while yet very lame, he set



Mission of San Luis Rey.

out on his journey at the end of March, stopping over a short time at San Javier with Francesca Palou, in order to appoint him president of the old missions in Mexico during his absence. Slowly, and with great suffering at every step, he journeyed on from mission to mission, impelled

scurvy and malignant fevers having broken out among them, greatly reducing their numbers.

In 1769, on the 16th of July, the day of the triumph of the Most Holy Cross, the mission of San Diego de Alcalá was founded. The men and officers, naval and military, assembled at the

site selected for the presidio, and with deep gratitude for their deliverance from the perils of travel, they set to work to erect a temporary altar at which to give thanks in the holy sacrifice of the mass. Bells were swung over a neighboring tree, and rung by willing hands; the Veni Creator rang out clearly on the virgin air; the water was blessed, the cross raised, and the royal standard thrown to the breeze. Thus was the country taken in the name of God and the king. Groups of savages had gathered about meanwhile, and, dumb with astonishment, watched the proceedings to the end.

They were not an inviting people to behold, clad in breech-cloths made of the skins of wild animals, and armed with spears, clubs and bows and arrows. Their features were coarse and heavy, showing no ray of mental or moral elevation. They were contemptible, physically, as well as intellectually, Humboldt classing them as low in the scale of humanity as the inhabitants of Van Dieman's Land, who

were the nearest approach to the brute creation. The women wore braided strands of rabbit skins, carefully fastened together onto one garment, which hung to the knees, and was frequently garnished with fringes of gaudy beads and bright grasses. Add to this their faces painted with colored mud, and you



The Bells of Pala.

forward by the fire of zeal that seemed at times to consume the anguish of his pain, till on the 5th of May, amid much rejoicing, he overtook Governor Portola's party. From the governor's diary, a copy of which forms part of Hubert Howe Bancroft's collection of manuscripts, we learn of much physical suffering among the pilgrims,



Old San Diego Mission.

have a lady of high degree, attired for early California society.

The missionaries found the natives as a nation lazy, cruel, cowardly and covetous, with no orators among them, but few warriors and possessed of no native lore.

Their language was a strange jargon, and here arose the first of the many obstacles that constantly beset the paths of the padres. After having tenderly nursed the sick crusaders back to health, the indomitable Serra and companions set to work to acquire the Indian tongue. Then began the dawning of Christian light. Meanwhile, the soldiers were busily engaged erecting suitable buildings on the site chosen for the Presidio—called by the Indians "Cosoy"—and when completed, they consisted of the church, the fort, dwellings, and warehouses and shelter for cattle and live stock.

Shortly after their completion, however, Padre Serra moved the mission from the Presidio to "Nipaguay," about two leagues distant, whose fertile fields offered fine pasturage to his fast-increasing flocks. Here there were brought to the baptismal font, four hundred and seventy-four savages, whose secular education was going on, hand-in-hand with the spiritual. They had been taught to till the soil, to raise wheat, vegetables and cotton, and to manufacture a coarse kind of cloth; some of them became carpenters, others blacksmiths, and some stonecutters. A few of the most intelligent ones had learned to lead in prayer, and frequently assisted the padres in instructing those of their brethren who desired to be baptized. Thus did the good Padres Fuster and Jaume, with their predecessors, labor on from dawn till dark, content and happy in doing their Master's bidding, rejoicing at each baptism and confirmation, and bearing with Christian fortitude their sorrows and disappointments.

On the fifth of November, 1775, after having bade his "children," as he fondly termed the neophytes, a

cheery good-night and retired, Father Jaume was suddenly awakened from his slumbers by the demoniac howls of a thousand or more frenzied savages, descending upon them like a pack of hungry wolves, bent on destruction. Rushing out to appease their fury, he drew his crucifix from his belt and raising it aloft cried out: "Amar a Dios, hijos" ("Love God, my children.") Immediately they fell upon him with spears, clubs and stones, and with savage glee they pierced his bruised and bleeding body through and through. As he fell, mortally wounded, kissing his crucifix and commending his spirit to God, he gasped out: "Oh, Jesus, save my soul." The soldiers of the guard, two of whom were wounded by arrows, rushed to the rescue of Father Fuster, upon whom the fire was fast approaching. "Seek my companion," he cried; and, unmindful of his own danger, he rushed out amid the shower of stones and arrows, calling wildly to his beloved companion, unconscious that he lay in the courtyard, a hacked and bleeding corpse.

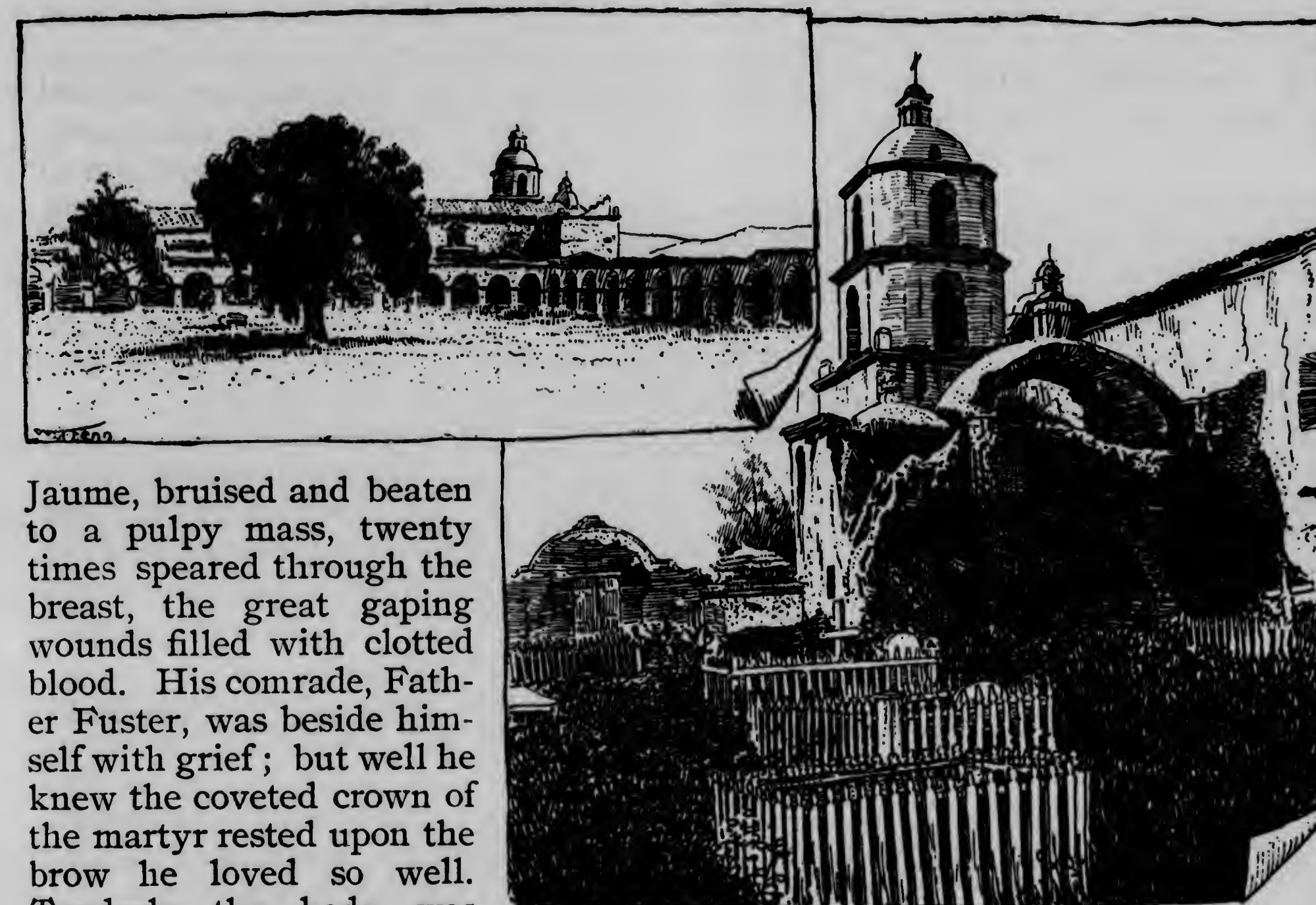
Already the buildings were burning fiercely, the savages were becoming wilder with excitement, and, yelping like hyenas, danced and darted about in the flickering light, hurling stones and arrows unremittingly at the corral, whither Father Fuster and companions had sought refuge. A horrible night it was—no human help at hand; the good padre had besought the Blessed Mother to help them in their great peril, and she had heard the prayer. Arrows flew thick and fast all through the night about their heads, yet not a hair was touched. Behind Father Fuster lay a sack containing fifty pounds of gunpowder. Though burning brands were falling everywhere, it was miraculously untouched.

Corporal Rocha and his wounded soldiers kept up their fire from the front of the corral, and with good results. When day began to dawn, bringing great relief to the prisoners,

it was seen the fury of the mob was spent, and the savages were dispersing.

Then appeared the neophytes, sorrowing greatly that they had been unable to repress their furious brethren. Two of them, Ignacio and Roque, soon after daylight, recovered the body of the martyred Padre

bodies were destined to be disturbed, this time to be laid away forever, to sleep in the shadow of the cross they loved. According to Book I of Baptisms, Marriages and Deaths, Father Jaume was buried beneath the arch that joined the sanctuaries. Here rests the martyr in whose blood California was baptized. In 1800,



San Luis Rey.

Jaume, bruised and beaten to a pulpy mass, twenty times speared through the breast, the great gaping wounds filled with clotted blood. His comrade, Father Fuster, was beside himself with grief; but well he knew the coveted crown of the martyr rested upon the brow he loved so well. Tenderly the body was borne to the Presidio, where, with deep sorrow, it was committed to the grave. Here, also, were the bodies of the unhappy blacksmith and his comrade, who had fallen early in the fray, laid to rest.

Immediately there stepped into the martyred father's place, Padre de la Peña, who, with Fuster, took up anew the work so rudely interrupted, re-establishing the mission at the Presidio for greater safety. In 1804, a new church was erected, and the bodies of Padre Jaume and colleagues were re-interred in the sanctuary. Again, in 1813, a more substantial church was built, and it is the remains of this structure that to-day attract the tourist. On November 12th, 1813, with the greatest solemnity, the new edifice was dedicated. Again the

there were about three thousand neophytes in the missions and surrounding rancherias, and it might be of interest to inquire into their modes of living. In the early part of the above year, there came to San Diego from Mexico eight foundling children, one of whom survived to dictate, in 1876, the story of routine life at the missions. As her mind was perfectly clear on the subject, the information is reliable.

At daybreak all animal life was astir. All, except the sick or infirm, proceeded to the chapel for mass, and after breaking their fast with atole, they sought their respective fields of labor. Atole, their staple food, consisted of roasted barley, ground very

fine, and converted into pinole by women called pozoleros, or cooks; each day the mavera, keeper of the granaries, distributed to them the quantity required for the three meals. Beef and uncooked mutton were given at the noon-day meal. Between eleven and twelve o'clock this meal was partaken of; the unmarried Indians repaired to the pozolera for their rations, and the married ones to their rancherias, whither their portion had been carried in the morning.

The labors of the day were over at five o'clock, and a more contented, well-fed and comfortable lot of people would have been hard to find, as they plodded their way at sundown to the chapel. Here the Angelus was said, the litany sung, the evening blessing imparted, and all filed out slowly to the pozolera, where their evening meal awaited them.

The girls until marriage were kept religiously concealed in the monjerio, or nunnery, guarded zealously by a trusted old Indian woman. At night, it was her custom to lock the outer door securely, and to carry the key to the Padre, which measure was found expedient for their protection. In the center of the monjerio was a large court, made attractive by graceful palms and fragrant blossoms. Here the maidens spent their days, chatting and laughing in the warm sunshine or cool shade, while spinning wool, or preparing cotton for cloth. The blankets, one of which was given every year to each neophyte, were woven by them. All the tablecloths, napkins, towels, shirts and skirts were made by their hands.

When a neophyte transgressed, he was subject to imprisonment, with or without shackles, according to the degree of his offense; to corporal punishment to the extent of twenty-five lashes; and for a grievous crime, to be surrendered to the military guard and tried at the Presidio.

Thus the days lengthened into months, months into years, until the secularization of the missions in 1835—

that is, the temporal management was withdrawn from the Padres and placed in the hands of the Comisionados of the Government. Let us pause and look back over all these years, to see what were the fruits of all this toil. From the Book of Baptisms, we learn that from the planting of the cross in 1769 until 1846, seven thousand one hundred and twenty-six baptisms took place, besides one thousand seven hundred and twenty-six confirmations and two thousand and fifty-one marriages. It was a source of great consolation to Father Junipero Serra in his declining years that there were in heaven at least some souls from San Diego de Alcala, whom he hoped would pray for him and his associates that they would reap the same reward.

This is the story of the first mission in California; those who played a part in its history are dead and gone, and ere long the walls that mark the historic spot will have crumbled into dust, and naught remain but the silent sepulchres of its founders.

A pity it is that this land-mark in our history must pass forever from sight! and now while there is yet time to save the still existing missions from a similar fate, let those who love them hasten to their rescue.

Just north of the San Diego mission ruins, stand the remains of the most beautiful mission of all—San Luis Rey de Francis, founded June 13th, 1798, by President Lassen, assisted by Padres Santiago and Peyre. It is still in a splendid state of preservation, but each year stamps its work of destruction upon it, and no time is to be lost if we would save it.

The mission was established under the most auspicious circumstances and prospered from the first. Padre Peyre was much beloved, and being possessed of wonderful administrative abilities, reared the grandest adobe church that was ever dedicated in Alta California, completing the structure in 1802. Situated not far from a beautiful river, the lands were fertile and supported large herds of cattle. The

mission population increased with astonishing rapidity.

From this period the records of San Luis are lost; comparatively little of its history is known in consequence, other than that Padre Peyre continued in administration, maintaining the institution with the same dignity that marked it from its birth. Up to 1826 he had gathered into the fold of Christ two thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine proselytes; the herds and flocks were doubling every ten years,

mending them to God. He found his way to Mexico, thence to Spain, and lastly to Rome, where he fell ill and died, disappointed and broken-hearted, far from the scenes he loved.

In 1833, Captain de la Portillo, in the name of the home government, came to Luis Rey, and formally converted the mission into a puebla, the consummation of a plan that had driven Padre Peyre to foreign shores.

Included in the new puebla was



Interior of Pala Mission.

and prosperity, spiritual and temporal, continued to bless San Luis del Rey. However, a dark day was yet in store for the now venerable padre—a decree had gone forth that the mission was to be secularized.

After thirty-three years of faithful and efficient service, unwilling to witness a revolution of his life work and an overthrow of his plans, he bade a tearful farewell to his children and associates, beseeching them to follow in the ways of the cross, and com-

San Antonio at Pala, a branch mission established about eighteen miles distant by Father Peyre in 1816. It consisted of a chapel of much beauty, to the right of which, like a sentinel, stood an adobe belfry, in which hung two beautiful bells. To this day these are rung by the Indians who gather from the surrounding hills at the chapel for mass. From the top of the belfry grew huge cacti, which, when in bloom, add greatly to the beauty of the ruins.

During her visit to California, Helen Hunt Jackson dwelt ten days amid these ruins, charmed by their picturesque beauty.

There lies about these ruins an air of subdued sublimity ; the effect upon the mind of the beholder is elevating. There comes before one visions of the patient plodding padre, toiling on from year to year, unmindful of his disap-

pointments and deprivations—preaching, baptising, confirming, anointing, and when at last, his earthly toil is ended, here he laid him down amid the scenes of his labors, far from his kith and kin, and the land of his birth.

These crumbling walls that enclose his sepulchre are mute monuments to his greatness.

NOCTURNES.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Night is the death of the day ;
 Death is the night of life ;
 E'en as the cloud-wreaths may
 (Leaving the still stars rife),
 The clouds of passion and strife
 Fade at sun-setting away.
 Night is the death of the day ;
 Death is the night of life.

The moon is the soul of the night,
 But the soul of day is the sun ;
 Darkness is undone light
 And light is the dark undone ;
 Sun and moonlight are one
 To the eye of unsealed sight.
 The moon is the soul of the night
 But the soul of day is the sun.

Love is the moon of death ;
 The sun of life is Love ;
 Borne on its silver breath
 The soul to the Soul above
 Hath fled, like a homeward dove
 When the gold west darkeneth.
 Love is the moon of death ;
 The sun of life is Love.

AN INN AND A MISSION

"If Ye Would See Her Monument Look Around You"

By W. G. Willis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY AVERY EDWIN FIELD

IF you would see her monument look around you." If I were asked of what the Glenwood Mission is built I would answer "sentiment, memories—a woman's love and inspiration—a man's labor and ideal—stone and plaster." A hotel is perhaps the last place in the world to look for sentiment, but there is a world of it here—and when all is said and done sentiment is what binds the world together.

The architecture of the Glenwood is of mission style—not alone because of sentiment connected with the ruined mission, but because it is California's distinct type of architecture and savors of the soil it is rooted in.

Memories—a half century of them cluster about it. Its cloister recalls a day that is past—the day of the mission fathers, with its romance and its devotion; it makes the old padres and their day live again.

Memories—the buildings in their completeness bring back to mind the story of a life's work and devotion. The Mission Inn at Riverside is the creation of Frank Miller, "the master of the Inn," and of Belle Miller, his wife, now passed beyond. Truly it was her inspiration that made it possible; it was her love that made it a fact. It is her monument and her spirit still fills its cloistered halls and breathes through its sheltered walls.

It was the master-mind of this woman that conceived this wonderful institution—for it can be called nothing else. Of the womb of self-sacrifice and patience was it born. It was the uncommon man—the economist and the artist,—Frank Miller—his genius, his poise, his individuality, and with these his skill and labor, but more than all else his personality—that have made it grow and thrive, made it one of the show places of California and the world—a hotel par excellence, a place of rest, peace, plenty and good cheer. There is only one Mission Inn; it may be copied



Frank A. Miller "The Master of the Inn"

and reproduced in architecture, but never in spirit. As Dr. David Starr Jordan, the distinguished president of Stanford University, well says: "It has been left for you, Frank Miller, a genuine Californian, to dream of a hotel that ought to be, to turn your ideal into plaster and stone and to give us in mountain-belted Riverside the one hotel which a Californian can recognize as his own." Frank Miller had faith and courage—faith in himself and in his town—courage to plan for a future day and to prove that civic beauty goes hand in hand with utility and that these supplement each other and can not be separated.

Architecturally the Inn is an adaptation of the ancient Spanish methods of building, as practiced by the Mission Padres, the pioneers of civilization in California, to the diversified requirements of a modern hotel.

It has been the owner's desire not only to perpetuate the spirit of the old architecture but also to embody in the building details of construction and ornamentation as found in the Missions, for their own beauty and historic interest regardless of their special fitness for modern uses.

As the Padres lavished all of their best art on ecclesiastical structures and the buildings appertaining to them, there are almost no examples in their works of a domestic or a commercial character of particular architectural value. It was therefore necessary in order to give distinctive "mission" feeling to the work to use forms and details commonly associated in modern times with churchly or ornamental buildings. The old Padres built their faith into their adobe bricks and their mud walls have proven most lasting monuments. They used the sym-

bolism of their religion everywhere in their art as did the ancient builders of Egypt and Athens and gave it a soul which still speaks and charms. And if in the "Mission Inn" one should be tempted to question the propriety of the statues of saints in the dining room and in close proximity to the ball room it might be well to forget the present with its modern distinctions and diversion of things "sacred" and things profane and imagine one's self back in the eighteenth century with the good old Padres who went about preaching and building and sowing and ditching—and vineyard planting and brewing and olive crushing and teaching and writing and wine making and all the manifold things needful to found a new civilization in a wilderness, but who, with all, found time for both religion and architecture and who were in no wise reluctant to mix the two in their homes as well as their churches.

The Old Adobe, the original building, still standing and now used for a tea room, was built in 1882 by Captain Miller and the "Master of the Inn" in boyhood helped to make the adobe for its walls. Its present roof is of tiles over a century old, brought from Pala, but not from the Mission, although doubtless made under the Padre's direction. The main building was completed in 1902.

The Street Arcade is of brick, reinforced with the Porte Cochere of armored concrete. The arches of the Arcade, the Campanile and many features of the main building, such as the gallery rail, the pilaster caps, the music loft grill are very close copies of details found in the missions, but it is in the new or north wing that details follow actual measured proportions of mission construction.

The Cloister is primarily a music hall. It is commemorative of the Padre, Fr. Junipero Serra and his missions. In its music room stands the new organ, one of the great organs in this country. One



Cloister Corner



Great Pipe Organ in Music Room

the noteworthy features is an automatic player attachment so that this wonderful instrument will never lack for a performer. The organ itself is beyond description. It is everything that a cathedral organ ought to be. It pulsates—throbs—echoes and sings and weeps. It is a choir of children in Heaven and a storm at sea. The ceiling of the music room is after San Miguel Mission, although the direction of the beams is different, being supported by steel trusses instead of the side walls. The light fixtures on the front pillars are all wood carved candle holders from Mexico. The landscape windows are photographic enlargements of western scenery. The finished floor is of oak parquetry, the border of Spanish tiles. The five alcoves ornamented with columns and entablatures copied from a chapel at St. Luis Rey are enriched by paintings by George Stone. These paintings are admired by all who see them. Among them are the pictures which are called "St. Francis' sermon to the Birds" and "Hanging the bell." San Diego giving alms to an Indian child is the theme of another. The stained glass windows on the stage of the music room are works of art. Naujok's St. Cecilia forms the basis of the center window with a likeness of Mrs. Miller and being in the nature of a memorial window—though the whole edifice is more or less memorial to this good woman.

The cloister leads to the Crypt Banquet Room. The vaulting of this room is of solid concrete without voids; here as elsewhere the concrete is unplastered. The windows in this room represent a "Harrest Home" at a mission. The main entrance doorway to the Cloister is a copy of the beautiful doorway at "Carmel by the Sea." The North Facade of the cloister is the main exterior architectural feature and is a proportional copy of the towers and pediment of Mission Carmel by the Sea. One of the chief objects of the building of the cloister has been to preserve in permanent form some of the details of the mission architecture which is rapidly passing away.

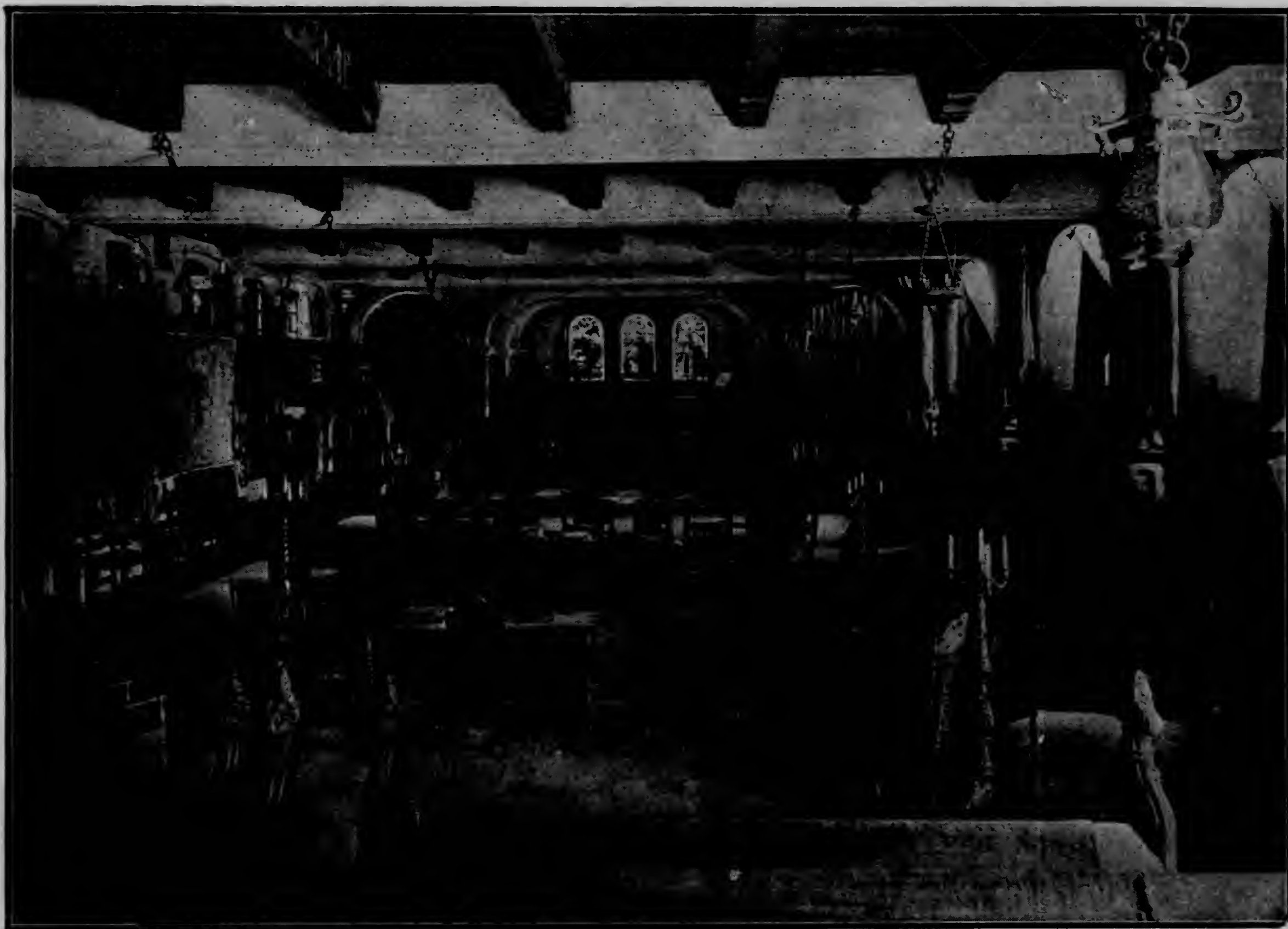
The Cloister under the circumstances which controlled its inception could not be unique in design and monumental in construction and so unconventional as to invite criticism; but where critics have been informed as to its purpose they have come to believe that it is a success both as monument to the Padre and as a part of a thoroughly modern tourist California Hotel. In addition to its music room and the Crypt Banquet Room it contains a curio shop—and forty-five chambers. The home is of a distinctive mission type. Crowning it is the statue of St. Francis, in German marble of ancient date. On the roof is the "Garden of Bells" where the main arcade resembles San Juan Capistrano bell arches and where the Pala campanile is reproduced. To lovers of the antique and unusual the Garden of Bells is a most fascinating place, containing as it does a priceless collection from all parts of the world. On the roof garden overlooking the inner court, hang these old bells, each with an interesting history. There is the "diamond bell" bearing date of 1247; of curious shape and workmanship is a Manchurian gong bearing the Chinese Dragon in relief and traced over with Chinese characters. It is made of

many kinds of metal donated by the people of Shom Fook Chee and presented to the Buddhist Temple over a hundred and sixty years ago. Still others are an ancient Japanese pagoda gong from Kyoto—a Dutch landlord's bell dated 1783 and two church bells from the San Francisco fire. On the roof is also a facsimile of Big Ben in Westminster Tower, London. One

fire places, which contribute to "the satisfaction of the senses and the tranquility of the soul"—

The idea is carried out so completely that you are confronted by sentiment, philosophy, consolation and inspiration whichever way you go and whichever way you look.

The bill of fare in the dining room al-



Cloister Music Room

of the most unique in its shape is a cow bell with the emblazon of "Paulus III Pontifex Maximus" of the sixteenth century. There is also a very valuable collection of small bells, Swiss, Florentine and others of equal interest.

The Inn, as I have said, is of the old mission style of architecture. The building spreads out over the grounds rambling hither and thither in leisurely fashion with the vine-clad pergolas clinging to the walls. The long arcades with their scores of arches enclose a great court where grow all manner of trees and shrubs. The old adobe with its Spanish roof gardens and the graceful campanile where hang the hundred year old bells, nestle within. The palm-lined paseo winds round about, and over all rises the square bell tower, whence float the chimes of morn and even.

It is an Inn so completely idealized that it gives no suggestion of being a public house and its guests are made to feel like members of a great house party in some way moved back in time and scene to the days of the Mission Fathers. Within the cloistered walls of this marvelous Inn all is quiet and rest. There is the comfort and hospitality of the simple home combined with the luxury and attentive service of the millionaire's palace without any of its ostentations.

All of the bedrooms are furnished with old fashioned high post bedsteads, old fashioned pictures with old fashioned frames hang on the walls and the electroliers are modelled after "the light of other days." The reproduction of the Mission architecture is carried out conscientiously to the most important detail but here and there is a departure such as an inscription on the walls and over the

ways bears a quotation to suggest sweet and noble thoughts. The other evening it contained these lines:

"I'll take your part when you are wrong;
I'll fight your battles to the end;
I'll listen when you sing a song,
And never count your tales too long
Because you are my friend."

The individuality, the spirit of hospitality, the atmosphere of peace and rest of the mission and the traditions of the Franciscans are carried still farther by several peculiar customs. A chime of sixteen bells in one of the towers that throws a long shadow on the red tiled roof, plays patriotic airs and familiar hymns at noon and sunset. After sunset there is a vesper service of forty minutes in the music room, with organ, instrumental and vocal solos and a concert after dinner.

Among the noted caravanseries of these days the Glenwood Mission Inn at Riverside holds a distinct place. It is the Mission Hospice of the Padres recreated. The very ghosts of Junipero Serra and his brown robed brethren must haunt it in the silence of the starlit nights, it is so like the dream they, too, dreamed in happier days. In and out of it flit the shadows of the past. There wait the quiet rooms, the tiled roof, the gray walls and towers, and the saints in their niches, the campanile with its bells and the Angelus ringing its loved chimes in the old places. Within is the same welcome, the same sense of peace and rest. It is an achievement to link the past with the present, but Frank Miller, the Quaker's son, has done it and saved it deathless in wood and plaster and stone in his Mission Inn.

An Inn and A Mission

(Continued from Page 16)

Wonderful, sublime, thrilling is Master Frank Miller's Mission Inn. And distinguished guests will come as they have come. Year after year the rich and great knock at the portals of this wonderful hostelry. People who have done things—dreamers; people who have made money and want the best it will buy; thinkers, doers, artists and lovers of beauty from every land. And these people will come to Glenwood Mission Inn because here is the work of a poet—an artist—a dreamer and a gentleman—a man who loves beauty and refinement for their own sakes and who has had the industry, the talent and the taste to create around him the atmosphere of the things he loves. This hotel preserves the best of the ideals of a day ago, combined with all the comforts and conveniences of the present. It is a combination rarely satisfying and hardly to be found elsewhere.

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Number 4

THE FATHER OF THE MISSIONS

Sketch of the Life and Work of Fray Junipero Serra

By Rev. Eugene Sugranes

WHEN I first came to California, some six years ago, I had the honor and the privilege as well, of being appointed to one of those historical landmarks, the pride of our state, to the once queen of her sisters, the old San Gabriel Mission. Here in this hallowed spot I have been ever since, furthering to the best of my poor abilities, the uplifting work for which it was originally established. Now to tell the truth, nowhere in the vast world have I ever felt so much at home as in this great western empire, on account of the striking resemblances it

there was a point on which they all agreed; they were one in this—as soon as their wide-open eyes wonderingly gazed on the gray walls, a strange and overpowering feeling of awe and reverence came over them. There fell spontaneously from their lips expressions like this: “Oh the work, the hardships and sacrifices of those splendid men of the past, the pioneer Padres.” Hence the praiseworthy curiosity which prompted them to put questions to me which ran in this wise: “What’s the name of the founder of these Missions?” “How do you pronounce it?” “What syllable of his name do you emphasize



The Spot Where Serra Landed at Monterey

bears to my own native land. Here, I can say with the immortal founder of the Missions, “the roses are like the roses of Castile,” the land is fair as my own. Here we grow the gentle palm, the stately olive tree, the blushing rose, the white lily, the royal carnation, the purple violet, the vine and pomegranate. The blue-vaulted heavens of California bring back to my mind the old warm skies of Spain.

While on my post of duty I have met thousands of visitors from all over this great country of ours; nay, from across the mighty Atlantic, and from beyond the immense Pacific; in fact, from all over the civilized world. Like the Eagle of Patmos, I have seen great multitudes of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, pass through the ancient portals of this bulwark of civilization. In spite of the very various characteristic qualities by which the one differed from the other,

or accentuate?” “Where was he from?” And now the logical consequence follows, that the name of Junipero Serra is the best-known and best-loved name in California.

As we are all aware, this year marks the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Fray Junipero Serra, November 24, 1713. On occasion of this memorable event, many celebrated bards and writers, both in Spain, the land of his birth, and in California the country of his adoption, have devoted their gifted pens to sing in prose and in rhyme the glories of his name. It might not be altogether out of tune if we join in this glorious concert, telling in a plain, simple language the charming story of his beautiful life and the wonderful heroic deeds in this promised land of wealth, health and happiness—California.

Right in the heart of the Emerald Isle of the south, Mallorca,

the greatest of the Balearic archipelago, Spain, once a sparkling gem of the old kingdom of Aragon, lies the modest village of Petra, the home city of Junipero Serra. It was on November 24, 1713, that the immortal founder of the California Missions, as a sweet fragrant rose, opened the petals of his providential being to the soft caresses of the Sun of Life. At his christening, which took place on that very same day, he received the names of Miguel Jose. While rich in virtues his loving and honest parents were rather poor in worldly goods. Every great man has had a great mother. Thus all of his biographers agree in giving credit to that masculine-minded and great-souled mother who took upon herself the loving task of delineating the first moral characteristic traits of that wonderful child of promise. Every night Serra's loving mother would tuck him into bed, and lisp his prayers, and then she would imprint on his forehead a good-night's kiss. The seeds which the good mother sowed in the soul of her loving child were further developed by the good Franciscan fathers who occupied the convent of San Bernardino de Sena not far from Serra's home. Here young Serra acquired that exquisite taste for the belles lettres, and was taught Latin and the divine art of music, training at the same time his sweet, beautiful voice. On Sundays and feast days the teacher would take young Serra and the other boys to the great choir gallery, and would have them alternate with the friars in the chanting of the hymns and the psalms of the divine office. Soon these great educators discovered the treasures young Serra stored in his privileged mind and affectionate heart. So they advised and directed his parents to send their child to Palma, the capital of the Balearic archipelago, that he might finish there his education. In this city he was placed under the direction of a pious and learned priest, a beneficiary of the cathedral, whose name unfortunately has been lost in the maze of ordinary time-battered incidents.

While young Serra was yet in his teens he solicited admission to the Franciscan order from the celebrated provincial Fray Antonio Perello y Moragues, himself a native of Petra, Spain. A beautiful painting representing this illustrious Franciscan is found to this day in the sacristy of the convent of San Bernardino at Petra. On September 14, 1730, Serra received the brown habit of Saint Francis brotherhood in the convent de Jesus, which is located outside of the city walls of Palma, and his year's novitiate being ended he made his religious profession there September 15, 1731. Out of devotion to that famous

character in the chronicles of the Franciscan Order, Brother Junipero, called the "Jester of the Lord," who tried to outdo Saint Francis in his ministrations to the poor, upon entering his religious life young Serra took the name of Junipero. Once Junipero Serra uttered his religious vows he was sent to the convent of San Francisco at Palma to finish his course of philosophy and theology. On account of its rare artistic beauty and historical value, this great convent has been declared by a royal committee, a national monument. Besides the honor and credit consequent to the title, it places the monument under the special patronage of the government and gives it a special claim to be repaired and preserved at the expense of the public treasury. So extraor-

burning with love for God and his fellow-creatures, Fray Junipero Serra ranked very high as a pulpit orator. When he delivered his last sermon in the university, being comparatively a young man, one of the oldest professors exclaimed with the patriarch of Idumea, "Who will grant me that these words may be marked down in a book with an iron pen, and in a plate of lead, or else be graven with an instrument in flint stone?"

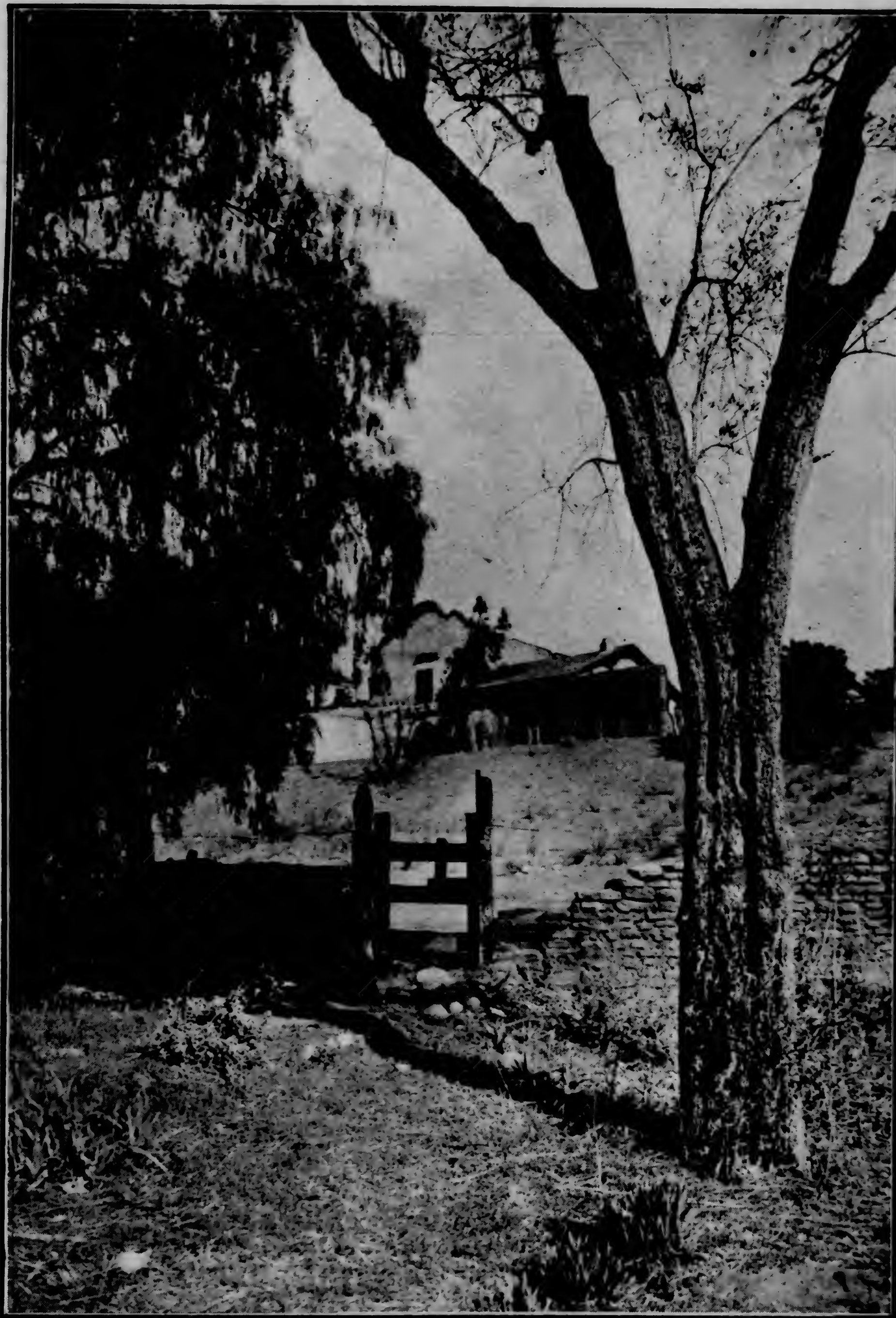
Yet from amidst the cares of his professorship and the trophies won by his eloquence, Serra heard the divine calling. A bright, promising, enchanting future was waiting for him in Spain. He might have been a great dignitary of the Church, nay, he might have been honored with the red hat. Yet his nature was too noble for the world, his heart was greater than all these things. There was a work for him to do in the far West. There were countless souls for his God, and a new empire for his king. As a new heavenly harbinger, he felt himself constrained to leave his people and his country that he might enlighten those that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death; to direct their feet into the ways of peace.

So he bade adieu to his beloved parents, brothers and friends in a beautiful heartfelt letter, the original of which has been found in the archives of the Capuchin Fathers at Palma. On the 13th of April, 1749, Father Junipero Serra, with his faithful friend and religious brother, Father Francisco Palou, left Mallorca, and arrived in Cadiz on May 7, 1749. The setting out for America, however, was postponed for a later date. Finally on August 28, 1749, they sailed from Cadiz en route to America aboard a poorly-rigged vessel called *Villasota*. The long tedious journey lasted ninety-nine days.

It is related that their voyage was a tempestuous one, and that during a great storm in the Gulf of Mexico, Serra by his personal courage and great undaunted religious faith, calmed the fears of the crew and dismayed passengers, and thus averted a serious catastrophe. They all looked up to him as they would have

looked to a saint, to one who had power over the unruly elements, whom the winds and the waves obeyed. Fortunately they were not disappointed in their hopes; all came safely to land.

An autographed letter, written by Father Junipero Serra upon his arrival in Vera Cruz to his cousin, Fray Francisco Serra of the convent of San Bernardino at Petra, which has been lately found in the archives of the Capuchin Fathers at Palma, gives us minute and very inter-



Serra's First Mission, San Diego

dinary was Serra's proficiency in his studies that he was appointed lector or professor of philosophy before his ordination to the priesthood. Later on he received the degree of Doctor of Theology from the Lullian University at Palma, where he also occupied the Duns Scotus chair of philosophy until he joined the missionary college of San Fernando in the city of Mexico. Gifted with a sweet, musical voice, with a very imaginative, impressionable and well-cultivated mind, and with an affectionate heart

esting details of this long, tiresome and dangerous voyage. The Villasota anchored in the port of Vera Cruz, Mexico, on December 7, 1749. While traveling on foot from Vera Cruz to the ancient capital of the Aztecs, Father Junipero injured his leg in such a way that he suffered from it throughout his entire life, though he continued to make his journeys on foot whenever possible, thus following literally the Franciscan tradition that a friar of his order should never ride when he could possibly walk, no matter how difficult and arduous the journey.

Father Junipero Serra, accompanied by Father Francisco Palou entered the college of San Fernando in the city of Mexico on the first day of January, 1750. When the saintly Guardian and Prelate of this missionary college affectionately embraced Serra, he exclaimed in a prophetic mood, "Would to God that we had a great forest of these Junipers." When the Guardian of the college, not long after the arrival of Serra, called for laborers for the Sierra Gorda Missions and asked his brethren "Whom shall I send and who shall go for us," Father Junipero at once volunteered his services and said: "Lo, here am I, send me." Therefore, he with Father Palou was assigned to the Sierra Gorda Indian Missions, some thirty leagues north of Queretaro. He served there for nine long years, part of the time as superior; he learned the language of the Pame Indians, and translated the catechism into their language.

The conversion of the heathen was quite complete, the naked were clothed, the hungry were fed, the neophytes were taught Spanish, music and the useful arts. In that most desolate, wild and inhospitable region, Father Serra learned how to deal with the Indians, and at the same time acquired that common practical sense he so remarkably displayed in California.

There he developed his latent energies. His gigantic character assumed titanic, astounding proportions. In a word, he

prepared his great soul for still greater conquests.

From the Sierra Gorda Missions he was called by his superior to take charge of the Missions of the Apache Indians along the river San Saba, in the territory of

torical event in a letter he wrote to his nephew, Padre Miguel de Petra, in 1773, from the city of Mexico, on occasion of his first visit there from California. This precious document and autographed letter was recently found in the archives of the Capuchin fathers at Palma, Spain.

Yet the unexpected death of the viceroy in Mexico prevented Father Serra from taking charge of those San Saba Missions. Thus he remained in the college of San Fernando until 1767. He became in the capital and in many other states and numberless cities very famous as a most fervent and effective preacher. For seven years he was conducting missions, brandishing the two-edged sword of the living and effectual word of God, saving countless souls from utter and inevitable ruin and destruction. During that time he held various positions of trust and authority. He was Commissary of the holy office in the Kingdom of new Spain and its adjacent islands, and the master of novices. At times, later on, he was elected guardian of the College of San Fernando. Yet his confirmation was never consummated both on account of his absence, and because the electors always thought it more convenient to the glory of God not to deprive the missions of California of such a wonderful man, calling him from his field of apostolic labors to assume a much-deserved and higher office.

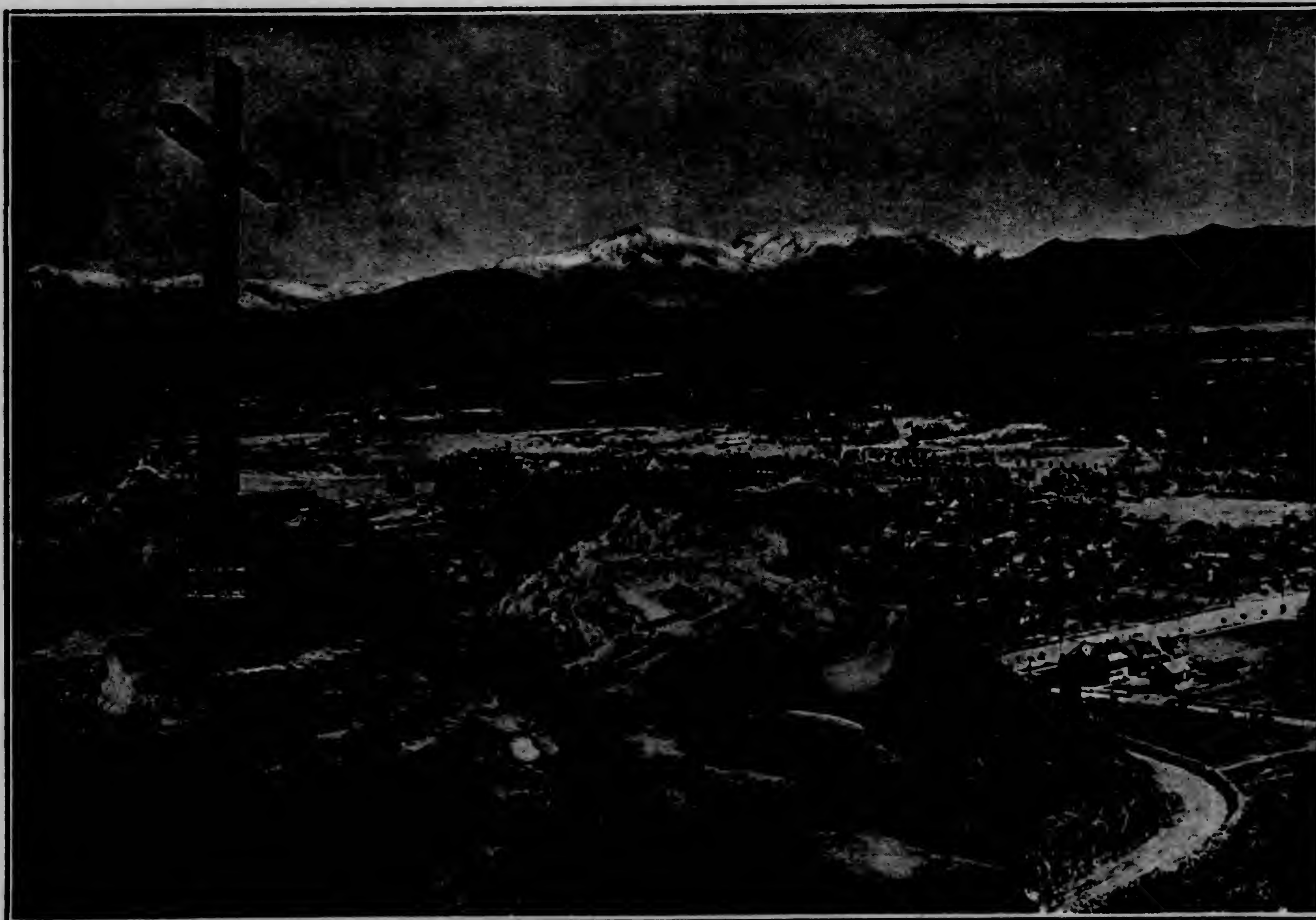
At the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1767, and when

the Jesuits were exiled from Lower California, the Viceroy Marquis de Croix, and the Inspector General Don Jose Galvez, requested the Franciscans of the apostolic missionary college of San Fernando in the city of Mexico to accept the missions of California. The proposition having been accepted, Father Junipero Serra was appointed Superior of a band of fifteen Franciscan friars who had generously vol-

unteered their lives and services for the missions of California. It was on July 14, 1767, that the venerable Guardian Fray



The Stanford Monument to Serra



The Serra Cross on Roubidoux, Riverside

Texas, where the savages had just massacred two missionaries. Father Serra gives a beautiful description of this his-

Jose Garcia bade them farewell, saying: "Go, Fathers, and dearly beloved brethren, with the blessing of God and of our holy Father St. Francis, to labor in the mysterious vineyard of California, which our Catholic Sovereign has confided to our care. Go with confidence along with your Superior, the Father Lector Junipero, whom I appoint President of you all and of all the missions. I need not say anything more than that you should obey him as you obey me; and now farewell and may God bless you."

They walked the distance from Mexico to Tepic, which is about two hundred leagues, in thirty-nine days. After a long and somewhat tedious sojourn in Tepic they left San Blas aboard the Paquebote La Concepcion, on March 12, 1768, and landed in Loreto on April 1, 1768. That the kind and gentle reader may have an adequate idea of the role played by the Spanish government in the founding of the missions of California, it will be remembered that, among other high and noble purposes, it was to prevent any foreign power from acquiring the country which Spain claimed by right of discovery, that the Spanish king resolved and was so anxious to found missions among the natives and to erect forts or presidios for their protection.

On January 9, 1769, Don Jose Galvez, the Visitador General, assembled all the people together who were to set out on the great conquest and adventure both by land and by sea. He addressed them in feeling words to meet bravely the hardships they might be called upon to endure, and to persevere in their glorious enter-

the San Carlos sailed from La Paz for the port of San Diego on January 11, 1769; the San Antonio departed from Cape San Lucas en route to San Diego on February 15, 1769; the third was to be sent as a relief ship, yet it plays a part in a most dramatic incident; it suffered shipwreck. The first land expedition headed by Captain Rivera y Moncada and Father Crespi arrived in San Diego May 14, 1769; the second one under the leadership of Governor Don Gaspar de Portola with Father Serra arrived in San Diego on the 1st of July, 1769.

On his way to Alta California, Father Serra founded his first mission in the Lower California, which he dedicated to San Fernando de Vellicata. By the time the second land expedition reached San Javier in Lower California, the old wound on Father Junipero's leg became so troublesome and so painful that Father Palou advised him to remain there until he should be better and be able to proceed without endangering his life. But to this proposal Junipero would give

no heed. "Let us speak no more upon the subject," he said. "I have placed my faith and confidence in God and trust in His goodness to plant the standard of the Holy Cross not only at San Diego but even as far as Monterey."

As the second land expedition with Father Serra and Don Gaspar de Portola came in view of the placid harbor of San Diego and of the ships anchored there, the great apostle of California experienced one of the happiest days of his life. The soldiers, the priests and the neophytes sallied forth to meet Portola and Serra and there was in consequence a great rejoicing in the camp. This day, July 1, 1769, an

epoch-making one in the glorious annals of San Diego, may be considered the natal day of California.

Undoubtedly white men had been in

San Diego before; Cabrillo had discovered the bay which he named San Miguel in 1542 and Sebastian Vizcaino's expedition anchored there in 1602. But these men came merely to explore the country and with no idea whatever of attempting colonization or even temporary settlement.



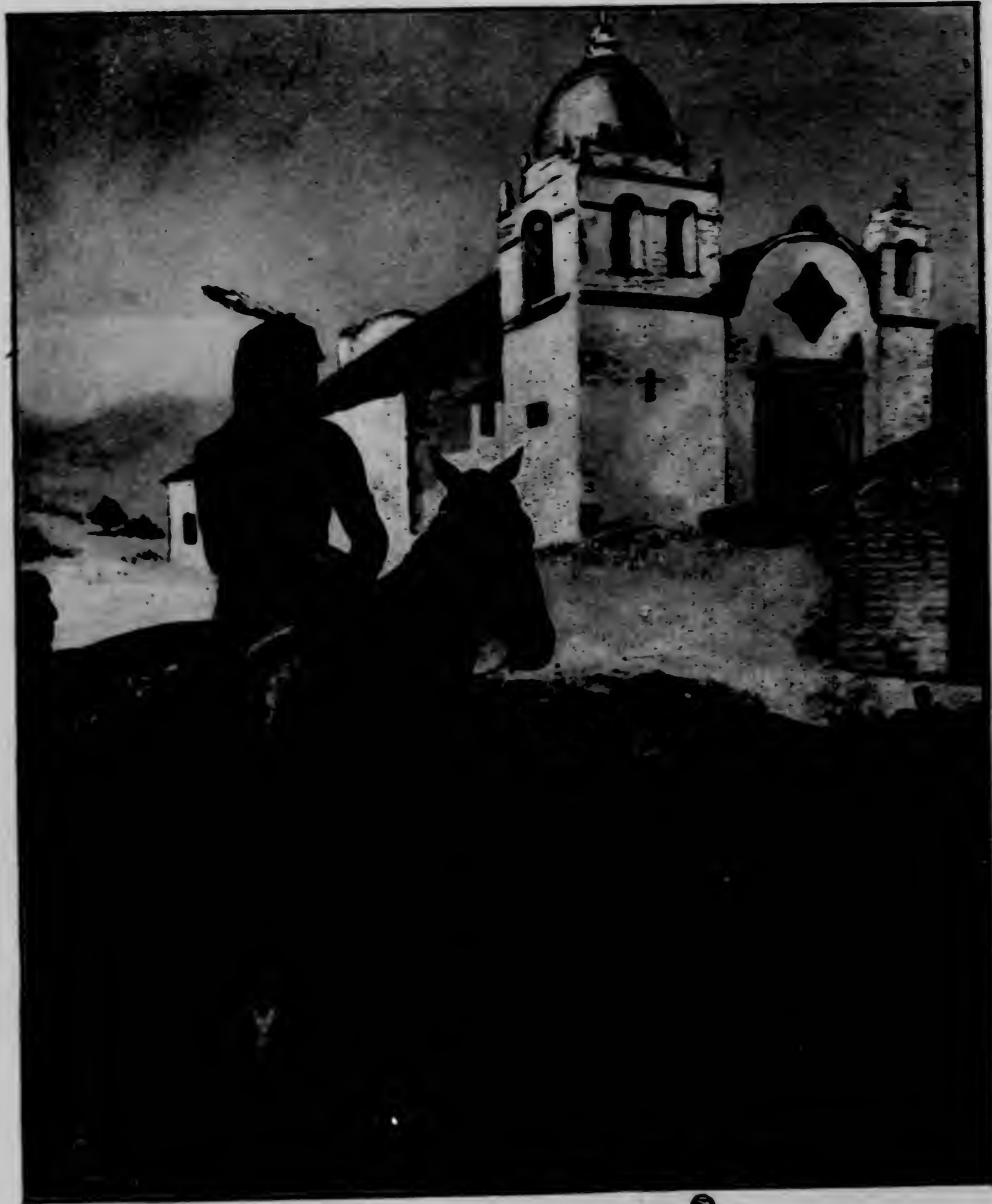
Serra's Birth Place in Petra

San Diego de Alcalá, the first mission founded by Father Junipero Serra in Upper California, the first link in that mysterious chain of missions along El Camino Real—the King's Highway—which accomplished the conversion of all the natives from San Diego's Harbor of the Sun to Sonoma Valley of the Seven Moons, was established on July 16, 1716.

The next step to be taken was to find the port of Monterey and there establish the second mission, according to the instructions of the Visitador General, Don Jose Galvez. Accordingly, on July 14, 1769, Governor Portola set out by land to find that bay first named by Vizcaino. While on the way to Monterey, this glorious expedition, crossing the wonderful valley of Our Lady on August 2, 1769, discovered Los Angeles river, which they named Rio de la Porciuncula. It was near that historical spot that the great metropolis of the southwest was founded in September, 1781.

This famous expedition failed to find the bay of Monterey, but instead they discovered another greater harbor, the present San Francisco bay on November 1, 1769. Portola returned to San Diego in March, 1770. The warm and affectionate meeting of Serra and Portola was one mingled with joy and sorrow, hopes and disappointment. Upon the glad tidings of the finding of the port of San Francisco Serra exclaimed: "Ah, the challenge that Galvez flung at me has been answered. Our Father St. Francis has made known his port to us. We shall name it San Francisco in his honor, and we will build a mission there."

Now Governor Portola was very much disappointed; the newly founded mission had made no progress, sickness was preying upon his men, no relief ship had come yet from Mexico. Hence he ordered all hands on board of the San Carlos. Serra was dismayed at the stern determination of Portola, and pleaded with all his soul



Coming Into the Fold

prise unto the end. They placed themselves under the protection of St. Joseph, the patron saint of California. The following is the order of the four expeditions:

against the abandonment of California. At last they gave him one day more. On the morning of that last day he climbed to the top of Presidio Hill and stormed the white gates of heaven with fervent prayer.

The graphic and beautiful description of this miraculous event found in

Carlos Borromeo. Father Junipero celebrated mass under the same oak tree on the shores of the Bay of Monterey, where the same ceremony had been performed by the Chaplain of the Vizcaino expedition one hundred and sixty years before. Thereafter Monterey was the headquarters for the Governor as well as the Presidente of the Missions.

Once Father Serra had arranged the plans for the building of the new mission he set forth into the wilderness to found the third mission. He traveled south from Monterey along the Salinas river, and he came to a wondrously beautiful glen studded with live-oak trees, a distance of seventy-five miles from Monterey. The place was called Los Robles. Thus the San Antonio de Padua Mission was founded on July 14, 1771. Upon his returning to Monterey, August 1, 1771, Father Serra at once sent word to Fathers Somera and Cambron to fare forth and establish a new mission which was to be called San Gabriel. The fourth mission therefore

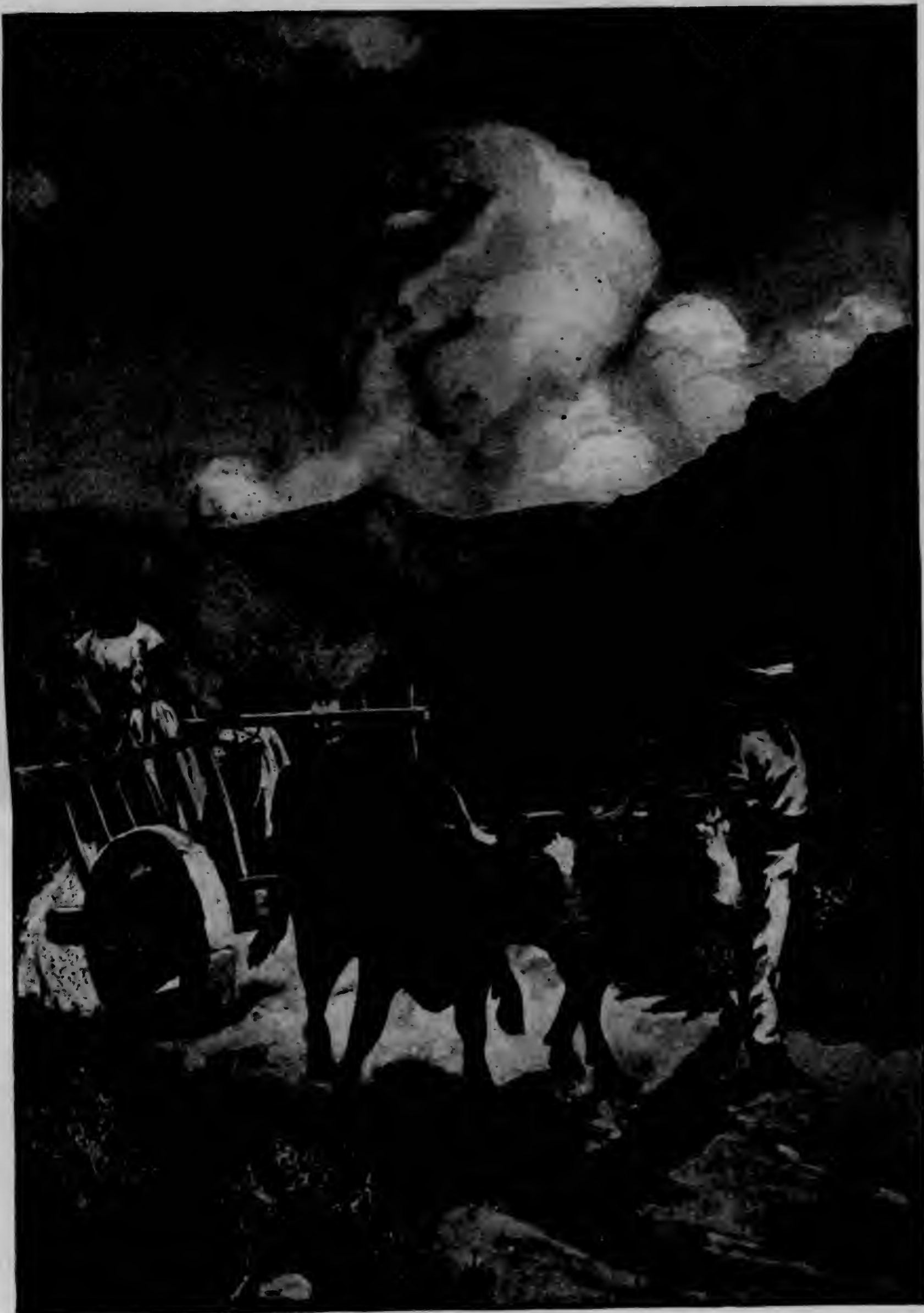
the missions and a goodly company of soldiers, pobladores, and Indians marched westward a distance of eight miles toward the sea and amid religious ceremonies and military salutes founded the present city of Los Angeles September, 1771.

Serious difficulties with Pedro Fages, the military commander of California, compelled Father Serra to go to Mexico and lay the case before the Viceroy Bucareli. On his way to Mexico Father Serra arrived at San Gabriel for the first time on September 11, 1772. On September 1, 1772, Father Junipero Serra on his way down to San Gabriel and San Diego, founded the fifth mission, which he dedicated to San Luis Obispo de Tolosa. Father Serra finally arrived in the capital of the kingdom of new Spain on February 6, 1773. While at the City of Mexico he drew his famous document called "Representacion" in thirty-two articles, which were, almost all of them, decided in his favor. He returned to California late in 1774.

The autographed letters of Father Serra written in Mexico at this juncture and addressed to his nephew, Padre Miguel de Petra, a famous architect and a great mathematician, contained very interesting data of historical value concerning this painful journey. On September 17, 1776, the presidio at San Francisco was solemnly dedicated. The mission, however, was not founded until October 8th of the same year. The San Francisco was the sixth mission of California. It was then that the second part of the genial challenge of Don Jose Galvez was fulfilled. "Don Jose," said Padre Junipero when both were planning the great conquest of California, "you have named a mission for San Diego de Alcalá, another in honor of San Carlos at Monterey, and a third for San Buena Ventura. But is there to be no mission in honor of our Father St. Francis?"

"If St. Francis desires a mission," answered Don Jose with a smile, "let him show us his harbor."

The seventh mission, San Juan Capistrano, was established November 1, 1776; and Santa Clara, the eighth mission, was



Father Junipero's Neophytes

Smythe's History of San Diego runs as follows: "Father Serra went up to the hilltop on the fateful morning and turned his eyes to the sea as the sun arose. All day long he watched the waste of waters as they lay in the changing light. It was a scene of marvelous beauty and as he watched and prayed, Junipero Serra doubtless felt that he drew very close to the Infinite. So devout a soul, in such desperate need, facing a scene of such nameless sublimity, could not have doubted that somewhere just below the curve of the sea lay a ship, with God's hand pushing it on to starving San Diego, and as the sun went down he caught sight of a sail, a ghostly sail, it seemed, in the far distance. Who can ever look upon the height above the old presidio, when the western sky is glowing and twilight stealing over the hills, without seeing Father Serra on his knees pouring out his prayer of thanksgiving?"

A second land expedition and another by sea at last reached Point Pinos and found the lost Port of Monterey on May 24, 1770. The mission was founded on June 3, 1770, and was dedicated to San

was founded September 8, 1771. It was from this mission that Governor Felipe de Neve accompanied by the padres of



Franciscans Visiting San Gabriel

founded January 12, 1777. The most artistic of the missions, San Juan Capistrano, was destroyed by a severe earthquake in 1812.

In June, 1778, Father Serra received the faculty to administer the sacrament of confirmation. This fact marks a new period of astounding activity and hardships in the wonderful career of the apostle of California. Thus empowered and highly commissioned Father Junipero Serra returned to Monterey June 5, 1779. In September, 1781, he set out on a confirmation tour through the missions. At the time of his death he had confirmed five thousand three hundred souls.

Now the blossoms of the grave were clustered thickly on his head. Father Junipero, worn by his ever-increasing labors and old age, walked down to San Gabriel from his mission at Carmel and meeting there Father Cambon and Governor Felipe de Neve, they all set out for the Santa Barbara channel, founding on Easter Sunday, March 31, 1782, the San Buena Ventura mission, the ninth and the last one founded by Father Junipero Serra.

The presidio Santa Barbara was established on April 21, 1782, but the mission four years afterwards, December 4, 1786. In 1783 the venerable founder of the missions of California made his last visit to the missions, his last painful journey along El Camino Real. He suffered intensely from his crippled leg and from his chest, yet he would not use remedies. He would use the bare ground or at most a plain board when he would rest his tired frame.

In 1784 seeing that the end was near he intended to pay a farewell visit to all the missions. After having visited those of the north he was prevented from proceeding any further by his extreme weakness and oppression of his breast. However he bade them adieu by an affectionate farewell letter.

On the 28th of August, 1784, at the age of seventy years, nine months and twenty-one days, Junipero Serra passed to his everlasting rest at his own mission of San Carlos in his loved valley of Carmel, a little before two o'clock in the afternoon. For almost fifty-four years he had been a Franciscan priest, thirty-five of which had been spent in missionary labors. During the sixteen years of Junipero's labors in California nine missions had been established, either directly by himself or under his direction.

In those missions were five thousand eight hundred Indian neophytes whom he had converted. His was the death of a saint, the glorious call to his eternal triumph. He carried to the tomb that spirit of sacrifice, poverty, simplicity, love for the Indians which characterized him in life. Wonders attended upon his solemn obsequies. The tears of his beloved Indians whom he had converted from paganism to the faith of Christ followed him to the grave. He was laid to rest at the Gospel's side in the sanctuary of the San Carlos Mission Church, in the beautiful Carmelo, the valley of Junipero Serra's heart.

Such was the great empire-builder, the dreamer of dreams, the founder and first president of the missions of California, Fray Junipero Serra. His life was gen-

tle and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world: "This is a man." The memory of his gentleness, his patience, his zeal, his firm faith, and his great and loving heart and his deeds of valor, all are the priceless heritage of California.

He had charity for all and malice toward none. He was filled with the milk of human kindness. He gave affection and affection is his reward. Honor and love are his. His executive ability has been recognized and admired by all. The most expressive yet concise eulogy of this hero is found in the words of Holy Writ wherewith Father Palou, as though with golden brush, finished Serra's portrait: "The memory of him shall not depart and his name shall be in request from generation to generation."

THE IMPULSE FOR PEACE

David Starr Jordan

No great war, however ruinous, however deadly, whatever its havoc of murder, sorrow and debt, could settle anything. It could only leave a legacy of future quarrels, the germs of future wars. Each war propagates its evil brood. Most of the many wars which have cursed the earth, have found their origin in other wars, have given birth to still others and so on to the end.

Armies and navies are counters in the game of diplomacy. In the foreign offices which control them there is no force for peace. The impulse for peace must come from the people, from their sense of common decency and common interest, from their growing hatred of the system which turns peaceful nations into military powers, from the needs of commerce and of finance and from the paralysis of debt which already makes continued war all but impossible."

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

The seven wonders of the modern world are: wireless telegraphy, the telephone, the aeroplane, radium, antiseptics and antitoxins, spectral analysis and X-rays. Of the seven wonders of the ancient world, only one was of practical utility, the light-house of Alexandria; the others were notable only for size or beauty. "But," says a French writer, "what importance will these seven modern marvels have in the fortieth century when the learned men of that age look back upon them? We can no more predict or understand the seven wonders of the future than could the ancients predict those of the twentieth century."

THANKSGIVING DAY THANKS

By Frances Marian Mitchell

We give THEE thanks today, Dear Lord,
For the days that lie between
This and that first Thanksgiving Day
Of the Pilgrims' fulfilled dream.
We give thanks for the days of joy,
For the days of toil and care,
And for all that makes us worthy
Of that first Thanksgiving prayer.

THE DISAPPEARING DESERT

Under Secretary Lane, the Department of the Interior has adopted a new policy

of publicity, furnishing to the press of the whole country, in daily letters, brief items of news concerning the work of the department and of affairs and interests affected. Recently the secretary was quoted widely as having said that only two per cent of the public lands under reclamation projects had been taken up by settlers. What he did say was that all but two per cent of the land has been turned into farms. This is a remarkable showing of the beneficial operation of the Reclamation Act.

THE MANAGING EDITOR'S SCOOP

Arthur McEwen brightest of the "star" journalists lured from California to the east by Hearst, and leader of the North American's fierce assault upon the Quay machine a dozen years ago, carried in his head an idea factory that was always speeded up. When a few champagne bubbles were mixed with the ideas, the product sometimes was startling.

At 3 o'clock one morning he pounded upon the door of a special reporter's rooms in San Francisco and demanded that the reporter dress and accompany him at once for a most important conference. The reporter gently but firmly demurred, and Managing Editor McEwen drew him, shivering in his nightshirt, into the dark hall and confided to him a great project of wonderful simplicity that the bubbles had generated. "I'm going to take China," whispered Mac. "It's absurdly easy. Just got it all framed up, and it occurred to me that I need an executive man. You are just the man. I'll do all the thinking and I'll assign you to do the rest. You get twenty good fighting men, and we'll put it through at once. Twenty will be plenty. Remember what Gordon did. Are you with me?"

"Sure; fine scheme. We'll talk over details at luncheon down at Frank's. I'm going back to bed now."

"That's right; mustn't stand here and catch cold. But keep this absolutely dark. Don't even tell your wife. If a hint of this should leak, somebody would beat us to it and we'd be scooped."

WATER POWER DEVELOPMENT.

Federal cooperation with the western states in the development of water power has received further encouragement from Secretary Lane of the Interior Department. The Secretary has just approved the expenditure of \$15,000 for cooperation with the State of Oregon through its state engineer for an investigation of an interstate water-power project near The Dalles, Oregon. Oregon had already appropriated \$15,000 for this purpose, and the joint board, to be composed of representatives of the Department of the Interior, army engineers and the state, will have for its investigation the sum of \$30,000. The proposed project is on the Columbia River near The Dalles, and preliminary reports by State officials indicate the feasibility of a large power development in conjunction with the proposed irrigation of thousands of acres of land in the valley of the Columbia River. This order is in furtherance of the policy of cooperation with the state governments which the Department has adopted.

LITTLE LIFE HISTORIES

A Free-Hand Sketch of A Man and A Mission

BACKERS—leaders—followers—all live by success; all suffer by failure.

Success is the profit which supplies effective stimulus and offers just reward for initiative, energy, skill and labor. It is the cargo of wealth brought back in exchange for the substance, the effort and the time we have adventured in any undertaking. Money, skill and labor are all indispensable to the cycle of success, but the one great factor—greatest of all—which guarantees and spells it—less vocal and therefore less widely discerned—is the genius of ideas which makes productive forces instead of huge idle possibilities.

Ideas—genius—and again the genius of ideas Frank Miller has in large quantities. Genius springs from abnormal—or better say—exceptional brains. The ordinary well-poised brain is the fountain of mediocrity. It is the non-ordinary—betimes unbalanced—intellect that scintillates and startles. They say that insanity and genius are of the same family; true, one lunatic in politics, religion or finance or literature can create more excitement—more commotion—fill more pages in a newspaper than an army of self-poised workers. But every man, from Galileo to Edison and Marconi, who have ventured anything out of the ordinary or suggested anything startling or out of the physical order of things, has been dubbed “crazy” or membered in the Ananias Club. There isn’t as much sanity in the world as one would suppose—to hear some folks tell about themselves. All of us have slants—idiosyncracies some call ‘em—in one direction or another, and complete saneness in one individual is as scarce as virtue in New York’s Four Hundred. Frank Miller is not crazy, albeit he has a line of buzzes—but he as- says so much sanity to the pound that he is well worthy of celebration.

He never was and is not a theorist—you might think at times he was a cynic—but he is not—he’s a philosopher. Like every strong man he has lasting enmities and enduring friendships, and he is big, courageous and non-theoretical. A great, broad shouldered man—smooth of face and action—with love for his fellow man and the joy of living—his activities have been remarkable in their scope. He is a part and parcel of the history of Riverside, California, where he lives. He has been identified with all the religious, charitable and other movements for the benefit of Riverside and its people. Unlike many lovers of humanity he does want to do things for his fellow man instead of himself. Humanity has a large place in his ideals, and his perspective of life is well nigh perfect. He hopes for better things and believes that better things can be brought about. He is a live wire—a dreamer—a doer—a thinker—a planner—an idealist and a practicalist all combined.

Standing in the early seventies on the ground where now rears the wonderful Mission Inn at Riverside, he saw the twentieth century; and in this midst, with

the help of a big Indian named Miguel, he built an adobe building. As he worked, barefooted, in the clay and fashioned his adobe, he dreamed of his castle in Spain—of a hotel that ought to be; and in less than a quarter of a century he has turned his dream and his ideal into plaster and stone, and builded in mountain-belted Riverside the one hotel a Californian can recognize as his own. The Mission Inn is Californian—not a hotel alone—but the old Mission Hospice reproduced with every feature of modern comfort, luxury and art added; indeed a composite of hospice, mission, museum and gallery of art, a combination rarely satisfying and hardly to be found elsewhere.

If you wish you may call this an advertisement of him who has made a fine art



Master of the Inn

out of the familiar process of hotel keeping—which in the Mission Inn has combined hotel with curio-shops and curio-shops with a monasterio whose cloisters, stained glass windows and grand organ blend the atmosphere of the early mission era with a modern environment; and if you have seen the Mission Inn you can but feel that there was a prescience of genius in such a vision as Miller had, and that he must be counted among the rare spirits who see in advance what most men see when it lies like a distant landscape behind them.

The Master of the Inn

Frank Miller is known as and is the “Master of the Inn”—some class to that appellation even in America. And the said Inn is his principal concern.

Don’t becloud your mind with the idea that Miller is simply a dreamer and a sentimentalist, or be allured by the thought that he is not a wide-awake—very wide and very awake—business man. He can scent anything that will be of benefit to Riverside and incidentally—only incidentally, of course—to his Mission Inn and Frank Miller—further than a

darky can smell fried chicken. Likewise, having scented, he never hesitates about going after it, but proceeds in the most expeditious and convenient way to claw it or to know why the clawing is not good—and hence unsatisfactory. He is the central point of some and an important factor in all of the philosophies of management of a city or an inn—meaning the same thing to him—which seek to meet with the conditions consequent on a large tourist travel and the “big business” which it brings, together with such incidental—again only incidental—honorary, financial or otherwise—as might befall himself.

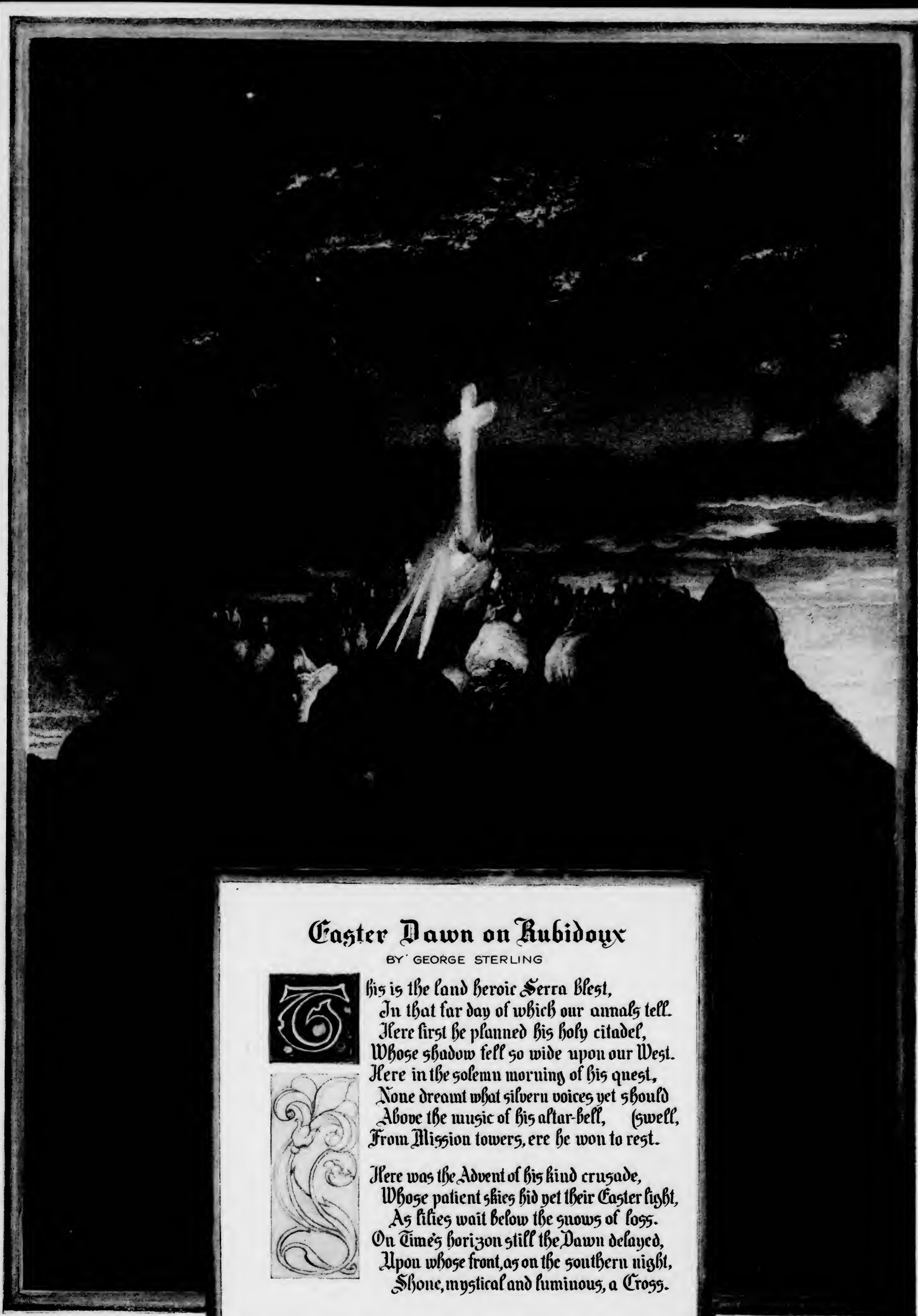
He borrowed most of the money he put into his enterprise and has had some lean years—back away, to be sure—but he had faith and stayed with it—hence success and reward.

He has played politics—not for money, but for power. A politician may be a business man, but few business men are politicians; being both, he was a political boss and for many years known as the railroad boss. He politicked wherever the politicking was good and with everybody from the parish priest up or down according to your religious predilections. He is a Republican—straight and regular—and being such a Republican at this juncture and in California is an industry classed with the lost arts and old missions.

He has probably achieved his ambition, but he has had to fight for every medal he has ever pinned on himself. He is a good mixer—knows how to mix—where to mix—and psychologically speaking, the exact mixing time. He is courteous, approachable and friendly and modest, but not too modest. Modesty—that is too much of it—he thinks, would never get you anywhere, and isn’t that the truth? There is really too little of the projection of self into the arena of life. He is a good citizen is Miller. He has done more than his share for the upbuilding of Riverside; he has given largely of his time and money to make it the “city beautiful” that it is; he has been the moving spirit in the development of a civic center having not only the merit of handsome buildings, but with all of them erected with the missions motive, in the Spanish type.

Frank Miller is still young, still in the early fifties, serenely approaching life’s twilight. He is a big, clean cut, red-blooded, two-fisted, brawny citizen with a lot of brains and plenty of courage and determination and an all-round Californian. He is honest, hard-headed, vigorous, virile and able, and when you get a man with all these qualities, in addition to being a keen executive, you have a first class citizen and a citizen of the first class.

Quentin



Easter Dawn on Rubidoux

BY GEORGE STERLING



his is the land heroic Serra blest,
In that far day of which our annals tell.
Here first he planned his holy citadel,
Whose shadow fell so wide upon our West.
Here in the solemn morning of his quest,
None dreamt what silver voices yet should
Above the music of his altar-bell, (swell,
From Mission towers, ere he won to rest.

Here was the Advent of his kind crusade,
Whose patient skies hid yet their Easter light,
As lilies wait below the snows of loss.
On Time's horizon still the Dawn delayed,
Upon whose front, as on the southern night,
Shone, mystical and luminous, a Cross.

PAINTED BY
W. H. BULL

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY
HARRY E. SCOTT

Sunday April 11/16

During the dawn of each Easter Sunday, an "Easter Sunrise Pilgrimage" is made to the summit of Mount Rubidoux, above Riverside, California. Here stands a great cross, erected to the memory of Fra Junipero Serra, "apostle, legislator, builder," to commemorate "the beginning of civilization in California." The pilgrimage was suggested by Jacob Riis and the cross unveiled by President Taft, in 1909. The sunrise service is simple but thrilling; its inspiration is powerfully expressed in picture and poem here presented



*American Book Note Co.
New York.*

CARMEL MISSION.

Century, June 1883.

[Part I May, 3, 1883.]

FATHER JUNIPERO AND HIS WORK.

By Helen Hunt Jackson
A SKETCH OF THE FOUNDATION, PROSPERITY, AND RUIN OF THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA. II.

IF the little grief-stricken band of monks who stood weeping around Junipero Serra's grave in 1784 could have foreseen the events of the next thirty years, their weeping would have been turned into exultant joy. But not the most daring enthusiast among them could have dreamed of the harvest of power destined to be raised from the seed thus sown in weakness.

Almost with his dying breath Father Junipero had promised to use "all his influence with God" in behalf of the missions. In the course of the next four months after his death more converts were baptized than in the whole three years previous; and it became at once the common belief that his soul had passed directly into heaven, and that this great wave of conversions was the result of his prayers. Prosperity continued steadily to increase. Mission after mission was successfully founded, until, in 1804, the occupation of the sea-coast line from San Francisco to San Diego was complete, there being nineteen mission establishments only an easy day's journey apart from each other.

The ten new missions were founded in the following order: Santa Barbara, December 4, 1786; La Purissima, December 8, 1787; Santa Cruz, September 25, 1791; Soledad, October 9, 1791; San José, June 11, 1797; San Juan Bautista, June 24, 1797; San Miguel, July 25, 1797; San Fernando Rey, September, 8, 1797; San Luis Rey de Francia, June 18, 1798; Santa Inez, September 7, 1804.

Beginnings had also been made on a projected second line, to be from thirty to fifty miles back from the sea, and this inland chain of settlements and development promised to be in no way inferior to the first. The wealth of the mission establishments had grown to an almost incredible degree. In several of them massive stone churches had been built, of an architecture at once so simple and harmonious that, even in ruins, it is to-day the grandest in America; and it will remain, so long as arch, pillar, or dome of it shall stand, a noble and touching monument of the patient Indian workers who built, and of the devoted friars who designed, its majestic and graceful proportions.

In all of the missions were buildings on a

large scale, providing for hundreds of occupants, for all the necessary trades and manufactures, and many of the ornamental arts of civilized life. Enormous tracts of land were under high cultivation; the grains, and cool fruits of the temperate zone, flourishing, in the marvelous California air, side by side with the palm, olive, grape, fig, orange, and pomegranate. From the two hundred head of cattle sent by the wise Galvez had grown herds past numbering; and to these had been added vast flocks of sheep, and herds of horses. In these nineteen missions were gathered over twenty thousand Indians, leading regular and industrious lives, and conforming to the usages of the Catholic religion.

A description of the San Luis Rey mission, written by De Mofras, an attaché of the French Legation in Mexico in 1842, gives a clear idea of the form, and some of the methods of the mission establishments.

"The building is a quadrilateral, four hundred and fifty feet square; the church occupies one of its wings; the façade is ornamented with a gallery. The building is two stories in height. The interior is formed by a court ornamented with fountains, and decorated with trees. Upon the gallery which runs around it open the dormitories of the monks, of the major-domos, and of travelers, small work-shops, school-rooms and store-rooms. The hospitals are situated in the most quiet parts of the mission, where also the schools are kept. The young Indian girls dwell in halls called monasteries, and are called nuns. Placed under the care of Indian matrons, who are worthy of confidence, they learn to make cloth of wool, cotton, and flax, and do not leave the monastery until they are old enough to be married. The Indian children mingle in schools with those of the white colonists. A certain number chosen among the pupils who display the most intelligence learn music, chanting, the violin, flute, horn, violoncello, or other instruments. Those who distinguish themselves in the carpenters' shops, at the forge, or in agricultural labors, are appointed alcaldes or overseers, and charged with the directions of the laborers."

Surrounding these buildings, or arranged in regular streets upon one side of them, were the homes of the Indian families. These were built of adobe, or of reeds, after the native fashion. The daily routine of the Indians' life was simple and uniform. They were divided into squads of laborers. At sunrise, the Angelus bell called them to mass. After the mass they breakfasted, and then dispersed to their various labors. At eleven, they were

again summoned together for dinner, after which they rested until two, when they went again to work, and worked until the evening Angelus just before sunset. After prayers and supper, they were in the habit of dancing and playing games until bedtime. Their food was good. They had meat at noon accompanied by *posale*, a sort of succotash made of corn, beans, and wheat, boiled together. Their breakfast and supper were usually of porridge made from different grains, called *atole* and *pinole*.

The men wore linen shirts, pantaloons, and blankets. The overseers and best workmen had suits of cloth like the Spaniards. The women received every year two chemises, one gown, and a blanket. De Mofras says:

"When the hides, tallow, grain, wine, and oil were sold at good prices to ships from abroad, the monks distributed handkerchiefs, wearing apparel, tobacco, and trinkets among the Indians, and devoted the surplus to the embellishment of the churches, the purchase of musical instruments, pictures, church ornaments, etc.; still they were careful to keep a part of the harvest in the granaries to provide for years of scarcity."

The rule of the friars was in the main a kindly one. The vice of drunkenness was severely punished by flogging. Quarreling between husbands and wives was also dealt with summarily, the offending parties being chained together by the leg till they were glad to promise to keep peace. New converts and recruits were secured in many ways; sometimes by sending out parties of those already attached to the new mode of life, and letting them set forth to the savages the advantages and comforts of the Christian way; sometimes by luring strangers in with gifts; sometimes, it is said, by capturing them by main force; but of this there is only scanty evidence, and it is not probable that it was often practiced. It has also been said that cruel and severe methods were used to compel the Indians to work; that they were driven under the lash by their overseers, and goaded with lances by the soldiers. No doubt there were individual instances of cruelty; seeds of it being indigenous in human nature, such absolute control of hundreds of human

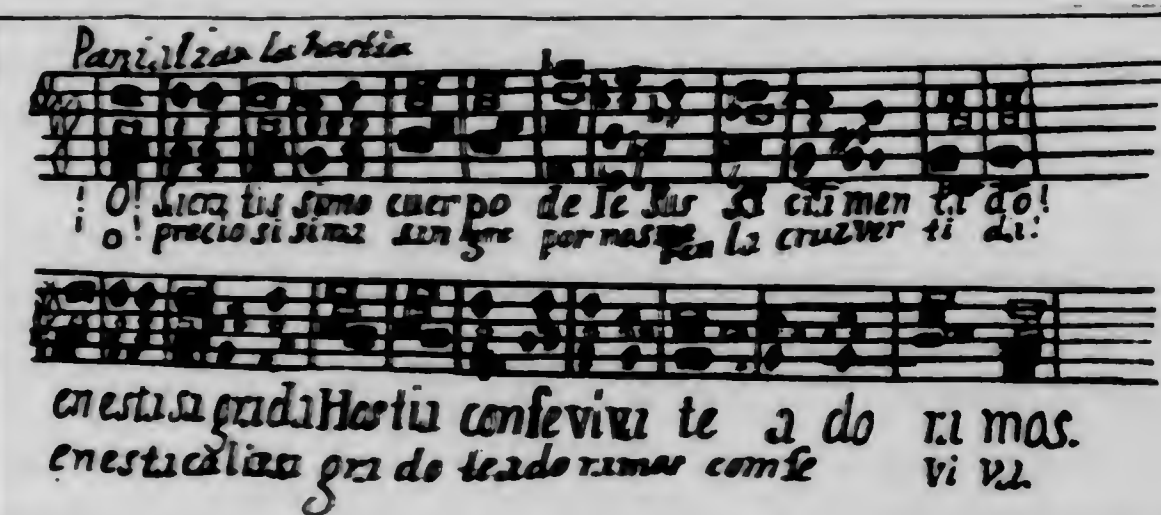
beings could not exist without some abuses of the power. But that the Indians were, on the whole, well treated and cared for, the fact that so many thousands of them chose to remain in the missions is proof. With open wilderness on all sides, and with thousands of savage friends and relatives close at hand, nothing but their own free will could have kept such numbers of them loyal and contented. Forbes, in his history of California, written in 1832, says:

"The best and most unequivocal proof of the good conduct of the fathers is to be found in the unbounded affection and devotion invariably shown toward them by their Indian subjects. They venerate them not merely as friends and fathers, but with a degree of devotion approaching to adoration."

The picture of life in one of these missions during their period of prosperity is unique and attractive. The whole place was a hive of industry: trades plying indoors and outdoors; tillers, herders, vintagers by hundreds, going to and fro; children in schools; women spinning; bands of young men practicing on musical instruments; music, the scores of which, in many instances, they had themselves written out; at evening, all sorts of games of running, leaping, dancing, and ball-throwing, and the picturesque ceremonies of a religion which has always been wise in availing itself of beautiful agencies in color, form, and harmony.

At every mission were walled gardens with waving palms, sparkling fountains, groves of olive trees, broad vineyards, and orchards of all manner of fruits; over all, the sunny, delicious, winterless California sky.

More than mortal, indeed, must the Franciscans have been, to have been able, under these conditions, to preserve intact the fervor and spirit of self-abnegation and deprivation inculcated by the rules of their order. There is a half-comic pathos in the records of occasional efforts made by one and another of the presidents to check the growing disposition toward ease on the part of the friars. At one time, several of them were found to be carrying silver watches. The watches were taken away, and sent to Guadalajara to be sold, the money to be paid into the Church treasury. At another time, an order was issued, forbidding the wearing of shoes and stockings in place of sandals, and the occupying of too large and comfortable rooms. And one zealous president, finding that the friars occasionally rode in the carts belonging to their missions, had all the carts burned, to compel the fathers to go about on foot.



MUSIC SCORE FROM OLD CHOIR-BOOK PRINTED BY MISSION INDIANS.



BELL-POST AND CORRIDOR AT SAN MIGUEL MISSION.

The friars were forced, by the very facts of their situation, into the exercise of a constant and abounding hospitality, and this of itself inevitably brought about large departures from the ascetic *régime* of living originally preached and practiced. Most royally did they discharge the obligations of this hospitality. Travelers' rooms were kept always ready in every mission; and there were even set apart fruit orchards called "travelers' orchards." A man might ride from San Diego to Monterey by easy day's journeys, spending each night as guest in a mission establishment. As soon as he rode up, an Indian page would appear to take his horse; another to show him to one of the travelers' rooms. He was served with the best of food and wine, as long as he liked to stay, and when he left, he might, if he wished, take from the mission herd a fresh horse to carry him on his journey. All the California voyagers and travelers of the time speak in glowing terms of this generous and cordial entertaining by the friars. It was, undoubtedly, part of their policy as representatives of the State, but it was no less a part of their duty as Franciscans.

Some of the highest tributes which have been paid to them, both as men and as administrators of affairs, have come from strangers who, thus sojourning under their roofs, had the best opportunity of knowing their lives. Says Forbes:

"Their conduct has been marked by a degree of benevolence, humanity, and moderation probably unexampled in any other situation."

"I have never heard that they have not acted with the most perfect fidelity, or that they ever betrayed a trust, or acted with inhumanity."—FORBES'S "California."

This testimony is of the more weight that it comes from a man not in sympathy with either the religious or the secular system on which the friars' labors were based.

The tales still told by old people of festal occasions at the missions sound like tales of the Old World rather than of the New. There was a strange difference, fifty years ago, between the atmosphere of life on the east and west sides of the American continent: On the Atlantic shore, the descendants of the Puritans, weighed down by serious purpose, half grudging the time for their one staid yearly Thanksgiving, and driving the Indians farther and farther into the wilderness every year, fighting and killing them; on the sunny Pacific shore, the merry people of Mexican and Spanish blood, troubling themselves about nothing, dancing away whole days and nights like children, while their priests were gathering the Indians by thousands into communities, and feeding and teaching them.

The most beautiful woman known in California a half-century ago, still lives in Santa Barbara, white-haired, bright-eyed, eloquent-tongued to-day. At the time of her marriage, her husband being a brother of the superior of the Santa Barbara mission, her wedding banquet was spread on tables running the whole length of the outer corridor of the mission. For three days and three nights the feasting and dancing were kept up, and the whole town was bid. On the day after her wedding came the christening or blessing of the right tower of the church. She and her husband, having been chosen godfather and godmother to the tower, walked in solemn

procession around it, carrying lighted candles in their hands, preceded by the friar, who sprinkled it with holy water and burned incense. In the four long streets of Indians' houses, then running eastward from the mis-



A CAPACIOUS FIRE-PLACE—SAN LUIS REY.

sion, booths of green boughs, decorated with flowers, were set up in front of all the doors. Companies of Indians from other missions came as guests, dancing and singing as they approached. Their Indian hosts went out to meet them, also singing, and pouring out seeds on the ground for them to walk on. These were descendants of the Indians who, when Viscayno anchored off Santa Barbara in 1602, came out in canoes, bringing their king, and rowed three times around Viscayno's ship, chanting a chorus of welcome. Then the king going on board the ship, walked three times around the deck, chanting the same song. He then gave to the Spaniards gifts of all the simple foods he had, and implored them to land, promising that if they would come and be their brothers, he would give to each man ten wives.

With the increase of success, wealth, and power on the part of the missions came increasing complexities in their relation to the military settlements in the country. The original Spanish plan of colonization was threefold—religious, military, and civil. Its first two steps were a mission and a pre-

sidio, or garrison; the presidio to be the guard of the mission; later was to come the pueblo* or town. From indefiniteness in the understanding of property rights, and rights of authority, as vested under these three heads, there very soon arose confusion, which led to collisions—collisions which have not yet ceased, and never will, so long as there remains a land-title in California to be quarreled over. The law records of the State are brimful of briefs, counter-briefs, opinions, and counter-opinions regarding property issues, all turning on definitions which nobody has now clear right to make, of old pueblo and presidio titles and bounds.

In the beginning there were no grants of land; everything was done by royal decree. In the form of taking possession of the new lands, the Church, by right of sacred honor, came first, the religious ceremony always preceding the military. Not till the cross was set up, and the ground consecrated and taken possession of, in the name of God, for the Church's purposes, did any military commander ever think of planting the royal standard, symbolizing the king's possession. In the early days, the relation between the military and the ecclesiastical representatives of the king were comparatively simple; the soldiers were sent avowedly and specifically to protect the friars; moreover, in those earlier days, soldiers and friars were alike devout, and, no doubt, had the mission interests more equally at heart than they did later. But each year's increase of numbers in the garrisons, and of numbers and power in the missions, increased the possibilities of clashing, until finally the relations between the two underwent a singular reversal; and the friars, if disposed to be satirical, might well have said that, however bad a rule might be which would not work both ways, a rule which did was not of necessity a good one, it being now the duty of the missions to support the presidios; the military governors being authorized to draw upon the friars not only for supplies, but for contributions of money, and for levies of laborers.†

On the other hand, no lands could be set off or assigned for colonists without consent

* The term pueblo answers to that of the English word town, in all its vagueness and all its precision. As the word town in English generally embraces every kind of population from the village to the city, and also, used specifically, signifies a town corporate and politic, so the word pueblo in Spanish ranges from the hamlet to the city, but, used emphatically, signifies a town corporate and politic.—"Dwinelle's Colonial History of San Francisco."

† In the decade between 1801 and 1810 the missions furnished to the presidios about eighteen thousand dollars' worth of supplies each year.

of the friars, and there were many other curious and entangling cross-purpose powers distributed between friars and military governors quite sufficient to make it next to impossible for things to go smoothly.

The mission affairs, so far as their own internal interests were concerned, were administered with admirable simplicity and system. The friars in charge of the missions were responsible directly to the president or prefect of the missions. He, in turn, was responsible to the president or guardian of the Franciscan College in San Fernando, in Mexico. One responsible officer, called procurador, was kept in the city of Mexico to buy supplies for the missions from stipends due, and from the drafts given to the friars by the presidio commanders for goods furnished to the presidios. There was also a syndic or general agent at San Blas, who attended to the shipping and forwarding of supplies. It was a happy combination of the minimum of functionaries with the maximum of responsibility.

The income supporting the missions was derived from two sources, the first of which was a fund, called the "Pious Fund," originally belonging to the Jesuit Order, but on the suppression of that order, in 1868, taken possession of by the Spanish Government in trust for the Church. This fund, begun early in the eighteenth century, was made up of estates, mines, manufactories, and flocks—all gifts of rich Catholics to the Society of Jesus. It yielded an income of fifty thousand dollars a year, the whole of which belonged to the Church, and was to be used in paying stipends to the friars (to the Dominicans in Lower as well as to the Franciscans in Upper California), and in the purchasing of articles needed in the missions. The missions' second source of income was from the sales of their own products; first to the presidios—these sales, paid for by drafts on the Spanish or Mexican Government; second, to trading ships, coming more and more each year to the California coast.

As soon as revolutionary troubles began to agitate Spain and Mexico, the income of the missions from abroad began to fall off. The Pious Fund was too big a sum to be honestly administered by any government hard pressed for money. Spain began to filch from it early, to pay the bills of her wars with Portugal and England; and Mexico, as soon as she had the chance, followed Spain's example vigorously,—selling whole estates, and pocketing their price; farming the fund out for the benefit of the State treasury; and, finally, in Santa Anna's time, selling the whole outright to two banking-houses. During these troublous times, the friars not only failed fre-

quently to receive their regular stipends allotted from the interest of this Pious Fund, but their agent was unable to collect the money due them for the supplies furnished to the presidios. The sums of which they were thus robbed by two governments—that, being ostensibly of the Catholic faith, should surely have held the Church's property sacred—mounted up in a few years to such enormous figures, that restitution would have been practically impossible, and, except for their own internal sources of revenue, the missions must have come to bankruptcy and ruin.

However, the elements which were to bring about this ruin were already at work—were, indeed, inherent in the very system on which they had been founded. The Spanish Government was impatient to see carried out, and to reap the benefit of, the pueblo feature of its colonization plan. With a singular lack of realization of the time needed to make citizens out of savages, it had set ten years as the period at the expiration of which the Indian communities attached to the missions were to be formed into pueblos,—the missions to be secularized, that is, turned into curacies, the pueblo being the parish. This was no doubt the wise and proper ultimate scheme, the only one, in fact, which provided either for the entire civilization of the Indian or the successful colonization of the country. But five times ten years would have been little enough to allow for getting such a scheme fairly under way, and another five times ten years for the finishing and rounding of the work. It is strange how sure civilized peoples are, when planning and legislating for savages, to forget that it has always taken centuries to graft on or evolve out of savagery anything like civilization.

Aiming toward this completing of their colonization plan, the Spanish Government had very early founded the pueblos of Los Angeles and San José. A second class of pueblos, called, in the legal phrase of California's later days, "Presidial Pueblos," had originated in the settlement of the presidios, and gradually grown up around them. There were four of these—San Diego, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Francisco.

It is easy to see how, as these settlements increased, of persons more or less unconnected with the missions, there must have grown up discontent at the Church's occupation and control of so large a proportion of the country. Ready for alliance with this discontent was the constant jealousy on the part of the military authorities, whose measures were often—and, no doubt, often rightly—opposed by the friars. These fomenting causes of disquiet reacted on the impatience and greed in

procession around it, carrying lighted candles in their hands, preceded by the friar, who sprinkled it with holy water and burned incense. In the four long streets of Indians' houses, then running eastward from the mis-



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sion, booths of green boughs, decorated with flowers, were set up in front of all the doors. Companies of Indians from other missions came as guests, dancing and singing as they approached. Their Indian hosts went out to meet them, also singing, and pouring out seeds on the ground for them to walk on. These were descendants of the Indians who, when Viscayno anchored off Santa Barbara in 1602, came out in canoes, bringing their king, and rowed three times around Viscayno's ship, chanting a chorus of welcome. Then the king going on board the ship, walked three times around the deck, chanting the same song. He then gave to the Spaniards gifts of all the simple foods he had, and implored them to land, promising that if they would come and be their brothers, he would give to each man ten wives.

With the increase of success, wealth, and power on the part of the missions came increasing complexities in their relation to the military settlements in the country. The original Spanish plan of colonization was threefold—religious, military, and civil. Its first two steps were a mission and a pre-

sidio, or garrison; the presidio to be the guard of the mission; later was to come the pueblo* or town. From indefiniteness in the understanding of property rights, and rights of authority, as vested under these three heads, there very soon arose confusion, which led to collisions—collisions which have not yet ceased, and never will, so long as there remains a land-title in California to be quarreled over. The law records of the State are brimful of briefs, counter-briefs, opinions, and counter-opinions regarding property issues, all turning on definitions which nobody has now clear right to make, of old pueblo and presidio titles and bounds.

In the beginning there were no grants of land; everything was done by royal decree. In the form of taking possession of the new lands, the Church, by right of sacred honor, came first, the religious ceremony always preceding the military. Not till the cross was set up, and the ground consecrated and taken possession of, in the name of God, for the Church's purposes, did any military commander ever think of planting the royal standard, symbolizing the king's possession. In the early days, the relation between the military and the ecclesiastical representatives of the king were comparatively simple; the soldiers were sent avowedly and specifically to protect the friars; moreover, in those earlier days, soldiers and friars were alike devout, and, no doubt, had the mission interests more equally at heart than they did later. But each year's increase of numbers in the garrisons, and of numbers and power in the missions, increased the possibilities of clashing, until finally the relations between the two underwent a singular reversal; and the friars, if disposed to be satirical, might well have said that, however bad a rule might be which would not work both ways, a rule which did was not of necessity a good one, it being now the duty of the missions to support the presidios; the military governors being authorized to draw upon the friars not only for supplies, but for contributions of money, and for levies of laborers.†

On the other hand, no lands could be set off or assigned for colonists without consent

* The term pueblo answers to that of the English word town, in all its vagueness and all its precision. As the word town in English generally embraces every kind of population from the village to the city, and also, used specifically, signifies a town corporate and politic, so the word pueblo in Spanish ranges from the hamlet to the city, but, used emphatically, signifies a town corporate and politic.—"Dwinelle's Colonial History of San Francisco."

† In the decade between 1801 and 1810 the missions furnished to the presidios about eighteen thousand dollars' worth of supplies each year.

of the friars, and there were many other curious and entangling cross-purpose powers distributed between friars and military governors quite sufficient to make it next to impossible for things to go smoothly.

The mission affairs, so far as their own internal interests were concerned, were administered with admirable simplicity and system. The friars in charge of the missions were responsible directly to the president or prefect of the missions. He, in turn, was responsible to the president or guardian of the Franciscan College in San Fernando, in Mexico. One responsible officer, called procurador, was kept in the city of Mexico to buy supplies for the missions from stipends due, and from the drafts given to the friars by the presidio commanders for goods furnished to the presidios. There was also a syndic or general agent at San Blas, who attended to the shipping and forwarding of supplies. It was a happy combination of the minimum of functionalities with the maximum of responsibility.

The income supporting the missions was derived from two sources, the first of which was a fund, called the "Pious Fund," originally belonging to the Jesuit Order, but on the suppression of that order, in 1868, taken possession of by the Spanish Government in trust for the Church. This fund, begun early in the eighteenth century, was made up of estates, mines, manufactories, and flocks—all gifts of rich Catholics to the Society of Jesus. It yielded an income of fifty thousand dollars a year, the whole of which belonged to the Church, and was to be used in paying stipends to the friars (to the Dominicans in Lower as well as to the Franciscans in Upper California), and in the purchasing of articles needed in the missions. The missions' second source of income was from the sales of their own products; first to the presidios—these sales, paid for by drafts on the Spanish or Mexican Government; second, to trading ships, coming more and more each year to the California coast.

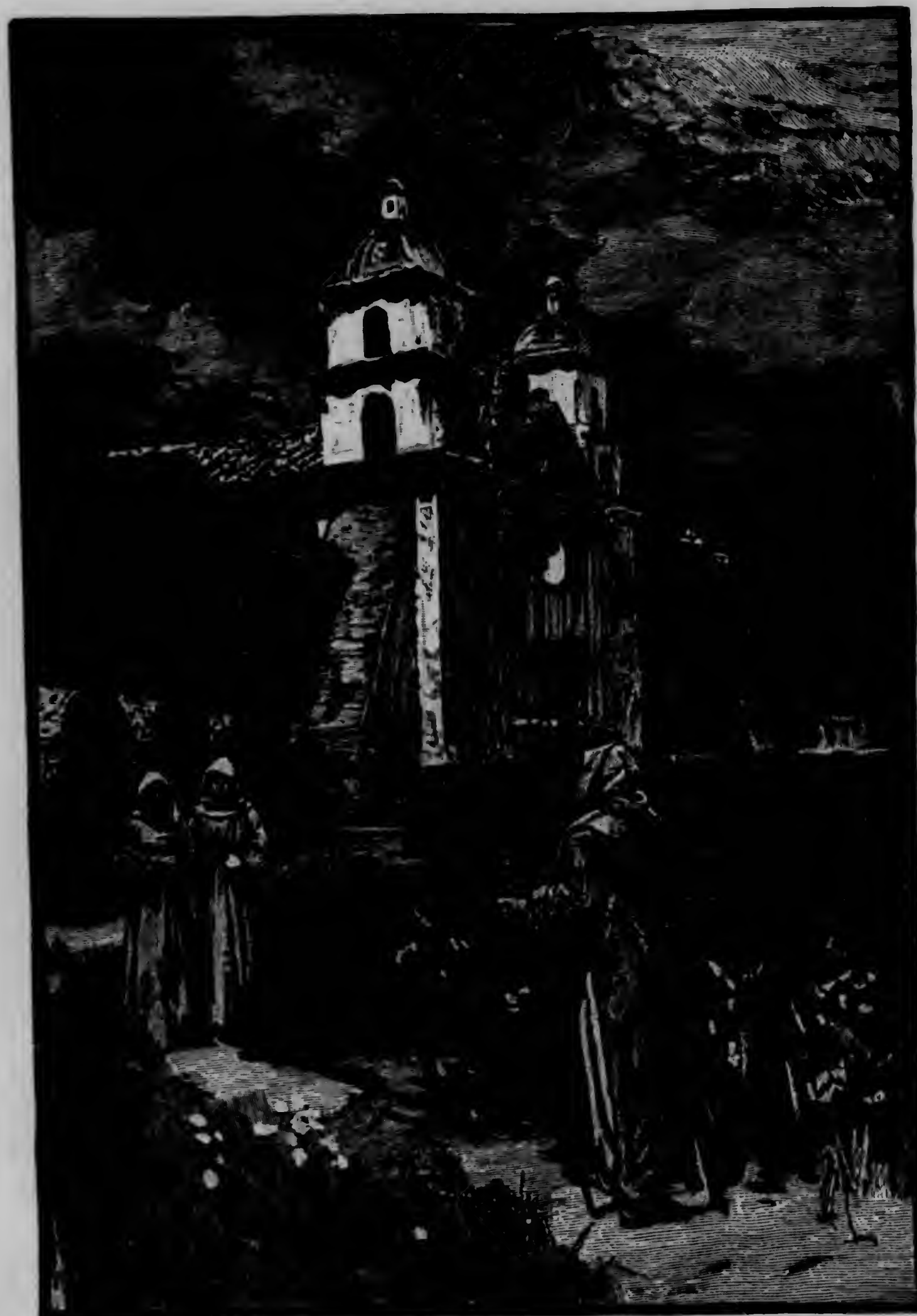
As soon as revolutionary troubles began to agitate Spain and Mexico, the income of the missions from abroad began to fall off. The Pious Fund was too big a sum to be honestly administered by any government hard pressed for money. Spain began to filch from it early, to pay the bills of her wars with Portugal and England; and Mexico, as soon as she had the chance, followed Spain's example vigorously,—selling whole estates, and pocketing their price; farming the fund out for the benefit of the State treasury; and, finally, in Santa Anna's time, selling the whole outright to two banking-houses. During these troublous times, the friars not only failed fre-

quently to receive their regular stipends allotted from the interest of this Pious Fund, but their agent was unable to collect the money due them for the supplies furnished to the presidios. The sums of which they were thus robbed by two governments—that, being ostensibly of the Catholic faith, should surely have held the Church's property sacred—mounted up in a few years to such enormous figures, that restitution would have been practically impossible, and, except for their own internal sources of revenue, the missions must have come to bankruptcy and ruin.

However, the elements which were to bring about this ruin were already at work—were, indeed, inherent in the very system on which they had been founded. The Spanish Government was impatient to see carried out, and to reap the benefit of, the pueblo feature of its colonization plan. With a singular lack of realization of the time needed to make citizens out of savages, it had set ten years as the period at the expiration of which the Indian communities attached to the missions were to be formed into pueblos,—the missions to be secularized, that is, turned into curacies, the pueblo being the parish. This was no doubt the wise and proper ultimate scheme, the only one, in fact, which provided either for the entire civilization of the Indian or the successful colonization of the country. But five times ten years would have been little enough to allow for getting such a scheme fairly under way, and another five times ten years for the finishing and rounding of the work. It is strange how sure civilized peoples are, when planning and legislating for savages, to forget that it has always taken centuries to graft on or evolve out of savagery anything like civilization.

Aiming toward this completing of their colonization plan, the Spanish Government had very early founded the pueblos of Los Angeles and San José. A second class of pueblos, called, in the legal phrase of California's later days, "Presidial Pueblos," had originated in the settlement of the presidios, and gradually grown up around them. There were four of these—San Diego, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Francisco.

It is easy to see how, as these settlements increased, of persons more or less unconnected with the missions, there must have grown up discontent at the Church's occupation and control of so large a proportion of the country. Ready for alliance with this discontent was the constant jealousy on the part of the military authorities, whose measures were often—and, no doubt, often rightly—opposed by the friars. These fomenting causes of discontent reacted on the impatience and greed in



CHURCH AND FOUNTAIN, SANTA BARBARA.

Spain; all together slowly, steadily working against the missions, until, in 1813, the Spanish Cortes passed an act decreeing their secularization. This was set forth in sounding phrase as an act purely for the benefit of the Indians, that they might become citizens of towns. But it was, to say the least of it, as much for Spain as for the Indians; since, by its provisions, one-half of the mission lands were to be sold for the payment of Spain's national debt. This act, so manifestly premature, remained a dead letter; but it alarmed the friars, and with reason. It was the tocsin of their doom, of the downfall of their establishments, and the ruin of their work.

Affairs grew more and more unsettled. Spanish viceroys and Mexican insurgents took turns at ruling in Mexico, and the representatives of each took turns at ruling in California. The waves of every Mexican revolution broke on the California shore. The College of San Fernando, in Mexico,

also shared in the general confusion, and many of its members returned to Spain.

From 1817 to 1820 great requisitions were made by the Government upon the missions. They responded generously. They gave not only food, but money. They submitted to a tax, per capita, on all their thousands of Indians, to pay the expenses of a deputy to sit in the Mexican Congress. They allowed troops to be quartered in the mission buildings. At the end of the year 1820 the outstanding drafts on the Government, in favor of the missions, amounted to four hundred thousand dollars.

It is impossible, in studying the records of this time, not to feel that the friars were, in the main, disposed to work in good faith for the best interests of the State. That they opposed the secularization project is true; but it is unjust to assume that their motives in so doing were purely selfish. Most certainly, the results of the carrying out of that project



IN THE MISSION GARDEN, SAN JUAN BAPTISTA.

were such as to prove all that they claimed of its untimeliness. It is easy saying, as their enemies do, that they would never have advocated it, and were not training the Indians with a view to it; but the first assertion is an assumption, and nothing more; and the refutation of the second lies in the fact that, even in that short time, they had made the savages into "masons, carpenters, plasterers, soap-makers, tanners, shoe-makers, blacksmiths, millers, bakers, cooks, brick-makers, carters and cart-makers, weavers and spinners, saddlers, ship hands, agriculturists, herdsmen, vintagers;—in a word, they filled all the laborious occupations known to civilized society."* Moreover, in many of the missions, plots of land had already been given to individual neophytes who seemed to have intelligence and energy enough to begin an independent life for themselves. But it is idle speculating now as to what would or would not

have been done under conditions which never existed.

So long as Spain refused to recognize Mexico's independence, the majority of the friars, as was natural, remained loyal to the Spanish Government, and yielded with reluctance and under protest, in every instance, to Mexico's control. For some years President Sarria was under arrest for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Mexican republic. Nevertheless, it not being convenient to remove him and fill his place, he performed all his functions as president of the missions through that time. Many other friars refused to take the oath, and left the country in consequence. During three years the secularization project was continually agitated, and at intervals measures initiatory to it were decreed and sometimes acted upon.

The shifting governors of unfortunate California legislated for or against the mission interests according to the exigencies of their needs or the warmth or lukewarmness of their religious faith.

* Special Report of the Hon. B. D. Wilson, of Los Angeles, Cal., to the Interior Dept. in 1852.

An act of one year, declaring the Indians liberated, and ordering the friars to turn over the mission properties to administrators, would be followed a few years later by an act restoring the power of the friars, and giving back to them all that remained to be rescued of the mission properties and converts. All was anarchy and confusion. During the fifty-five years that California was under Spanish rule she had but nine governors. During the twenty-four that she was under Mexican misrule she had thirteen. It would be interesting to know what the Indian populations thought, as they watched these quarrelings and intrigues among the Christians who were held up to them as patterns for imitation.

In a curious pamphlet left by one of the old friars, Father Boscana, is told a droll story of the logical inferences some of them drew from the political situations among their supposed betters. It was a band of San Diego Indians. When they heard that the Spanish viceroy in the city of Mexico had been killed, and a Mexican made emperor in his place, they forthwith made a great feast, burned up their chief, and elected a new one in his stead. To the stringent reproofs of the horrified friars they made answer: "Have you not done the same in Mexico? You say your king was not good, and you killed him. Well, our captain was not good, and we burned him. If the new one turns out bad, we will burn him, too,"—a memorable instance of the superiority of example to precept.

At last, in 1834, the final blow fell on the missions. The Governor of California, in compliance with instructions received from Mexico, issued an authoritative edict for their secularization. It was a long document, and had many significant provisions in it. It said that the Indians were now to be "emancipated." But the 16th article said that they "should be obliged to join in such labors of community as are indispensable, in the opinion of the political chief, in the cultivation of the vineyards, gardens, and fields, which for the present remain unapportioned." This was a curious sort of emancipation, and it is not surprising to read, in the political records of the time, such paragraphs as this: "Out of one hundred and sixty Indian families at San Diego, to whom emancipation was offered by Governor Figueroa, only ten could be induced to accept it." The friars were to hand over all records and inventories to stewards or administrators appointed. Boards of magistrates were also appointed for each village. One-half of the movable property was to be divided among the "emancipated persons," and to each head

of a family was to be given four hundred square yards of land. Everything else—lands, movable properties, property of all classes—was to be put into the hands of the administrator, to be held subject to the Federal Government. Out of these properties the administrators were to provide properly for the support of the father or fathers left in charge of the church, the church properties, and the souls of the "emancipated persons." A more complete and ingenious subversion of the previously existing state of things could not have been devised, and it is hard to conceive how any student of the history of the period can see, in its shaping and sudden enforcing, anything except bold and unprincipled greed hiding itself under specious cloaks of right.

"Beneath these specious pretexts," says Dwinelle, in his "Colonial History," "was undoubtedly a perfect understanding between the Government of Mexico and the leading men in California, that in such a condition of things the Supreme Government might absorb the Pious Fund, under the pretense that it was no longer necessary for missionary purposes, and thus had reverted to the State as a quasi escheat, while the co-actors in California should appropriate the local wealth of the missions, by the rapid and sure process of administering their temporalities."

Of the manner in which the project was executed, Dwinelle goes on to say: "These laws, whose ostensible purpose was to convert the missionary establishments into Indian pueblos, their churches into parish churches, and to elevate the Christianized Indians to the rank of citizens, were after all executed in such a manner that the so-called secularization of the missions resulted in their plunder and complete ruin, and in the demoralization and dispersion of the Christianized Indians."

It is only just to remember, however, that these laws and measures were set in force in a time of revolution, when even the best measures and laws could have small chance of being fairly executed, and that a government which is driven, as Mexico was, to recruiting its colonial forces by batches of selected prison convicts, is entitled to pity, if not charity in our estimates of its conduct. Of course, the position of administrator of a mission became at once a political reward and a chance for big gains, and simply, therefore, a source and center of bribery and corruption.

Between the governors—who now regarded the mission establishments as state property, taking their cattle or grain as freely as they would any other revenue, and sending orders to a mission for tallow, as they would draw

checks on the treasury—and the administrators, who equally regarded them as easy places for the filling of pockets, the wealth of the missions disappeared as dew melts in the sun. Through all this the Indians were the victims. They were, under the administrators, compelled to work far harder than before: they were ill-fed, and ill-treated; they were hired out in gangs to work in towns or on farms, under masters who regarded them simply as beasts of burden; their rights to the plots of land which had been set off for them were, almost without exception, ignored. A more pitiable sight has not often been seen on earth than the spectacle of this great body of helpless, dependent creatures, suddenly deprived of their teachers and protectors, thrown on their own resources, and at the mercy of rapacious and unscrupulous communities, in time of revolution. The best comment on their sufferings is to be found in the statistics of the mission establishments after a few years of the administrators' reign.

In 1834 there were, according to the lowest estimates, from fifteen to twenty thousand Indians in the missions. De Mofras's statistics give the number as 30,620. In 1840 there were left, all told, but six thousand. In many of the missions there were less than one hundred. According to De Mofras, the cattle, sheep, horses, and mules, in 1834, numbered 808,000; in 1842, but 6320. Other estimates put the figures for 1834 considerably lower. It is not easy to determine which are true; but the most moderate estimates of all tell the story with sufficient emphasis. There is also verbal testimony on these points still to be heard in California, if one has patience and interest enough in the subject to listen to it. There are still living, wandering about, half-blind, half-starved, in the neighborhood of the mission sites, old Indians who recollect the mission times in the height of their glory. Their faces kindle with a sad flicker of recollected happiness, as they tell of the days when they had all they wanted to eat, and the padres were so good and kind: "*Bueno tiempo! Bueno tiempo,*" they say, with a hopeless sigh and shake of the head.

Under the new régime the friars suffered hardly less than the Indians. Some fled the country, unable to bear the humiliations and hardships of their position under the control of the administrators or major-domos, and dependent on their caprice for shelter and even for food. Among this number was Father Antonio Peyri, who had been for over thirty years in charge of the splendid mission of San Luis Rey. In 1800, two years after its founding, this mission had three hundred and

sixty-nine Indians. In 1827 it had two thousand six hundred and eighty-six; it owned over twenty thousand head of cattle, and nearly twenty thousand sheep. It controlled over two hundred thousand acres of land, and there were raised in its fields in one year three thousand bushels of wheat, six thousand of barley, and ten thousand of corn. No other mission had so fine a church. It was one hundred and sixty feet long, fifty wide, and sixty high, with walls four feet thick. A tower at one side held a belfry for eight bells. The corridor on the opposite side had two hundred and fifty-six arches. Its gold and silver ornaments are said to have been superb.

When Father Peyri made up his mind to leave the country, he slipped off by night to San Diego, hoping to escape without the Indians' knowledge. But, missing him in the morning, and knowing only too well what it meant, five hundred of them mounted their ponies in hot haste, and galloped all the way to San Diego, forty-five miles, to bring him back by force. They arrived just as the ship, with Father Peyri on board, was weighing anchor. Standing on the deck, with outstretched arms, he blessed them amid their tears and loud cries. Some flung themselves into the water and swam after the ship. Four reached it, and, clinging to its sides, so implored to be taken that the father consented, and carried them with him to Rome, where one of them became a priest.

There were other touching instances in which the fathers refused to be separated from their Indian converts, and remained till the last by their side, sharing all their miseries and deprivations. De Mofras, in his visit to the country in 1842, found, at the mission of San Luis Obispo, Father Azagonais, a very old man, living in a hut, like the Indians, sleeping on a rawhide on the bare ground, with no drinking-vessel but an ox-horn, and no food but some dried meat hanging in the sun. The little he had he shared with the few Indians who still lingered there. Benevolent persons had offered him asylum, but he refused, saying that he would die at his post. At the San Antonio mission, De Mofras found another aged friar, Father Gutierrez, living in great misery. The administrator of this mission was a man who had been formerly a menial servant in the establishment; he had refused to provide Father Gutierrez with the commonest necessities, and had put him on an allowance of food barely sufficient to keep him alive.

At Soledad was a still more pitiful case. Father Sarria, who had labored there for thirty years, refused to leave the spot, even



INTERIOR OF LA PURISSIMA MISSION.

after the mission was so ruined that it was not worth any administrator's while to keep it. He and the handful of Indians who remained loyal to their faith and to him lived on there, growing poorer and poorer each day; he sharing his every morsel of food with them, and starving himself, till one Sunday morning, saying mass at the crumbling altar, he fainted, fell forward, and died in their arms, of starvation. This was in 1838. Only eight years before, this Soledad Mission had owned thirty-six thousand cattle, seventy thousand sheep, three hundred yoke of working oxen, more horses than any other mission, and had an aqueduct, fifteen miles long, supplying water enough to irrigate twenty thousand acres of land.

For ten years after the passage of the Secularization Act affairs went steadily on from bad to worse with the missions. Each governor had his own plans and devices for making the most out of them, renting them, dividing them into parcels, for the use of colonists, establishing pueblos on them, making them subject to laws of bankruptcy, and finally selling them. The departmental assemblies sometimes indorsed and sometimes annulled the acts of the governors. In 1842,

Governor Micheltorena proclaimed that the twelve southern missions should be restored to the Church, and that the Government would not make another grant of land without the consent of the friars. This led to a revolution or rather an ebullition, and Micheltorena was sent out of the country. To him succeeded Pio Pico, who remained in power till the occupation of California by the United States forces in 1846. During the reign of Pio Pico, the ruin of the mission establishments was completed. They were at first sold or rented in batches to the highest bidders. There was first a preliminary farce of proclamation to the Indians to return and take possession of the missions if they did not want them sold. These proclamations were posted up in the pueblos for months before the sales. In 1844, the Indians of Dolores, Soledad, San Miguel, La Purissima, and San Rafael* were thus summoned to come back to their missions—a curious bit of half conscience-stricken, half politic recognition of the Indians' ownership of the lands, the act of the Departmental Assembly saying that if they (the Indians) did not return before such a date, the Government would declare

said missions to be "without owners," and dispose of them accordingly. There must have been much bitter speech in those days when news of these proclamations reached the wilds where the mission Indians had taken refuge.

At last, in March, 1846, an act of the Departmental Assembly made the missions liable to the laws of bankruptcy, and authorized the governor to sell them to private persons. As by this time all the missions that had any pretense of existence left had been run hopelessly into debt, proceedings in regard to them were much simplified by this act. In the same year, the President of Mexico issued an order to Governor Pico to use all means within his power to raise money to defend the country against the United States; and under color of this double authorization the governor forthwith proceeded to sell missions right and left. He sold them at illegal private sales; he sold them for insignificant sums, and for sums not paid at all; whether he was, to use the words of a well-known legal

* The missions of San Rafael and San Francisco de Solano were the last founded; the first in 1819, and the latter in 1823—too late to attain any great success or importance.



CHURCH AND GRAVE-YARD OF SAN LUIS REY.

brief in one of the celebrated California land cases, "willfully ignorant or grossly corrupt" there is no knowing, and it made no difference in the result.

One of the last acts of the Departmental Assembly, before the surrender of the country, was to declare all Governor Pico's sales of mission property null and void. And one of Governor Pico's last acts was, as soon as he had made up his mind to run away out of the country, to write to some of his special friends and ask them if there were anything else they would like to have him give them before his departure.

On the 7th of July, 1846, the American flag was raised in Monterey, and formal possession of California was taken by the United States. The proclamation of Admiral Sloat, on this memorable occasion, included these

words: "All persons holding title to real estate, or in quiet possession of lands under color of right, shall have those titles and rights guaranteed to them." "Color of right" is a legal phrase, embodying a moral idea, an obligation of equity. If the United States Government had kept this guarantee, there would be living in comfortable homesteads in California to-day many hundreds of people that are now homeless and beggared—Mexicans as well as Indians.

The army officers in charge of different posts in California, in these first days of the United States' occupation of the country, were perplexed and embarrassed by nothing so much as by the confusion existing in regard to the mission properties and lands. Everywhere men turned up with bills of sale from Governor Pico. At the San Diego Mission, the



A GLIMPSE OF THE BULL RING, SAN JUAN.

ostensible owner, one Estudillo by name, confessed frankly that he "did not think it right to dispose of the Indians' property in that way, but, as everybody was buying missions, he thought he might as well have one."

In many of the missions, squatters, without show or semblance of title, were found; these the officers turned out. Finally, General Kearney, to save the trouble of cutting any more Gordian knots, declared that all titles of missions and mission lands must be held in abeyance till the United States Government should pronounce on them.

For several years the question remained unsettled, and the mission properties were held by those who had them in possession at the time of the surrender. But in 1856 the United States Land Commission gave, in reply to a claim and petition from the Catholic Bishop of California, a decision, which, considered with reference to the situation of the mission properties at the time of the United States possession, was perhaps as near to being equitable as the circumstances would admit. But, considered with reference to the status of the mission establishments under the Spanish rule, to their

original extent, the scope of the work, and the magnificent success of their experiment up to the time of the revolutions, it seems a sadly inadequate return of property once rightfully held; still, it was not the province of the United States to repair the injustices or make good the thefts of Spain and Mexico; and any attempt to clear up the tangle of confiscations, debts, frauds, and robberies in California, for the last quarter of a century before the surrender, would have been bootless work.

The Land Commissioner's decision was based on the old Spanish law which divided church property into two classes, sacred and ecclesiastical, and held it to be inalienable,



OLD DOOR AND CORRIDOR ARCHES, SAN JUAN.

except in case of necessity, and then only according to provisions of canon law; in the legal term, it was said to be "out of commerce." The sacred property was that which had been in a formal manner consecrated to God—church buildings, sacred vessels, vestments, etc. Ecclesiastical property was land held by the Church, and appropriated to the maintenance of divine worship, or the support of the ministry; buildings occupied by the priests, or necessary for their convenience; gardens, etc. Following a similar division, the property of the mission establishments was held by the Land Commission to be of two sorts—mission property, and church property: the mission property, embracing the great tracts of land formerly cultivated for the community's purpose, it was decided, must be considered as government property; the church property, including with the church buildings, houses of priests, etc., such smaller portions of land as were devoted to the im-

mediate needs of the ministry, it was decided must still rightfully go to the Church. How many acres of the old gardens, orchards, vineyards, of the missions, could properly be claimed by the Church under this head, was of course a question; and it seems to have been decided on very different bases in different missions, as some received much more than others. But all the church buildings, priests' houses, and some acres of land, more or less, with each, were pronounced by this decision to have been "before the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo solemnly dedicated to the use of the Church, and therefore withdrawn from commerce"; "such an interest is protected by the provisions of the treaty, and must be held inviolate under our laws." Thus were returned at last, into the inalienable possession of the Catholic Church, all that were left of the old mission churches, and some fragments of the mission lands. Many of them are still in operation as curacies; others are in ruins; of some, not a trace is left—not even a stone.

At San Diego, the walls of the old church are still standing, unroofed, and crumbling daily. It was used as a cavalry barracks during the war of 1846; and has been a sheepfold since. Opposite it is an olive orchard, of superb hoary trees still in bearing: a cactus wall twenty feet high, and a cluster of date palms, are all that remain of the friars' garden.

At San Juan Capistrano, the next mission to the north, some parts of the buildings are still habitable. Service is held regularly in one of the small chapels. The priest lives there, and ekes out his little income by renting some of the moldering rooms. The church is a splendid ruin. It was of stone, a hundred and fifty feet long by a hundred in width, with walls five feet thick, a dome eighty feet high, and a fine belfry of arches in which four bells rang. It was thrown down by an earthquake in 1812, on the day



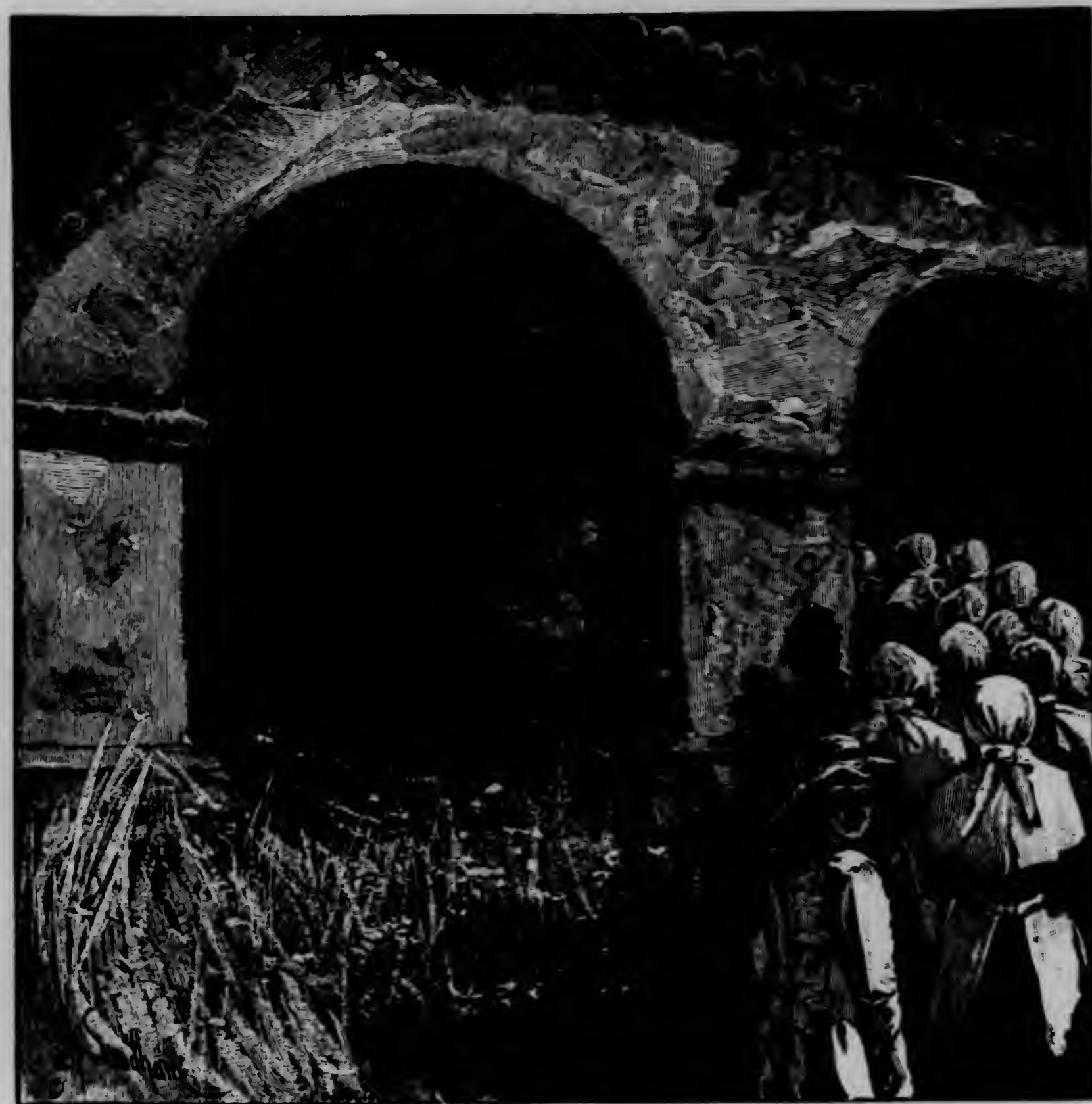
OLD PADRE'S CHAIR AT SAN JUAN.



INDIAN WORK AT SAN JUAN.

of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Morning mass was going on, and the church was thronged; thirty persons were killed and many more injured.

The little hamlet of San Juan Capistrano lies in harbor, as it were, looking out on its glimpse of sea, between two low spurs of broken and rolling hills, which in June are covered with shining yellow and blue, and green, iridescent as a peacock's neck. It is worth going across the continent to come into the village at sunset, of a June day. The peace, silence, and beauty of the spot are brooded over and dominated by the grand gray ruin, lifting the whole scene into an ineffable harmony. Wandering in room after room, court after court, through corridors with red-tiled roofs and hundreds of broad Roman arches, over fallen pillars, and through carved door-ways, whose untrodden thresholds have sunk out of sight in summer grasses, one asks himself if he be indeed in America. On the interior walls are still to be seen spaces of brilliant fresco-work, in Byzantine patterns of superb red, pale green, gray and blue; and the corridors are paved with tiles, large and square. It was



SAN JUAN BAPTISTA.

our good fortune to have with us, in San Juan Capistrano, a white-haired Mexican, who in his boyhood had spent a year in the mission. He remembered as if it were yesterday its bustling life of fifty years ago, when the arched corridor ran unbroken around the great court-yard, three hundred feet square, and was often filled with Indians, friars, officers, and gay Mexican ladies looking on at a bull-fight in the center. He remembered the splendid library, filled from ceiling to floor with books, extending one whole side of the square: in a corner, where had been the room in which he used to see sixty Indian women weaving at looms, we stood ankle-deep in furzy weeds and grass. He showed us the door-way, now closed up, which led into the friars' parlor. To this door, every Sunday, after mass, came the Indians, in long processions, to get their weekly gifts. Each one received something, a handkerchief, dress, trinket, or money. While their gifts were being distributed, a band of ten or twelve performers, all Indians, played lively airs on brass and stringed instruments. In a little baptistry, dusky with cobweb and mold, we found huddled a group of wooden statues of saints, which once stood in niches in the church: on their heads were faded and

brittle wreaths, left from the last occasion on which they had done duty. One had lost an eye; another a hand. The gilding and covering of their robes were dimmed and defaced. But they had a dignity which nothing could destroy. The contours were singularly expressive and fine, and the rendering of the drapery was indeed wonderful—flowing robes, and gathered and lifted mantles, all carved in solid wood.

There are statues of this sort to be seen in several of the old mission churches. They were all carved by the Indians, many of whom showed great talent in that direction. There is also in the office of the justice or alcalde, as he is still called, of San Juan Capistrano, a carved chair of noticeably bold and graceful design made by Indian workmen. A few tatters of heavy crimson brocade hang on it still, relics of the time when it formed part of a gorgeous paraphernalia and service.

Even finer than the ruins of San Juan Capistrano are those of the church at San Luis Rey. It has a perfectly proportioned dome over the chancel, and beautiful groined arches on either hand and over the altar. Four broad pilasters on each side of the church are frescoed in a curious mixing of blues, light and dark, with reds and black, which have faded



AT SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

and blended into a delicious tone. A Byzantine pulpit hanging high on the wall, and three old wooden statues in niches, are the only decorations left. Piles of dirt and rubbish fill the space in front of the altar, and grass and weeds are growing in the corners; great flocks of wild doves live in the roof, and have made the whole place unclean and foul-aired. An old Mexican, eighty years old, a former servant of the mission, has the ruin in charge, and keeps the doors locked still, as if there were treasure to guard. The old man is called "alcalde" by the village people, and seems pleased to be so addressed. His face is like wrinkled parchment, and he walks bent into a parenthesis, but his eyes are bright and young. As he totters along, literally holding his rags together, discoursing warmly of the splendors he recollects, he seems indeed a ghost from the old times.

The most desolate ruin of all is that of the La Purisima mission. It is in the Lompoc valley, two days' easy journey north of Santa Barbara. Nothing is left there but one long, low adobe building, with a few arches of the corridor; the doors stand open, the roof is falling in: it has been so often used as a stable and sheep-fold, that even the grasses are killed around it. The painted pulpit hangs half falling on the wall, its stairs are gone, and its sounding-board is slanting awry. Inside the broken altar-rail is a pile of stones, earth, and rubbish, thrown up by seekers after buried treasures; in the farther corner another pile and hole, the home of a badger;

mud-swallows' nests are thick on the cornice, and cobwebbed rags of the old canvas ceiling hang fluttering overhead. The only trace of the ancient cultivation is a pear-orchard a few rods off, which must have been a splendid sight in its day; it is at least two hundred yards square, with a double row of trees all around, so placed as to leave between them a walk fifty or sixty feet wide. Bits of broken aqueduct here and there, and a large, round stone tank overgrown by grass, showed where the life of the orchard used to flow in; it has been many years slowly dying of thirst. Many of the trees are gone, and those that remain stretch out gaunt and shriveled boughs, which, though still bearing fruit, look like arms tossing in vain reproach and entreaty; a few pinched little blossoms seemed to heighten rather than lessen their melancholy look.

At San Juan Bautista there lingers more of the atmosphere of the olden time than is to be found in any other place in California. The mission church is well preserved; its grounds are inclosed and cared for; in its garden are still blooming roses and vines, in the shelter of palms, and with the old stone sun-dial to tell time. In the sacristy are oak chests, full of gorgeous vestments of brocades, with silver and gold laces. On one of these robes is an interesting relic. A lost or worn-out silken tassel had been replaced by the patient Indian workers with one of fine-shredded rawhide; the shreds wound with silver wire, and twisted into tiny rosettes and loops, closely imitating



THE OLD ALCALDE, SAN LUIS REY.

the silver device. The church fronts south, on a little green-locust walled plaza—the sleepest, sunniest, dreamiest place in the world. To the east the land falls off abruptly, so that the paling on that side of the plaza is outlined against the sky, and its little locked gate looks as if it would open into the heavens. The mission buildings used to surround this plaza; after the friars' day came rich men living there; and a charming inn is kept now in one of their old adobe houses. On the east side of the church is a succession of three terraces leading down to a valley. On the upper one is the old grave-yard, in which it is said there are sleeping four thousand Indians.

In 1825 there were spoken at this mission thirteen different Indian dialects.

Just behind the church is an orphan girls' school, kept by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. At six o'clock every morning the bells of the church ring for mass as they

used to ring when over a thousand Indians flocked at the summons. To-day, at the sound, there comes a procession of little girls and young maidens, the black-robed sisters walking before them with crossed hands and placid faces. One or two Mexican women, with shawls over their heads, steal across the faint paths of the plaza, and enter the church.

I shall always recollect the morning when I went, too. The silence of the plaza was in itself a memorial service, with locust blossoms swinging incense. It was barely dawn in the church. As the shrill yet sweet childish voices lifted up the strains of the Kyrie Eleison, I seemed to see the face of Father Junipero in the dim lighted chancel, and the benediction was as solemn as if he himself had spoken it. Why the little town of San Juan Bautista continues to exist is a marvel. It is shut out and cut off from everything; only two or three hundred souls are left in it; its streets are grass-grown; half its houses are empty. But

it has a charm of sun, valley, hill, and seaward off-look unsurpassed in all California. Linger out a peaceful century there are many old men and women, whose memories are like magic glasses, reproducing the pictures of the past. One such we found—a Mexican woman eighty-five years old, portly, jolly, keen-tongued, keen-eyed; the widow of one of the soldiers of the old mission guard. She had had twelve children; she had never been ill a week in her life; she is now the village nurse, and almost doctor. Sixty years back she remembered. "The Indians used to be in San Juan Bautista like sheep," she said, "by the thousand and thousand." They were always good, and the padres were always kind. Fifty oxen were killed for food every eight days, and everybody had all he wanted to eat. There was much more water then than now, plenty of rain, and the streams always full. "I don't know whether you or we were bad, that it has been taken away by God," she said, with a quick glance, half humorous, half antagonistic.

The Santa Barbara Mission is still in the charge of Franciscans, the only one remaining in their possession. It is now called a college for apostolic missionary work, and there are living within its walls eight members of the order. One of them is very old—a friar of the ancient régime; his benevolent face is well known throughout the country, and there are in many a town and remote hamlet men and women who wait always for his coming before they will make confession. He is like St. Francis's first followers: the obligations of poverty and charity still hold to him, the literal fullness of the original bond. He gives away garment after garment, leaving himself without protection against cold, and the brothers are forced to lock up and hide from him all provisions, or he would leave the house bare of food. He often kneels from midnight to dawn on the stone floor of the church, praying and chanting psalms, and when a terrible epidemic of small-pox broke out some years ago, he labored day and night, nursing the worst victims of it, shriving them, and burying them with his own hands. He is past eighty and has not much longer to stay. He has outlived many things beside his own prime: the day of the sort of faith and work to which his spirit is attuned has passed by forever.

The mission buildings stand on high

ground, three miles from the beach, west of the town and above it, looking to the sea. In the morning the sun's first rays flash full on its front, and at evening they linger late on its western wall. It is an inalienable benediction to the place. The longer one stays there the more he is aware of the influence on his soul, as well as of the importance in the landscape of the benign and stately edifice.

On the corridor of the inner court hangs a bell which is rung for the hours of the daily offices and secular duties. It is also struck whenever a friar dies, to announce that all is over. It is the duty of the brother who has watched the last breath of the dying one to go immediately and strike this bell. Its sad note has echoed many times through the corridors.

One of the brothers said, last year:

"The first time I rang that bell to announce a death, there were fifteen of us left. Now there are only eight."

The sentence itself fell on my ear like the note of a passing bell. It seems a not unfitting last word to this slight and fragmentary sketch of the labors of the Franciscan Order in California.

Still more fitting, however, are the words of a historian, who, living in California and thoroughly knowing its history from first to last, has borne the following eloquent testimony to the friars and their work:

"The results of the mission scheme of Christianization and colonization were such as to justify the plans of the wise statesman who devised it and to gladden the hearts of the pious men who devoted their lives to its execution.

"At the end of sixty years, the missionaries of Upper California found themselves in the possession of twenty-one prosperous missions, planted on a line of about seven hundred miles, running from San Diego north to the latitude of Sonoma. More than thirty thousand Indian converts were lodged in the mission buildings, receiving religious culture, assisting at divine worship, and cheerfully performing their easy tasks. * * * If we ask where are now the thirty thousand Christianized Indians who once enjoyed the beneficence and created the wealth of the twenty-one Catholic missions of California, and then contemplate the most wretched of all want of systems which has surrounded them under our own government, we shall not withhold our admiration from those good and devoted men who, with such wisdom, sagacity, and self-sacrifice, reared these wonderful institutions in the wilderness of California. They at least would have preserved these Indian races if they had been left to pursue unmolested their work of pious beneficence."—JOHN W. DWINELLE'S "Colonial History of San Francisco," pp. 44-87.

H. H.

DECLINE OF THE MISSIONS.

Walter Colton says that in 1830 this Mission had 42,800 head of cattle, 3,200 horses and mares, 72,500 sheep, 200 mules and large herds of swine.

That then the church was spacious, and was garnished with \$25,000 worth of silver plate. It was secularized in 1834, by order of Gen. Figueroa, and then according to another account, the liquidated value of the entire Mission property was estimated at \$97,361.96.

Forbes says that in 1835, there were in Santa Cruz Mission, 222 men, 94 women, 30 boys and 20 girls, in all 366. Also that that year, this Mission produced 400 bushels of corn, 965 bushels of barley, and 75 bushels of beans.

Further, that there were 3,500 black cattle, 940 horses, 82 mules, 5,403 sheep; whereas, in 1830 there were 42,800 cattle, 3,200 horses and mares, 75,000 sheep, 200 mules, and herds of swine. All which shows the rapid decline of this Mission from 1830 to 1835.

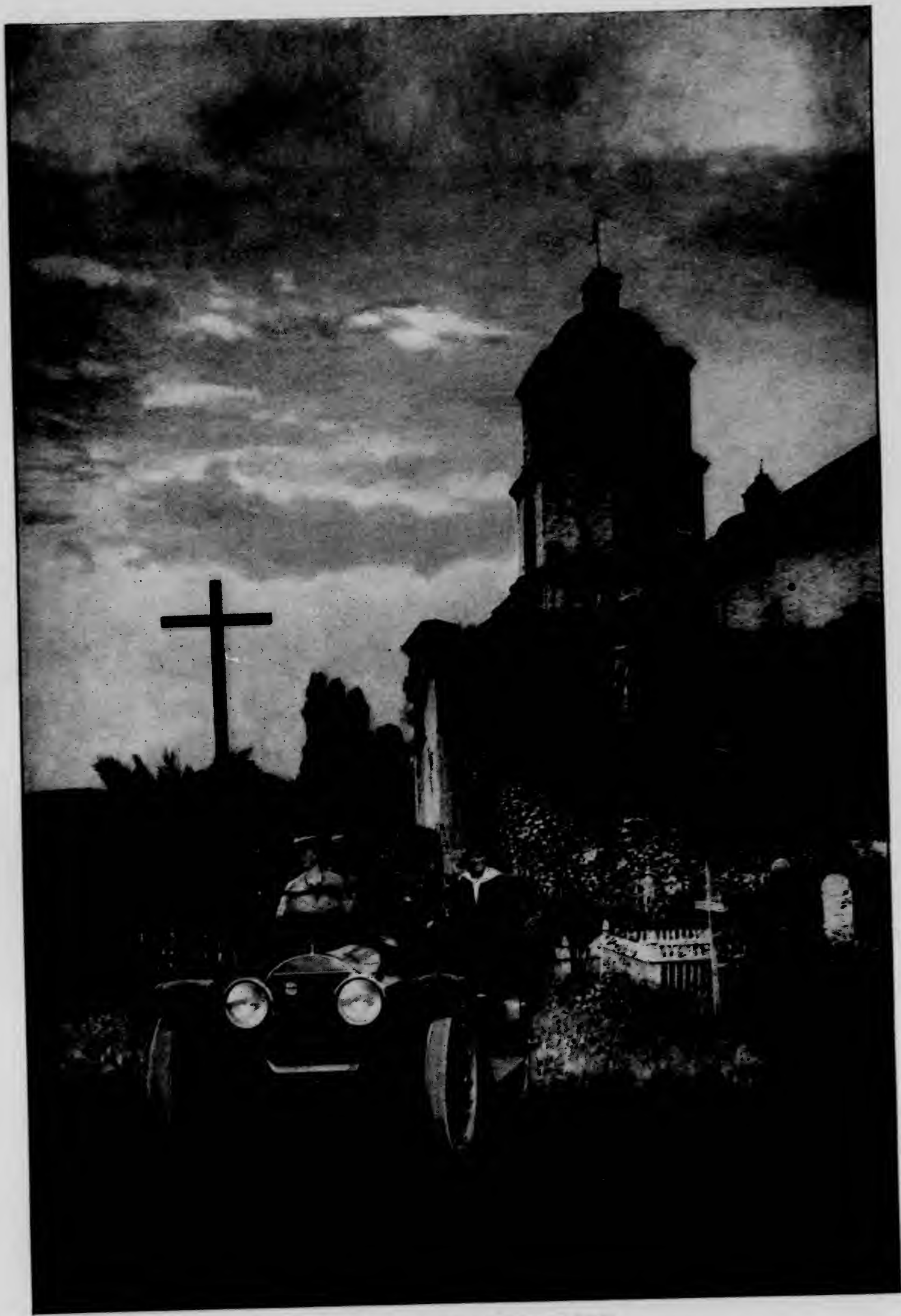
This mission was one of that line of twenty-one that stretched all the way up the coast from San Diego to Sonoma.

The industry of the native Indians directed by the Fathers, erected the establishments, clothed and fed the inmates, and by and by through the increase of herds, and by means of some trade with the outer world, accumulated great wealth.

The following table shows the number of inhabitants, amount of stock and productions of grain in the region about the Bay of Monterey, for the year 1832. The grain was calculated according to the Spanish *fanegas*. Estimating the *fanega* at 2 1-2 English bushels, would make the amount of wheat for that year as about 8,712 bushels:

NAMES OF MISSION OR TOWNS.	Population.	Wheat.	Corn.	Barley.	Beans and Peas.	Black Cattle.	Horses.	Sheep.
Mission of Santa Cruz.....	366	160	300	386	30	3,500	940	5,403
Presidio of Monterey.....	708	490	332		131	5,641	3,310	
Village of Branciforte.....	130	103	160		80	1,000	1,000	
Mission of San Juan Bautista	987	840	170	255	46	7,070	401	7,017
" " " Carlos.....	236	200		215	62	2,050	470	4,400
" " " de la Soledad.	334	538	50	243	62	6,599	1,070	6,358
" " " Antonio.....	671	955	115	568	63	5,000	1,060	10,000
" " " Miguel.....	748	599	36	57	42	3,762	940	8,990
" " " Luis Obispo..	329	350	60	20	20	2,000	800	1,200
	4,509	4235	1,223	1,744	536	36,632	9,991	43,468

When Mexico became independent of Spain in 1822, the Mission system felt the shock of the change in political affairs.



IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE PADRES
Exploring the California cathedrals is part of the joy of touring over all-the-year highways

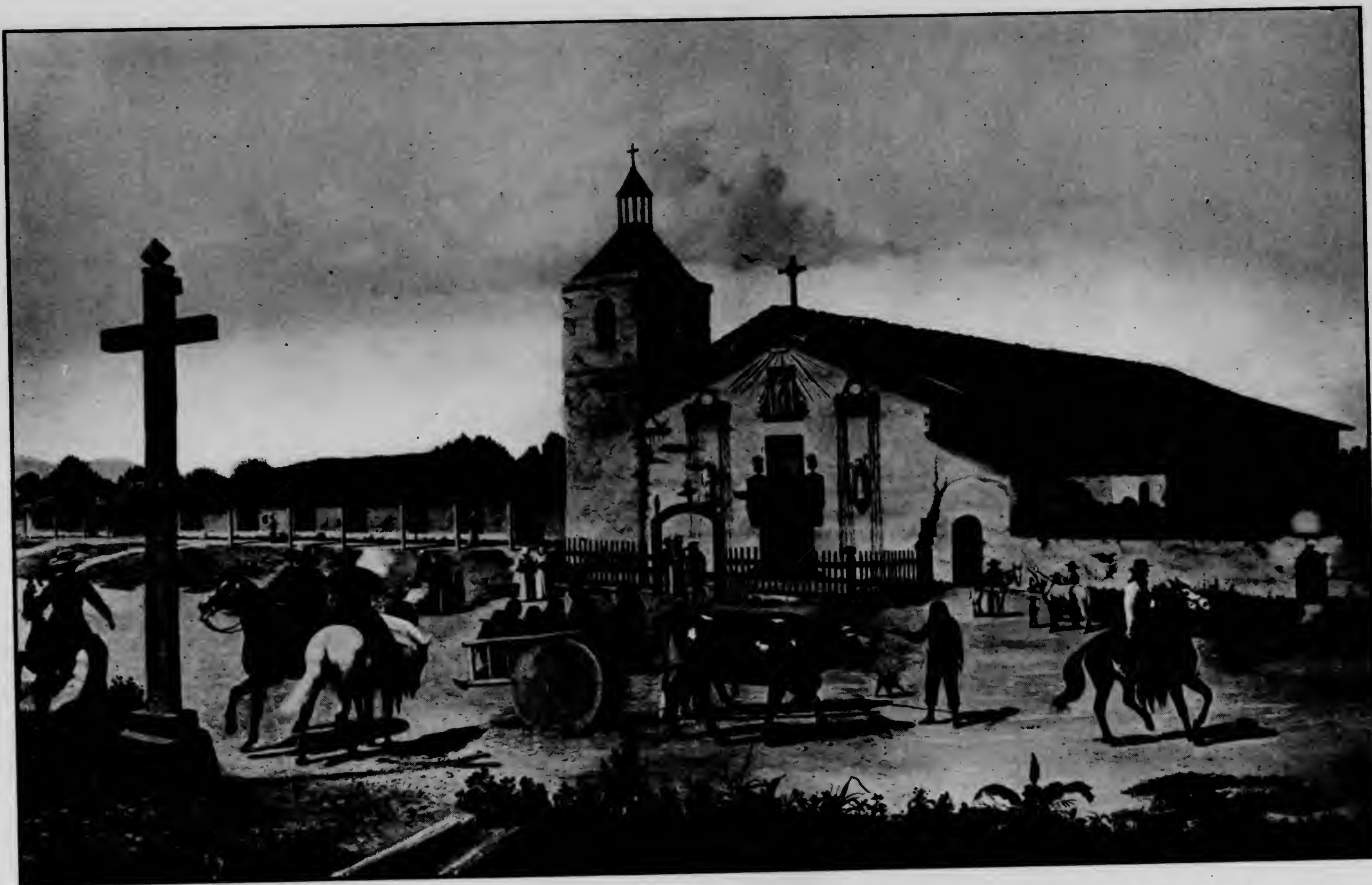


Ft. W. H. Seward, Haines Mission.



THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

Out West.



THE SANTA CLARA MISSION ABOUT 1849

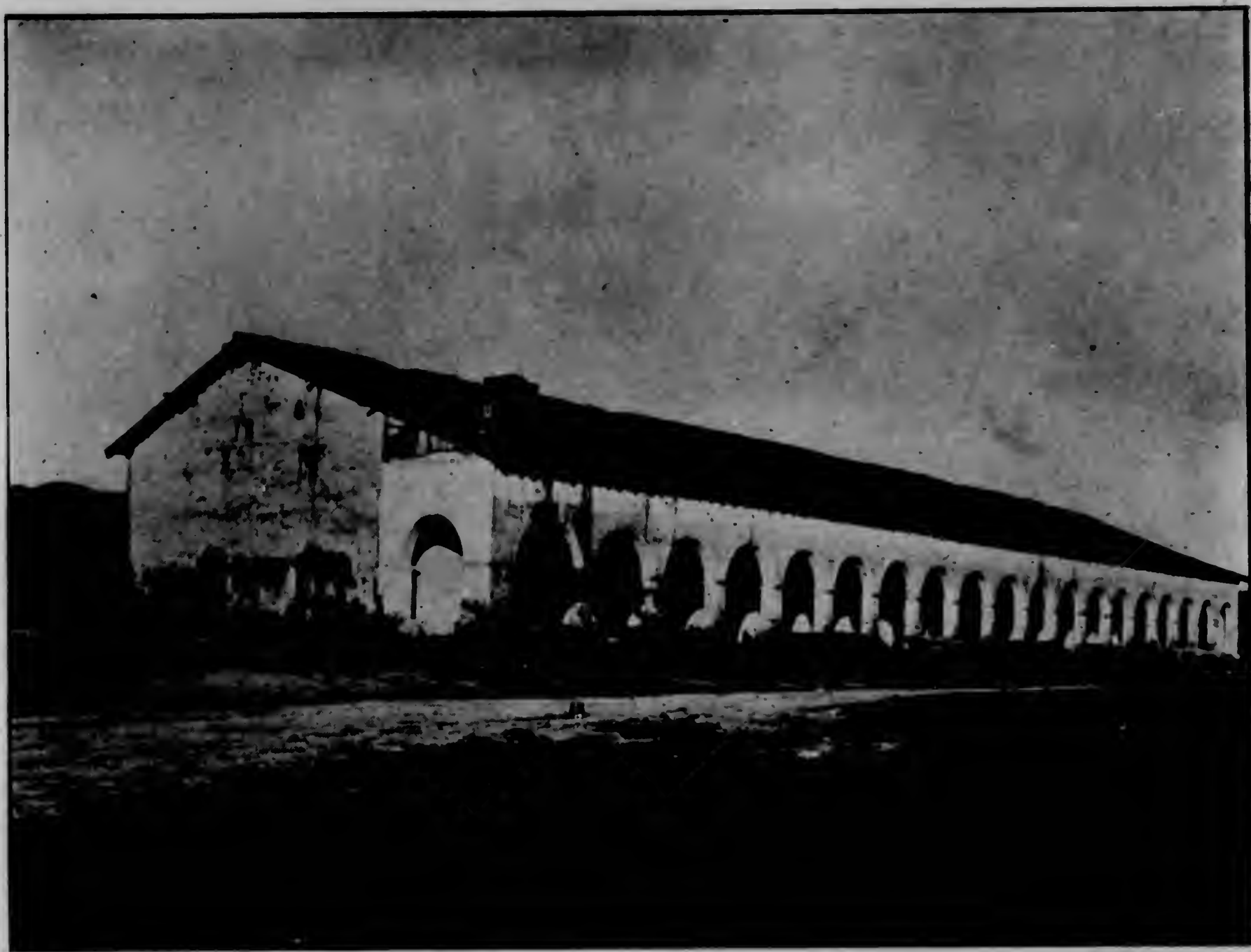
From Painting by Andrew P. Hill

Out west, Oct. 1905.



THE CAMPANILE AT PALA. [See The Landmarks Club.]

Land of Sunshine, Dec. 1901



MISSION SAN FERNANDO

Out West - Jan. 1907.



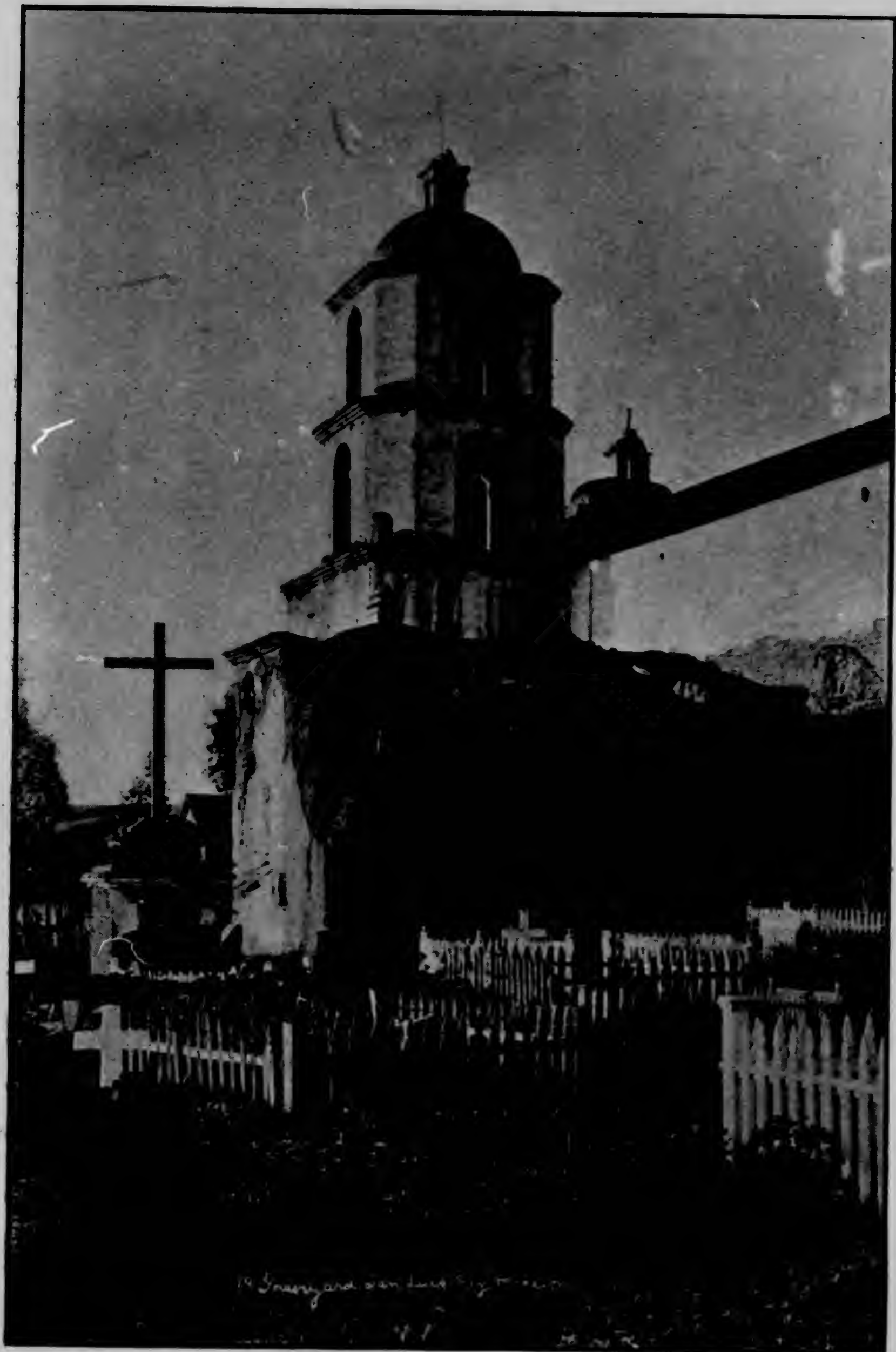
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

merry peal announced go right on living, only



One of the two old world bells missing from the tower is now on "Lucky" Baldwin's ranch.





THE MISSION GRAVEYARD



Out West - Nov. 1906



FLUME OF ESCONDIDO IRRIGATION DISTRICT.

On California's MISSION TRAILS

by
M.C. HALL



San Carlos Borromeo, usually known as Carmel Mission, retains much of its original beauty.
—Photos by Hiller.



(Below) Santa Barbara Mission, founded in 1786, stands well restored and in fine condition.

HOW many times have you motored rapidly past one of the old Spanish Missions in California and solemnly assured yourself that you would stop—"next time?" Perhaps once in the dim and distant past you actually did visit one of the missions. Whenever it was, you found the old mission quaintly interesting and even inspiring. There still remained something of the spirit of those romantic days of long ago. If you visited more than one you realized the error of a common belief that the missions are all just alike. For the truth is that each California mission is distinctive in its charm, just as each cathedral in Spain is different from all the rest.

This year an unusual number of motorists are becoming more intimately acquainted with the missions and other historic places on the "California Mission Trails." Under that name the attractions of this particular touring route have become unified. The Mission Trails include not only the central section of the main coast highway south from San Francisco, U. S. 101, (El Camino Real) but also all of the famous scenic laterals along this most popular route. While the missions provide the central motif—the





Lick Observatory at the summit of Mount Hamilton.
—Hiller Photo

Scenic Hecker Pass highway leading from Gilroy to Watsonville.
—Gordon Photo.



Santa Clara Mission, established in 1777, stands within the grounds of Santa Clara University.



The chapel on Stanford campus, between the foothills and the bay.

recurrent theme—they are far from being the only attractions which lure motorists to the coast region. And not the least of the joys of motoring along the Mission Trails are the splendid road conditions which prevail. Improvements costing \$2,709,000 were completed, or well begun, during 1930 and the first half of 1931.

Its climate—coolness in summer and mildness in winter—has always made the "Mission Trails" a favorite year-round route with California vacationists. This year, more than ever, the seashore resorts with their zesty ocean breezes are luring travelers over the Mission Trails in unprecedented numbers. If one tires of the surf, nearby are the shaded retreats of the coast range mountains with their giant redwood groves and

(Continued on page 4)

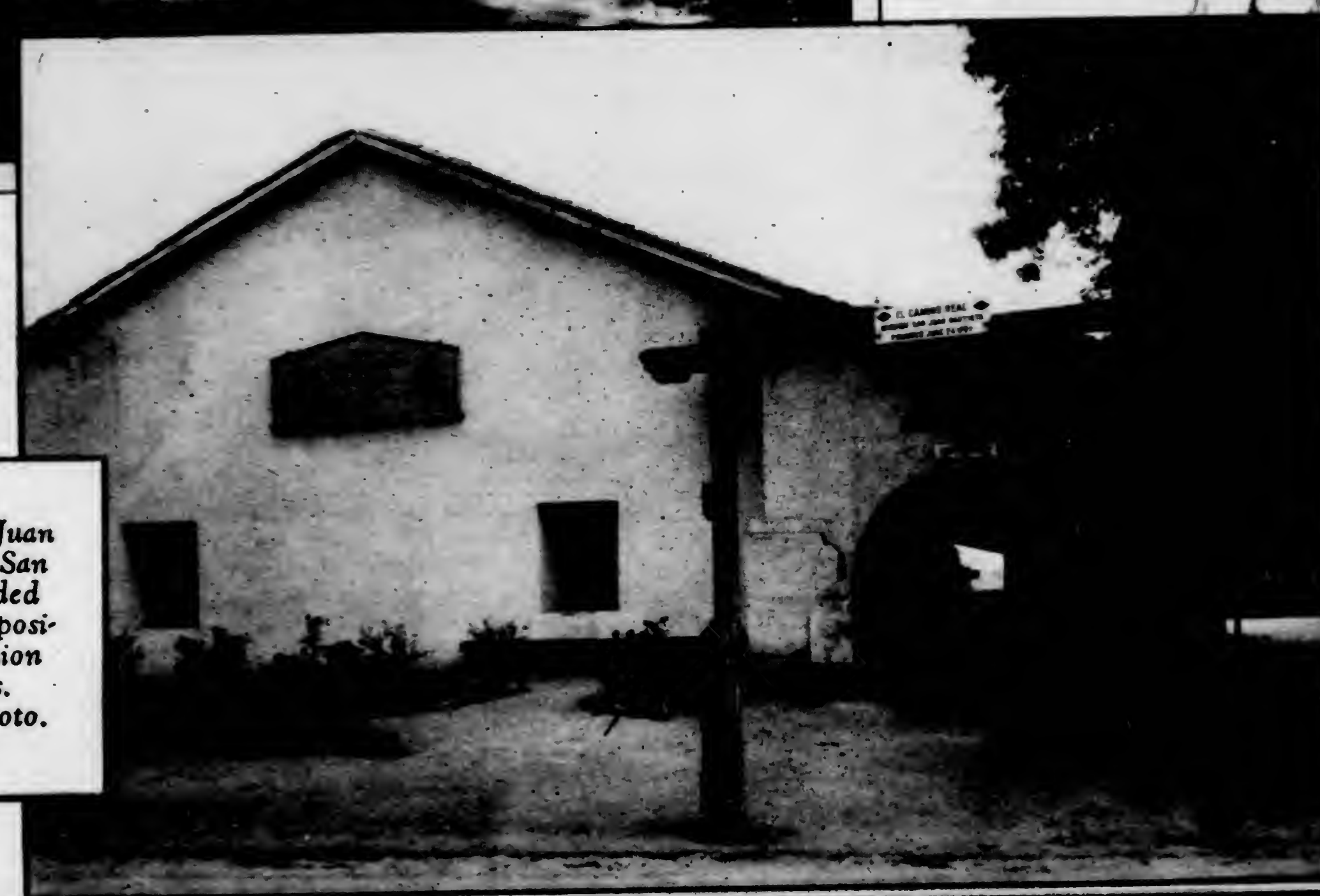
Home of President Herbert Hoover on Stanford University campus.



In the Santa Cruz Grove of Big Trees.

Miles of modern highway wind through towering trees in Santa Cruz county.

Mission San Juan Bautista, at San Juan, founded in 1797, a repository of mission day relics.
—Hiller Photo.



On the beach at Santa Cruz.—Sherer Photo.



World Famous Dining Room

A world traveler said: "To see California without seeing the Brookdale Lodge Dining Room is just not seeing California."

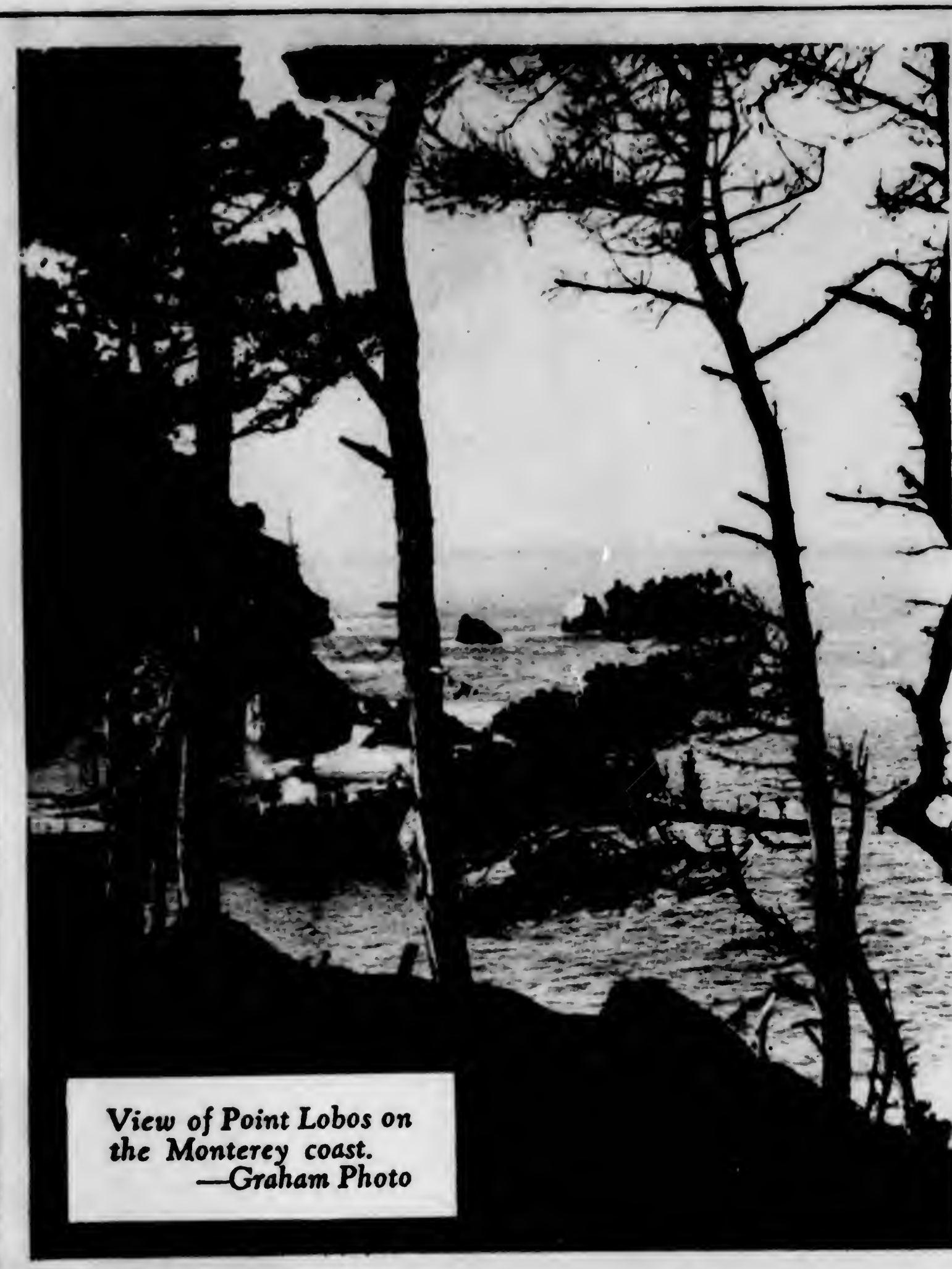
Both American and European plan hotel

On the Skyline Boulevard route between San Francisco and Santa Cruz.

BROOKDALE LODGE

DR. F. K. CAMP
Master of the Lodge

BROOKDALE, CALIF.



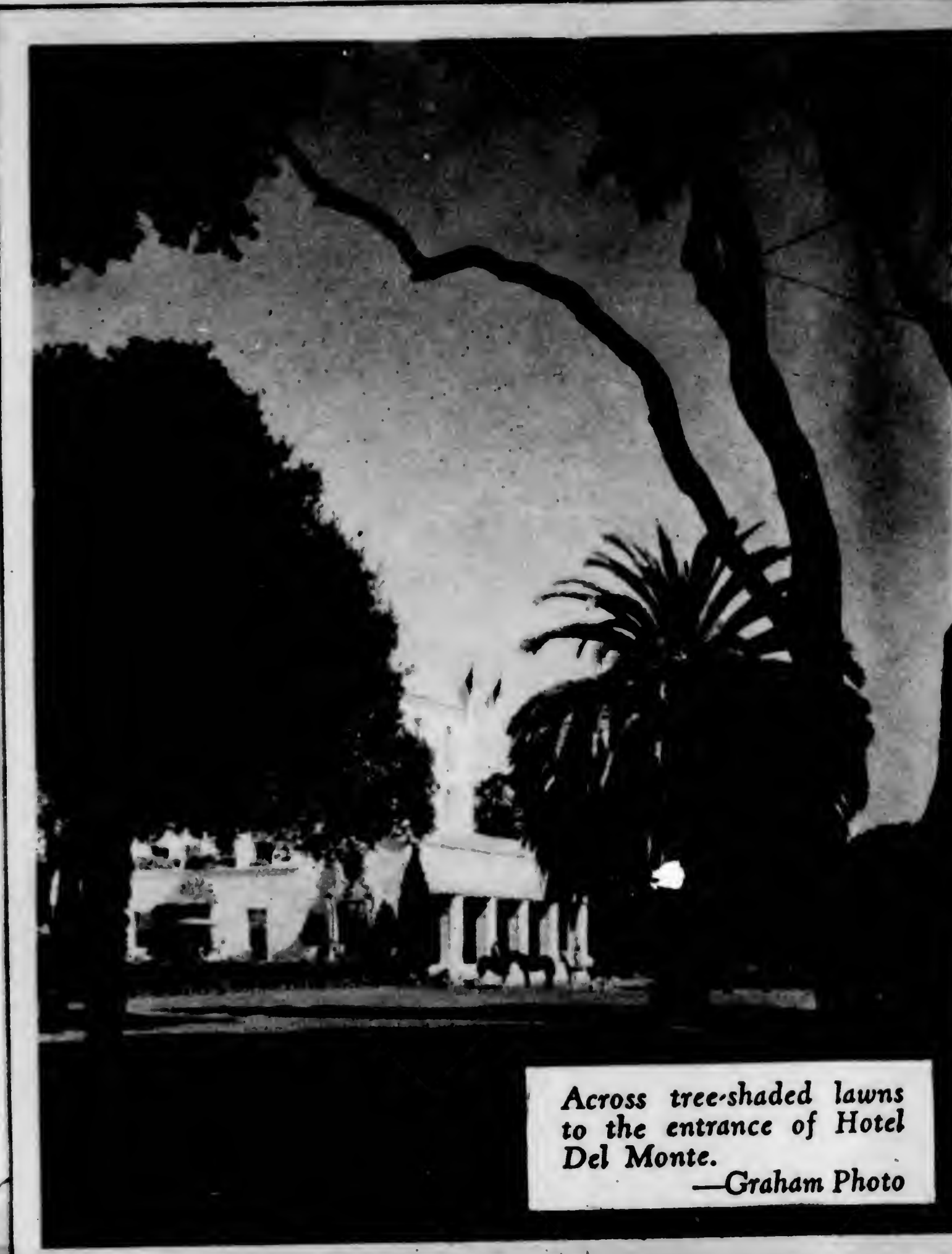
View of Point Lobos on the Monterey coast.
—Graham Photo



Sixteenth hole on the beautiful Cypress Point golf course.



Colton Hall, the first capitol of California, in Monterey.



Across tree-shaded lawns to the entrance of Hotel Del Monte.
—Graham Photo



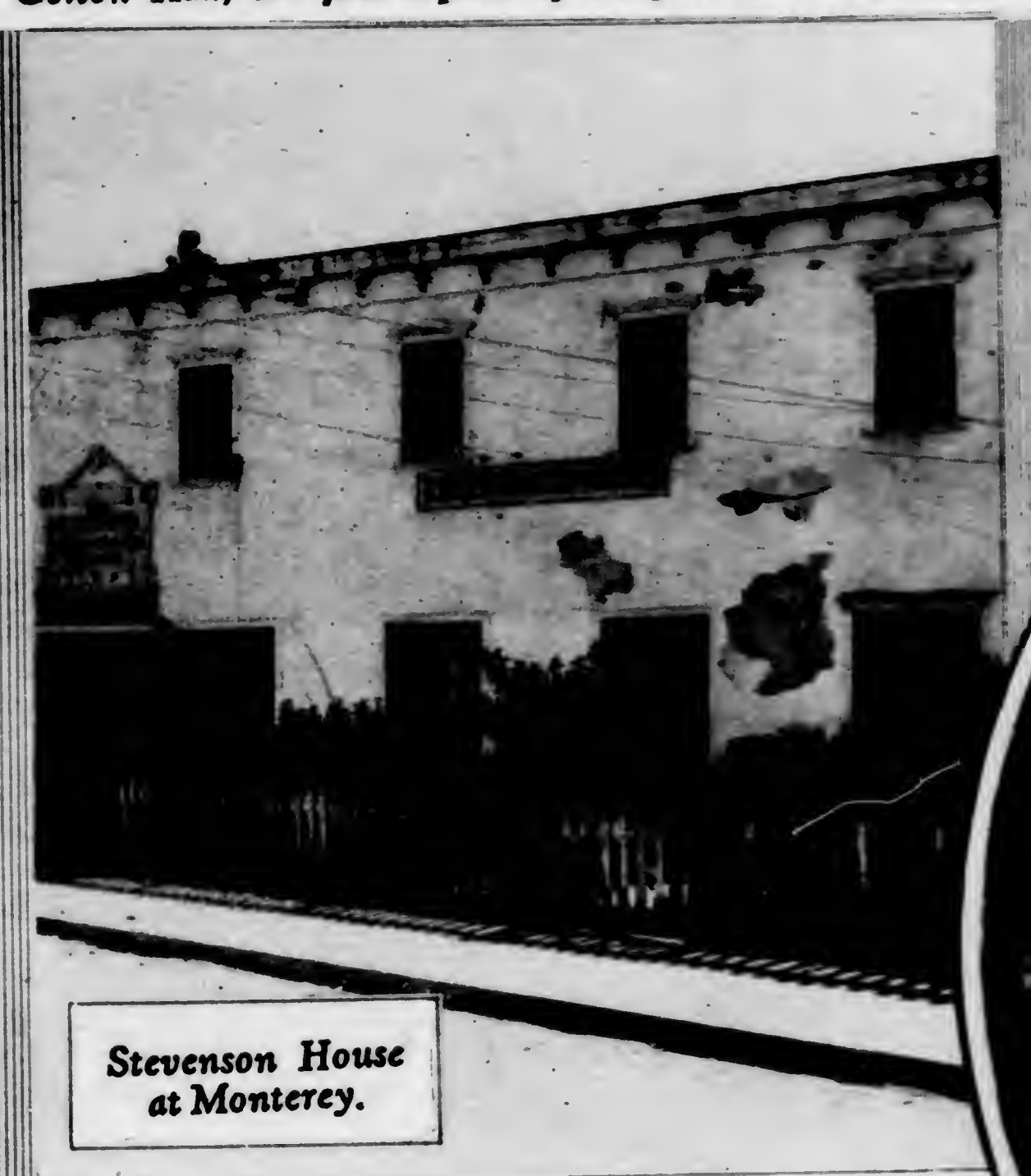
(Below)
Midway Point



Mission San Miguel, founded in 1797, stands in a state of excellent preservation near the town of San Miguel.



Stevenson House at Monterey.



Sixth tee on the famous Pebble Beach golf links.
—Graham Photo



The Ghost Tree on the Seventeen Mile Drive.
—Hiller Photo

(Continued from page 2)
their forests of pine and cypress.

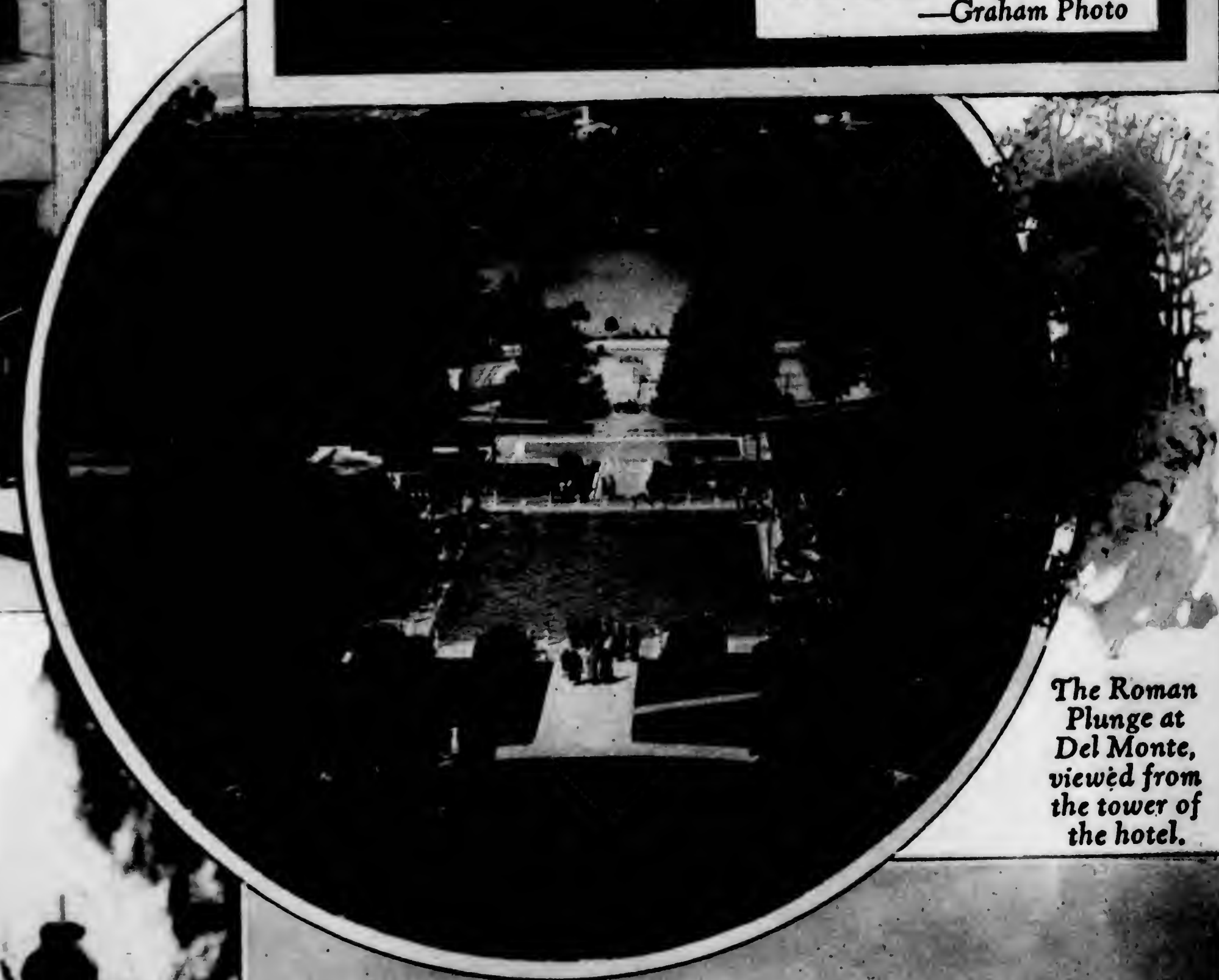
Delightful climate and romantic atmosphere are not alone responsible for the popularity of the Mission Trails. Here on the trails the sandaled padres trod in yesteryears are to be found some of the most magnificent scenic spots in all the world.

Motor up Mount Hamilton, from San Jose, and you will never forget the inspiring view of fertile Santa Clara Valley as seen from the summit, where stands Lick Observatory. The panorama of the Stanford campus and Palo Alto—"from the foothills to the bay"—as seen from President Hoover's home is another vista that will linger in one's memory. Journey via Morgan Hill and Gilroy to Mount Madonna Park, at the summit of Hecker Pass and you will see spread out before you majestic miles of rolling hills, the orchards and farms surrounding Watsonville, and, beyond, the blue bay of Monterey with its lazy crescent

of surf etched white on yellow sands. And on your way south, pause at Sunnyvale in Santa Clara county to see the site of the great Navy Dirigible Base.

Visit the Santa Cruz Grove of Big Trees—giant redwoods, among the oldest living things in the world—and then journey on to the California State Redwood Park at Big Basin. Then skirt Monterey Bay with its miles of beaches, from Santa Cruz via Watsonville, Moss Landing and Castroville, south to Carmel. Roam Monterey Peninsula; take the famed Seventeen Mile Drive; see Point Lobos and Carmel Highlands, historic Old Monterey, artistic Carmel-by-the-Sea, pine-clad Pacific Grove; play golf at Pebble Beach or Del Monte, principality of sport; motor down to Big Sur on the coast, or up charming Carmel Valley.

Another side-excursion abundantly worth while is the trip to The Pinnacles National Monument in San Benito



The Roman Plunge at Del Monte, viewed from the tower of the hotel.

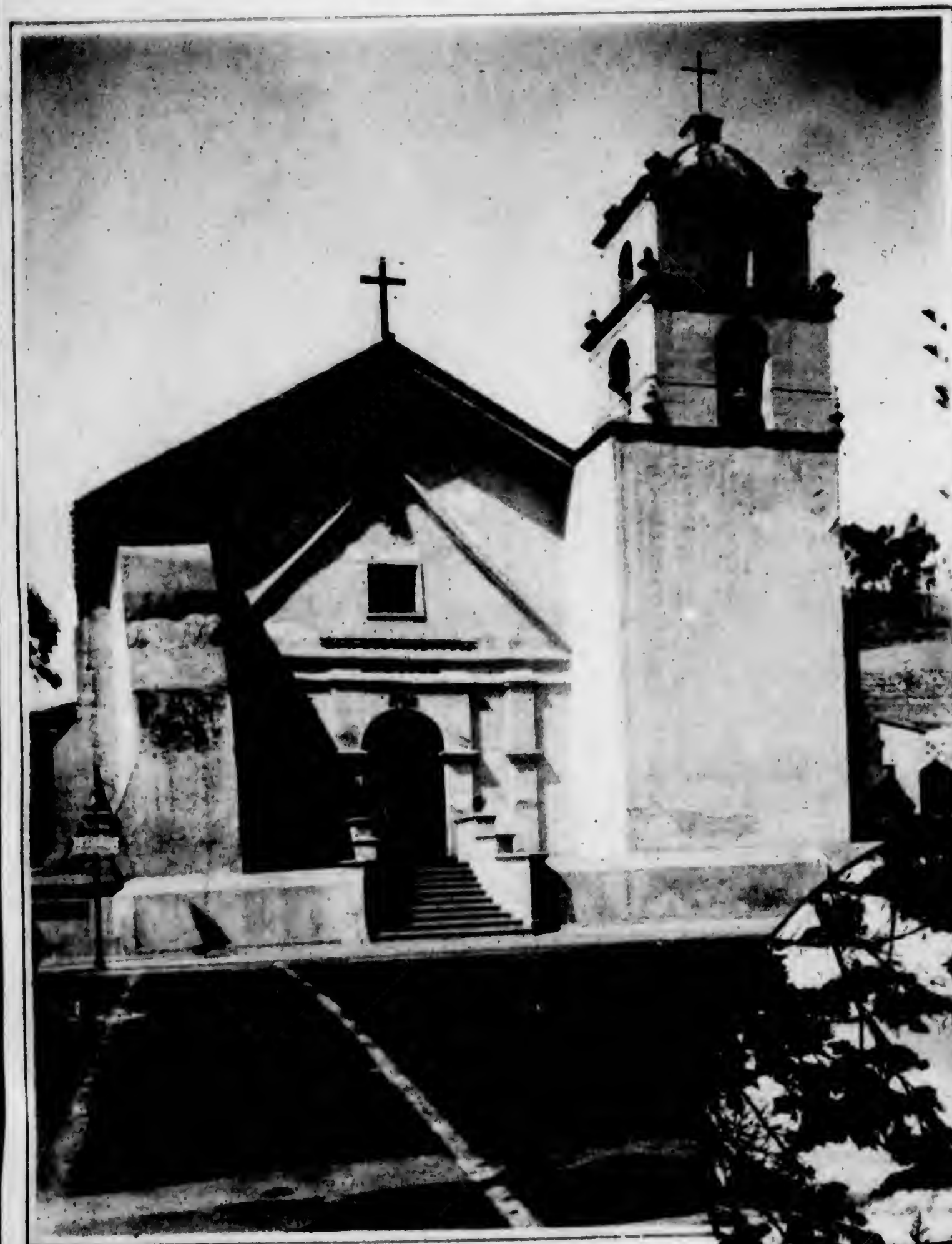


A charming sea vista from the Carmel-San Simeon highway.





Scene in Santa Barbara harbor.



Mission San Buenaventura in the heart of Ventura on the main route of travel.

A bit of shore line beauty at Santa Barbara.
—Keystone Photo

County, entering either from the north via San Juan, with its Mission, and Hollister, or from the south via King City.

Motoring southward via the rich-soiled, industrious Salinas Valley, one passes through Salinas—home of the California Rodeo—Gonzales, Soledad

and King City (where one can alternate via Mission San Antonio de Padua and Jolon valley) to leave Monterey County and enter San Luis Obispo County. Here, right by the roadside, may be seen two more of California's interesting Missions—San Miguel, at San Miguel, and San Luis Obispo, at San Luis Obispo. Here,

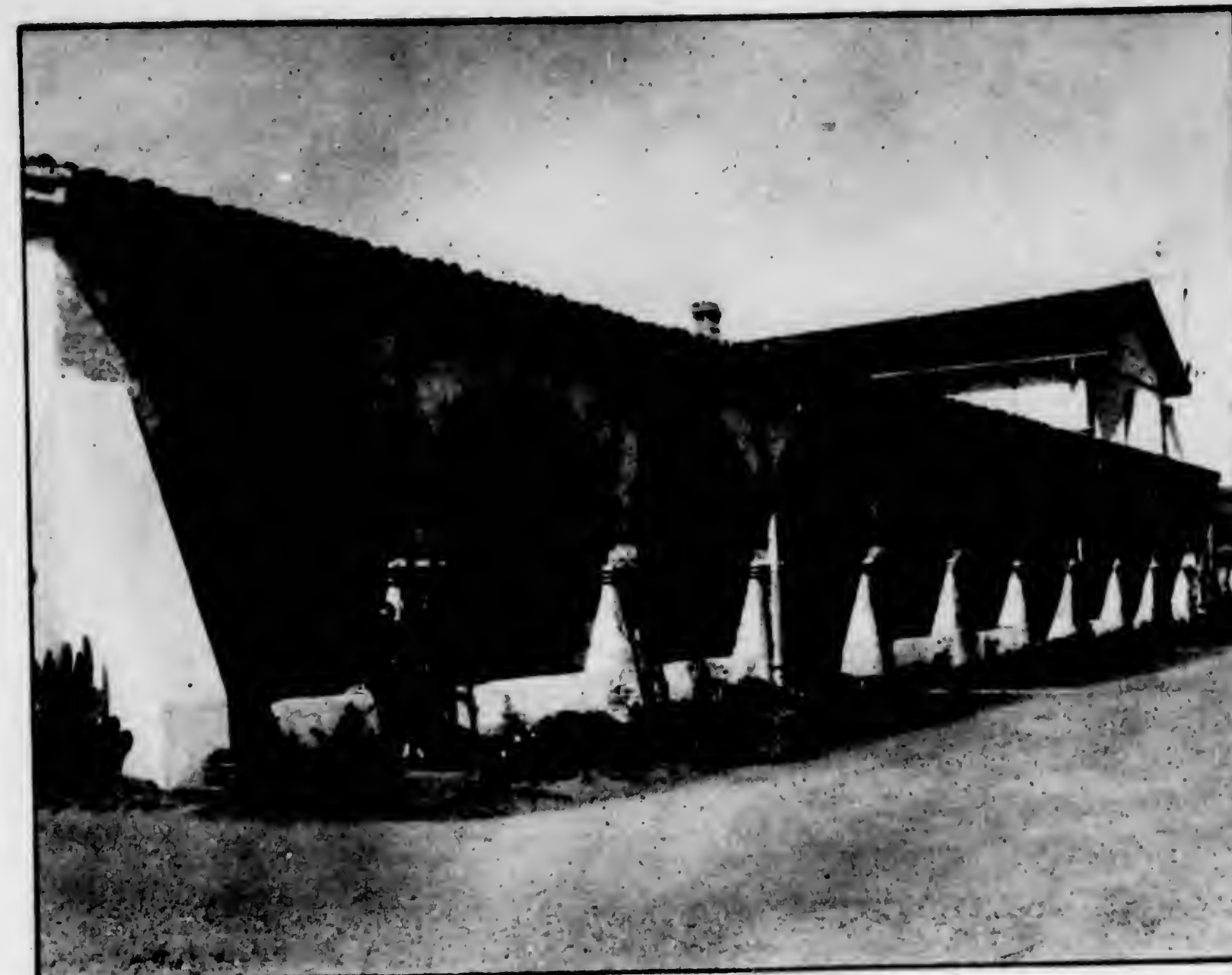


Santa Barbara's hills, which overlook the channel islands and the sea.

too, are Paso Robles, with its oaks and almond groves and its hot springs; Atascadero with its charming estates; Santa Margarita with its delightful garden farms; San Luis Obispo with its historic relics; Pismo Beach and its miles of silver strand; Morro Bay and Morro Rock, Cambria and its Pines.

Next comes Santa Barbara, "the County Beautiful." Here are lovely Santa Maria in its "Valley of Gardens"; Lompoc with its miles of flower-seed farms and ruined Mission La Purisima Concepcion; Santa Ynez and its beautiful Mission (reached via Buellton). Thence via U. S. 101 or San Marcos Pass to Santa Barbara, basking between mountains and sea—"a jewel of a hundred facets, a place of a hundred contradictions—a bit of Old Spain, of New America and of California, blended as sunset tints on an azure sea." Nearby Ojai Valley nestles in the mountains. Still further south lies Ventura, busy county seat of industrious Ventura County, with its Mission, its museum of pioneer relics, its beaches and its oil wells. And thus to Los Angeles—El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora, La Reina de Los Angeles.

Truly a "Road of Romance," this Mission Trail of ours!



Santa Ynez Mission, founded in 1804.



Flower fields of the Santa Maria Valley.

Santa Maria Inn

EVERY ROOM WITH BATH



Famous for its cuisine and hospitality—on the Coast Highway between San Francisco and Los Angeles.
Frank J. McCoy, Manager
SANTA MARIA, CALIFORNIA

HOTEL SAVOY

LOS ANGELES

Modern and comfortable, the city's most centrally located hotel—corner Sixth and Grand. Convenient to leading shops, theatres, etc. Garage and parking space adjoining. All outside rooms, each with bath—and service well known for its unobtrusive excellence.

One Person . . . \$2.50, \$3, \$4
Two Persons . . . \$4, \$5

FRANK SIMPSON, JR., President

PINE INN CARMEL

California



Ideally situated in the heart of charming Carmel. Large, airy rooms, quietly located and beautifully appointed. Renowned for its excellent menus.

OPEN ALL YEAR

JOHN B. JORDAN, Owner and Manager



Flower beds at Lompoc, in Santa Barbara county.



Mission San Luis Obispo where the first mission tiles were made.



Pismo Beach on whose broad expanse motorists may drive.

HOTEL LA RIBERA

"On the Mission Trail"



Newest Hotel and Dining Room on Monterey Peninsula
European Plan. FRANK G. NETHERY, Mgr.
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA



EL MIRASOL

SANTA BARBARA

An exclusive retreat where more notable delightful environment of it's kind—er-bowered assure priv- relaxation.

among the palms—guests enjoy this than any other place detached flow- bungalows and beauty spot.



LA QUINTA

INDIO-IN-THE-DESERT

where only a limited superb accomoda- sored in this new—private bun- vice. A desert

ed few can enjoy the tions that are of- smart desert inn gels and ser- beauty spot.



THE CLIFT

San Francisco's notably fine hotel—where a thoughtful service is provided (as in El Mirasol and La Quinta) by Frederick C. Clift, President and Managing Director. Central—modern—moderate—with garage accommodations—Geary at Taylor.



Portion of the sea-wall
on Rincon Drive. U.S.
101, south of Santa
Barbara.



Regatta fleet in Santa Barbara harbor.



SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

Two Distinctive Hotels on the Mission Trail



SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

Vista Mar Monte is Santa Barbara's newest offering in finer hostelry. Situated on the boulevard, facing the beach. Beautiful bathing pavilion adjoins the hotel for the convenience of guests. Other recreations include golf, tennis and horseback riding.

Reasonable rates on either European or American plan.

VISTA MAR MONTE

Atascadero Inn, located midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, is an ideal stopping place on your trip, either North or South. A quiet Inn where maximum relaxation and comfort is achieved.

Excellent golf course and saddle horses await the recreation seeker.

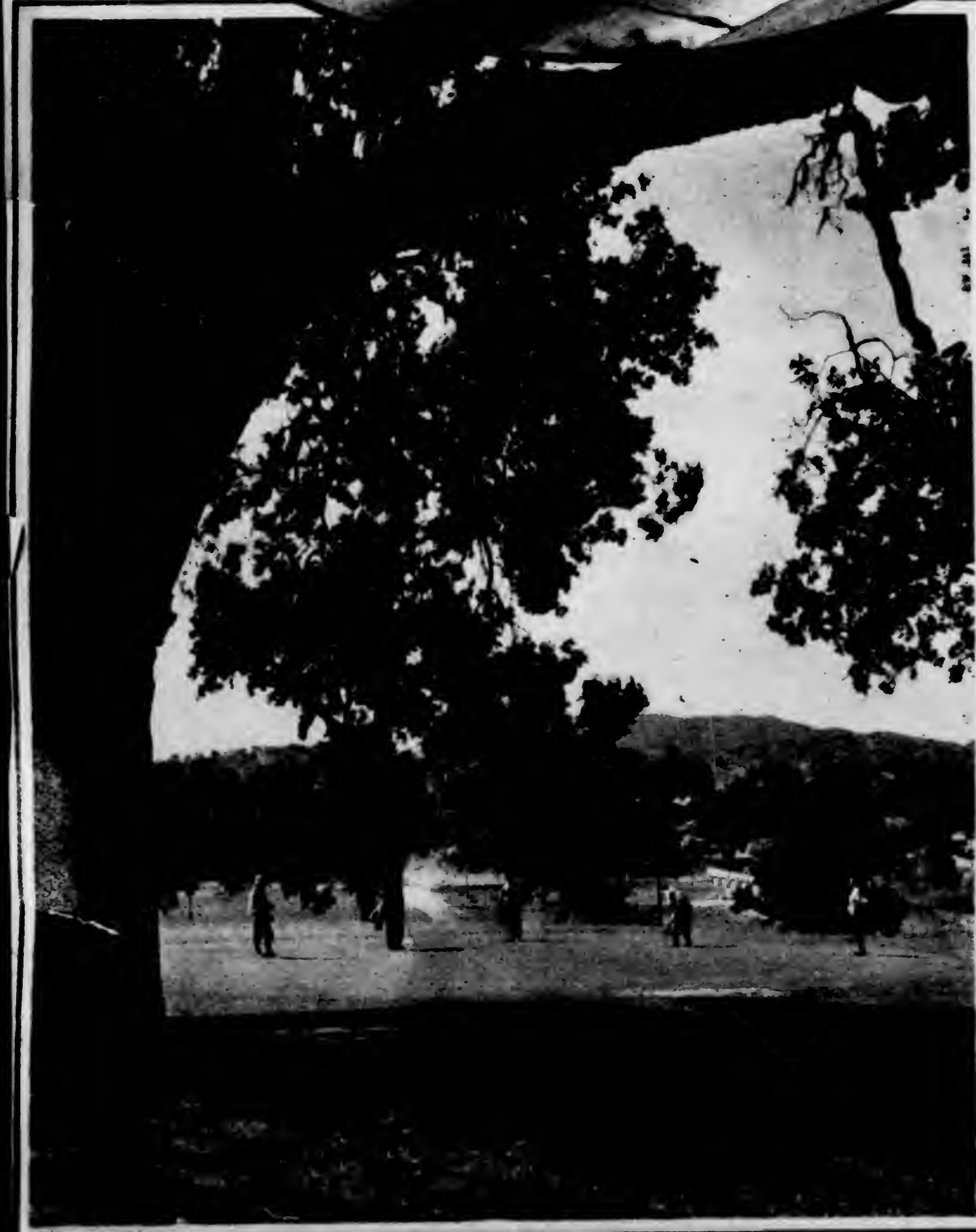
Renowned as the most beautiful hotel on the Coast Highway.



ATASCADERO, CALIF.

ATASCADERO INN

Fred Bartholomew, Managing Director Both Hotels



On the golf links at Atascadero Inn.